

Firestorm Redemption

Ares Kingdom

I am the offspring of resignation
adopted by the fires of discontent
Optimism becomes an opiate
Survival and glory to the brave
Struggle stirs the human spirit
kept keen on the grindstone of toil
Pain and fear light the fire
But how high to stoke the flame?

Burn

Can the sheep be awakened?
I see signs of life flicker and die
Countless as the stars are our choices
The road has forged before us - now choose
not this time, a new way must be forged
Forged to or from hell - we choose
Salvation just within reach
But how high must we stoke the flames?

Burn, burn, burn

The sanctimonious rabble cries louder
Opposition for its own sake
All caught within this maze
How many wolves are there among us?
If discipline is born through struggle...
Where is it now ?
Unconscious and buried by apathy
A cleansing firestorm gathers and grows...

The Cloudness night sky glows at the horizon
But the zenith remains black as pitch
silent flashes like summer lightning
Dawn approaches - the morning
Horned moon rises
This morning will be like no other
Firestorm awaits beneath the skyline
Awaits to consume our timid world
Because it's time to burn again

Thunder sounds a warning
But no one stirs to rise
Silence descends like a funeral shroud
A final chance passes
The firestorm consumes the dead

Burn, burn, burn

White phosphorous flames reaching higher
Heaven chokes on the smoke
Mesmerised by the light of their own death
Burning out forever
The dust - borne by the wind...

Slash and burn and slash and burn and
turn to fire...

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