

Wings Of Scarlet, Killing Tomorrow

Long before grace was removed,
their mouths have been sewn shut,
our wings amputated at birth,
forever to walk through the fire.
Anticipate the end. We dance free.
Chained to the grave. We dance free.

Weld on these emotions, tear out all feeling,
devouring a soul broken by providers,
sever all ties and disengage these memories,
empty holes where his screams never flourished.
Dancing to their drums. We die free.
This age has passed. We die free.

I watched them carry this cross decades to ruin,
swallow these shards of glass bleeding from within,
we are now the living dead.
Suffering for the damned.

Goodbye. This is forever.
Our blood spilt for you.
We dance free, we die free.
One day we will know what is to be saved.