

# The Future Belongs to the Brave

Septic Flesh

Decline is the symptom of the failure to evolve forwards  
Change was and will be the most permanent element of experience

deny to go on and you will be left back  
Going backwards by remaining stagnant

We watch from our abodes  
As hawks we cut the electric skies.  
With pride  
We keep the order, designing fate  
We give access to countless futures...

A time of exodus will come.  
The time to break out from the womb  
And ships will lower down on Taia  
On shining arks then we will go  
On lands and stars forgotten...

The origin of riddles, what can restore the lunar wings  
Is challenge of the underworld  
For challenges to come, we will stand against the tide  
Under the banner of the brave

Mission AIOEPIA, the future belongs to the brave  
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