

We Who Shall Conquer

Conducting From The Grave

The endless battle wages for our minds but we will win
the fight,

for we shall not be broken.

Every instance of struggle through time is just a test
of strength to challenge our right to remain sublime,
the will to dethrone ourselves with the failings of
fathers by feeding the fathers,

by tempting the tempest but by braving the storm and
breaking the bonds of which we forged were reborn and
eternal this will not be the reason we fade,

we will not let our legacy end,

we must rise to vanquish all that hinders us,

and pave the way for brighter days but these monuments
remain on these walls remain the stains of the blood
that will not wash away,

now we move to save this age against ourselves,

born into struggle,

we live to only breathe and die,

with no one knowing our truth,

but we can change,

and see this world reclaimed,

renewed.

With our devout design through the endless storm a
single light remains and we retain it,

but will we have the hope that it will carry us through
what has clouded our lost eyes in every act of trust we
leave what's holding us and cast aside our fears

reclaiming all that's our taking our place as legends

countering the tides whose elegies will read we are the
ones who have conquered fear laying waste to what has
hindered us.