

Have I no control, is my soul not mine?
Am I not just man, destiny defined?
Never to be ruled nor held to heel
Not heaven or hell, just the land between

Am I not man, does my heart not bleed?
No lord, no God, no hate,
No pity, no pain, just me
Comprehend and countermand
Synchronous guidance, I choose my way
Never to be ruled nor held to heel
No heaven or hell, just the land between
And am I not man?

So why do I love when I still feel pain?
When does it end, when is my work done?
Why am I lone and why do I feel that
I carry a sword through a battlefield?
So why do I love when I still feel pain?
When does it end, when is my work done?
Why do I fight and why do I feel that
I carry a sword, that I carry a sword?

Like the path to heaven or the road to hell
Our choice is our own, consequences bind
We are the kings of wisdom, the fools as well
We are the gods to many, we are humble men
We who build great works just to break them down
We who make our rules so we never fail

So why do I love when I still feel pain?
When does it end, when is my work done?
Why am I lone and why do I feel that
I carry a sword through a battlefield?
So why do I love when I still feel pain?
When does it end, when is my work done?
Why do I fight and why do I feel that I carry a sword,
That I carry a sword through a battlefield?