

# 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

Standing on the plains  
I am taken away

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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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