

Here we hear over our silence
Remember, if you sleep, nightmares will end.
Pray for me, you'll be remembered
For what you've been revealed all has been done.

Erase your shadows, the black is there (the blackest there?)
A storm of vultures coming closer for the end
Remind your sorrow back through the light
The night that follows is our promise to be in the right.

Down the hill, over the barren land
I hear you call my name begging for death.

Beyond the world, shattering our silence
And scattering the vultures that revealed
The morning tide, the secure hide for the sleepers
And drifting in the air we'll meet the great warlord.