

Song For Sorrow And Woe

Xandria

The tyrant's reborn in many a form
And feasts on our unspoken word
Come break the silence and sing our song
No voice will be left unheard

Oh name him and he'll be the face to your blame

A face for your slander and scorn
He'll join his voice to our song and our game
Away with our battle and on with love

Oh guide me my eyes to weary to see my spirit withered
Oh give me strength give me will to go on give me a voice