

Onwards!

Dark Age

I was born into trouble son
trouble is the game we play
suddenly pounding at the back of my head
and I finally found a way
Black feet proven on their endless roam
howling on the chosen way
I ve been crawling on
for a destined life
and finally you want to say
Oh...

I am getting closer to the end

I hold on to the back of my gun
waiting for the chosen day
Forward we march - until we meet again
a different life all the same
I try to run to you
and still walk away
I have come to follow you
as I try to follow
you turn away

What do you do when war comes back for you?