

The hope of my redemption  
is such that I believe that I am free  
To confess would bring me no salvation  
I alone hold the power to forgive me

And of my acts, I will admit, I've no pretensions  
I've no regrets for all the things that I have done  
My faiths, to me, are as foundations  
None has the right to judge my soul but me

There is no going back  
No quarter now remains  
No return for me, no sanctity  
A single chance prevails  
The lands behind laid waste  
No doubt, no amends to make  
At break of day, until the light fails, march ever on

Great are the paths of our creation  
that have been made for the brave to see  
The fools who would condemn this existence  
are as lands to be vanquished and seized