

I pulled the knife out of my spine
Still under heavy guns
Trying so hard to understand
The weight of all I've done
Out from the cannon fire
Still under heavy guns
I see pale riders on my side
Collecting angry sons

I pulled the knife out of my spine
Now show me what is to come...

We are the solitary ones
We see through yesterday into eternity
We are the solitary ones
We see that every pain was our delivery

We question all we sacrifice
As if it was a test
But what if we could see the end
The other side of wicked flesh
I see inheritance
I witness blessed influence
Disintegration of the fear
Of all that lies ahead

I Pulled the knife out of my spine
and rest assured in what's to come...