

Father / Son

Wovenwar

We aren't sons of our fathers sins
We don't inherit iniquities
We aren't heirs to thrones of greed
We don't wear the gold they've thieved and schemed

You don't choose your name
Just what you leave in your wake
We are born, all of us, innocent
We don't wear the wounds of a dying man

No ties no allegiance to majesties
No veil to blind your reasoning
No script rehearsed in all you speak
Own your words in the voice you sing

You don't choose your name
Just what you leave in your wake
We are born, all of us, innocent
We don't wear the wounds of a dying man

Ooooooh

No cause to fight for buried kings
Let be what legions they've conceived
No oaths to swear or give repeat
All words are yours to ink and sing

You don't choose your name
Just what you leave in your wake