

Prisoner

Legend

When daylight splits the sky apart, and water burns the land,
The time will come, at last for you, to unlock my weary hands,
You said the moon will soon explode, raining flies of sweat,
Not long now friend, you'll soon be free, but freedoms not here
yet.

Rats will sing the day I'm free, and god will prune his tail,
Boats will sink in fields of stone, lift up your blackened veil
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Sheep of death. howl out their call, my keepers here at last,
But instead of keys. he holds an axe, red blood it flows so fast.
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