

As our standards fall.
Belief and faith dies.
It's made it's mark.
Now we wander into our final our.
Wars. Faith.
Failing methods fill the days.
Undermine life.
Baneful steps that conjure hate.
Claiming our lives.
Balance fades with every day.
A growing cloud.
Simple lessons show the way.
Fall into void.
We stopped listening.
Followed our nature.
Bound by hatred our lives grow torn.
Finding new ways to betray.
Claiming the weak.
Boundaries crossed with no remorse.
Killing ourselves.
Forcing dogma overthrown.
A new standard waits.
Credence in all but one.
Our own kind.
Are you listening?
Now can you feel me?
Now are you listening?
Now can you feel me?
Take one look at our battered existence.
This persists in unity as every culture burns and segregates.
Wars!
Shattered our lives grow torn.
Who will save you?
Our demise.
Stand up it's time to face your day.
Regret is such a bitter taste.
Such a bitter taste.
Regret.
Such a bitter taste.