

With Faith Or Flames, A Thin Line Between Profound

time will pass before us and before the sun is gone
we shall sing in victory as if it were our only song
for the wicked here are brewing and a dark day we shall name
as we surround ourselves in pleasure we subject ourselves to pain

the life of a sinner is a song you've yet to sing
but the tune is surely ringing in your ear
inside you admire what the truth has come to be
a false security to numb your deepest fear

your hopeless bliss, your dreamless nightmare
their endless bliss, their perfect nightmare

a warrior I must become
if I'm to see the morning sun
some heartbeats fade, still mine beats on
and still I strive to be reborn
a warrior I must become
if I'm to see the morning sun
some heartbeats fade, still mine beats on
and I must be reborn

with the sword of belief at hand
I still endure this wicked sorrow
tempted by my quest for power
and by my own selfish remains

time will pass before us and before the sun is gone
we shall sing in victory as if it were our only song

now the time is gone and I pray to be forgiven
I fear the day will come when my prayers will be too late