

Attackers take the bridge at dawn we were the ones to coax the spawn

There was a time when I felt as brotherhood was all I ever had
Over time it seemed a lark spoken histories quiet in the dark
What once was ours for the taste has been defeated by your waste

It seems that I have made a mistake

It appears that I have backed a mistake (and now my guts can talk)

And you can't cry with shallow egocentric eyes

There's nothing left to rely on when all your suckers fade away

Born as brothers and branded by impact experience is the mother of blind

Faith

But blinding trauma and years of forced allegiance are never enough

... and now it's time to cut these cancerous losses