

I am vessel of inferior life
Scripture sells
I only wish for death's light
You cannot deceive me

You cannot break this bond of arms
There is no want for this war to sleep
They seek to purge, they seek to harm
For the ghost of war is theirs
Theirs to keep

I am simple and narrow of vision
Only I hold god's own kingdom

You cannot silence this body of souls
They think themselves immortal
All but the moment their body's fall
And the metal will be stripped to the core

I am ironclad intention
We are free of sympathy