

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