

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