

No one seems to know
What kind of a trial we've been marching through
Blood, sweat, tears, bitterness and sorrow
Are engraved on our souls

We would like to see you crawling
Through the same decade of disbelief
Then you would know what it feels like being isolated

Why should we have to keep
Our dreams concealed
Like everyone else around
We only trust in the voice of our heart

Renaissance, a bound in blood... forever
Like the plague inside our veins

We refuse to lie to ourselves
To deny what we are
We sacrifice everything around us
To reach what we want

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