

# Liege Lord, Amnesty

Within the walls of captured land freedom's rise begins  
Patrons of the lesser man whose lives began to dim  
A word or law set to them upon their weary limbs  
Then to look back on all their past day's grim

In the fall and rise of the lesser man's demise  
A gathering of royals to blaze the final night  
Marching violent crowds the feudal integration  
Take the ruler's law to infernal destination

The meeting of the minds the first and last of time  
Ends in bloody loss and sends them back chained inside  
But the word of freedom's day in turn, the amnesty  
And the prisoners in end set out to sight the sun's first rays

Amnesty! less than captive on this day  
Amnesty! tortured loose the world will stay  
Amnesty! in break to lead not to betray  
Amnesty! set side all the chains  
Amnesty! in a world of black and grey  
Amnesty! the force will drive them to the day  
Amnesty! the word of words all shall obey