

freelancer
you lived your life between the stars
sundancer
nothing could ever reach your heart

I flew the smuggling lanes through the border worlds at war
running guns from all the freeports near the core
my fortune paid by all the souls of those who died
my thirty coins of silver carried back with pride

I never understood the gears and wheels that turn beyond
I always thought I would survive

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and when the refugees of war turned to the skies
fleeing from their homes, from persecution and from lies
I hunted rebels for a cruel and unjust law
no remorse, no guilt or pity, no matter what I saw

I could never comprehend how all of this would come to end
I just thought I would survive

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starlancer
how much hope did you betray?
sundancer
you should have dreamed your life away