

Reptilian

Converge

Futile wars for fruitless words
Written by shadow kings
Their shrapnel seeds the desert fields
And sprouts this fear we see
Devils do not need a hell in order to exist
Melodies of flightless birds
Remind reptilian me
That time is not through sharpening
Our tested claws and teeth
Devils do not need a hell in order to exist
We must lose sight of the shore to know what courage means
We must lose sight of who we are to know what we can be
The enemy will not reveal its mortal form to me