

More Than Metaphor

The Warriors

Tonight.
This life.
This plan.
This fight.
We found our rhythm in the rage.
That burning light that needs no stage.
Though left with nothing you forget.
Through nothingness we smash.
Rework.
To build upon what's real.
Like setting sun the desperate glory fades.
Old lies so sweet can taste³ so true.
But strip away: a death obsession, a gimmick, a clever
cloak.
And of your brave now broken world what will remain?
This war means more than metaphor.
This fight is all too real.
The front lines are right here...