

Resilience

Gospel of the Horns

The awareness, the drive of the mind
Possessed and self driven
A silence benign

Ride the winds of fate...
A burning deliverance
It's never too late

The hands of the maker
The hands of the true
What pleasures I feel, a thunderous image of doom
Ripped to pieces
An image sold through time
It's a fight it's a fight
But we are the first ones in line

Come on... taste blood

RESILIENT TO THE CORE...