

## Forging Generals

Staple

These are the ties that bind.  
Contracts signed with pulsing blood remind us of color when eve  
rything turns to grey.  
Absolutes are life.  
Deterioration's the killer.  
Oath reforms for fallen, lords whose kingdoms die.  
Are we fallen lords who've laid their weapons down,  
Trading resolve for rash cowardice?

We're at war, but the generals' names were forged.  
The pen is mighty when the sword is sheathed.  
When battle's waged, we'll see what choice we've made by the de  
eds ink tells;  
Of valiant feats, it should spell.  
For we vow to stand until the end or die.

And the scars we've acquired aren't shadowed in remorse...  
These scars are our testament.  
That we didn't quench spirit's flame  
But we assailed hell with swift feet and iron fists proclaiming  
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"WE FIGHT! 'TIL VOWS FULFILLED WE SHALL NOT REST!  
ASSAIL FOR HONOR TO THE DEATH!"

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For we vow to stand until the end or die.

Show me courage.  
Show me strength.  
Show the resolve it takes when buckled knees carry the world be  
cause the will doesn't break.  
When sweat is blood, as wrung from a sponge  
And vinegared wounds cover your progress like rank, cheap, expi  
red perfume.  
The Almighty's head held resolutely 'til dead  
For greatness wrought, the wise should be taught.  
Forging generals.

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The pen is mighty when the sword is sheathed.  
When battle's waged, we'll see what choice we've made by the de  
eds ink tells;  
Of valiant feats, it should spell.  
We will sign our names to stake our claims.

We know the choice that we have made  
ASSAIL FOR HONOR TO THE DEATH.  
'TIL VOWS FULFILLED WE SHALL NOT REST