

# The Ruthless Sweep

## The Warriors

It's the age of fulfillment.  
Scattering desolation through the world.  
Conquest to lead with devastating force.  
War in all it's hideousness.  
Pestilence trailing in their wake.  
Death in relentless pursuit.  
One last ride!  
Only someone who's suitably equipped feels no desire for  
the results of conquest and yet remains absorbed in the  
struggle.  
He alone can truly say that he renounced the fruits of  
justice, rectified to rise above this.  
Can't scar my eyes.  
Can't scar, can't scar what my eyes see.  
The wisdom of prophecy is revealed and is written in a  
language concealed.  
It speaks with ties to the pains of the future.  
Horrific screams discourage sleep and will renounce the  
fruits.  
Fear allows cowardice to be reborn!  
Can't scar, can't scar under the ruthless sweep.  
Can't scar, can't scar what my eyes see.  
A ruthless sweep.