

## Where Eagles Turn

As We Fight

Separate yourself.  
Fuck it all.  
Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.  
The bitter taste of frustration can't catch me by surprise anymore.  
This time we're going all out and we just don't give a fuck  
When the time has come  
and all the songs have been fucking sung.  
We will burn our bridges.  
In the night of love.  
I search for another choice.  
To keep me sane.  
And put my feet back on the ground.  
Separate yourself.  
Fuck it all.  
Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.  
Your signs of desperation just don't appeal to me anymore.  
Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.  
Your signs of desperation just don't appeal to me anymore.  
This time we're going all out and we just don't give a fuck  
When the time has come  
and all the battles have been fucking won.  
We will burn our bridges.  
Where eagles turn.  
Never forget the lessons learned.  
Where eagles turn.  
We won't get burned.  
Separate yourself.  
Fuck it all.  
Go ahead without the slightest thought of concern.  
The failed communication, this is where it ends.  
This time we're going all out and we just don't give a fuck  
When lines have been drawn  
and all the enemies are dead and gone.  
We will burn our bridges. In the night of love.  
I search for another choice.  
To keep me sane.  
And put my feet back on the ground.