

# The Island

## Oh, Sleeper

Such bittersweet  
Fruits from the seeds I sowed  
When I took the oar  
I pulled the needle off of north  
I forced my course  
Without waiting for the wind's answer

I joined the infantry singing

No gods  
No masters  
That life is over  
It's over  
Forget the call, make it work and sing  
No gods  
No masters  
Their reign is over  
It's over  
You're on your own, make it work

We built this ship from the wreckage  
And just prayed it might be more

One step, two steps  
Blood is warming in me yet  
Three steps, more sweat  
Now I'm gonna build my own damn throne  
Even if I have to melt the one we built to make one

Why leave the fire to chase an ember?  
Why would you sunder your mast for tinder?  
Just for tinder  
Why leave the fire to chase an ember?  
Why rob the hull of your surrender?  
Your surrender

We built this ship from the wreckage  
But left broken we ran ashore

One more, two more  
Build a wall around my world  
Three more, four more  
Now I'll make it out of frozen stone  
This time the mountain's gonna keep it's fire clear of my throne

We built this ship from the wreckage  
We, the praised, ran ashore

One day at sea  
Now one more day is all that I plea  
And I'll burn the oars  
I'll force dependence on the wind's answer  
For this world  
Is all rubble masquerading pearls

Why leave the fire to chase an ember?  
Why would you sunder your mast for tinder?

Just for tinder  
Why leave the fire to chase an ember?  
Why rob the hull of your surrender?  
Your surrender

Feeling returns like a surgeon severing a nerve  
Lost soul's sending pain from the phantomverse

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