

Ibaraki, Rōnin feat. GERARD WAY and ILSAHN

Still

I still feel you inside these broken bones
These scars are maps - legends foretold
My blade is weathered, covered with a coat
The blood of many I have poured

Down to the soil, my anger quenched the pain
Of ancient grounds that I have stained
The heads of many that will still be claimed
Are but warnings for the foes

Who try to capture everything of ours
Slaughtered people, slaves to starve
Skies, be my witness I will rid the earth
Of the scourge who took our blood

Standing on the plains
I am taken away
Carried through the gates
I will avenge my name
This rage shall not be tamed

Our lands are threatened by an invisible force
The concept of hatred: both spoken and verse
Plaguing the people - it poisons the mind
Teaching to hate that which is not their "kind"

Not one with the undead
Nor fodder for the live and fiending
I'm a challenger of every horde
That would try to live by loathsome reason

Take me back to the times when it was safe
Back where the rivers flowed, free by the lakes

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Our lives are challenged by an invulnerable swarm
They know only hatred, fear, and discourse
Gathering strength so that I may defeat
These monsters whose minds are corrupt with disease

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