

Reform Part II

Xerath

Devastated, but fully repressed
A madness, this condition
One's inner blood lust
Or an unbound terror to relinquish
Out of control, a race to befall
The masses lose all control
All control...
Shifting powers in the middle be it ruin,
Or redemption
Good intentions lie resting dormant
Sworn of the hailstorm, hailstorm...
Shifting powers in the middle
Moving powers away from us
Be it ruin or redemption
Sworn on the hailstorm
Change around minds
All you'll fall on your face
And you will fall
And consequences reveal themselves aloud
And preaching to yourselves about
Matters that matter not
Desire
Torment
Inspiration
Endings
Conditioned ourselves to fear the outside world
Acting out a torment, a chance to dispensed with
Crossed the line
To fight a never ending battle
To speak out a dead cause
To awaken no inspiration from others
For forgiveness, for forgiveness