

The Glorious Death

Xerath

Truce has been called on war
Arms laid to the floor
Countless men speak of hell
Tyrants, what they saw
Close to death the men seem to say
These were the days of old

We are the glorious dead

What is left for the ex patriot
What is left but resentment?
Death all too real

Countless men speak of hell
Of tyrants, what they saw
Close to death the men seem to cry

I'll at rest behind those eyes
What this person has seen
What his life has been
Changed from this man into machine
Returned home to find life insignificant