

The sirens cry "emergency!"
Head to the fields
A dying light from deep inside emerges free
Time to face the weapon in me

The way a demon crosses in and crosses out
Change frames, hallucinate - will you freak out
We saw the faces looking in, looking around
Take shape, manipulate
Where are you now?

Generation dead - your way is out of control
You are unfulfilled
You can't go back on what you said

Separate from your disguise
You look disrupted
Undo your mouth from all the lies and be confronted
It's obvious, unjust and terrifying
Don't crawl back to where you were hiding

We saw the faces, the danger in our hands
No room for saviors, we'll lead ourselves until the end
We see the embers start to fade
You wait around for something real
As the embers start to fade
You wait around for something real
Something you could feel
This is the risk that we all take
To start again or start to fade
We are the Warlords