

Sea Of Treachery, Unleash The Serpents

Crashed!

They were sisters
in fortune;
the serpents they
struck them at
the darkest of nights.

Two ships sharing
a gravesite, homogenized
like a pile of bones.
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like a pile of bones.

Virtue scorned in favor
of mere survival.
This is not the
place for heroes.
This is desperation
in its truest form;
many fail to escape
their splintered graves.

Virtue scorned in
favor of mere survival.
This is not the
place for heroes.

Clocks won't turn
back to save us now.
We won't forget
that we have a chance.
Finding solace in
the hope that we have,
this fragile lifeline
is our only way out.

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back to save us now.
We won't forget
we have a chance.

Go!

And then the sun came up,
a tiny shred of hope.
Good timing for a promise
to get back home.
The light within never
waivers, never dies.
Instead, it saves
you from this.

Failure to find shelter
in this hell of ice assures
you pain that you'll
never recognize.
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This is our destiny, you

can't turn these ships around
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