

Beloved

"Death To Traitors"

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A line drawn in the sand,
and we both know
I'm not about to bury myself.
Sinking in my footsteps,
but not coming up for air.
A firm foundation of beating hearts
is blistering enough on the surface.
Closing in and holding out my breath
hoping to mend the wounds
opened by years of digging out.
We fight fire with fire
and you'll run back to your
circle of friends.
They won't help you now.
We drew a line in the sand
and this time it's now or never.
Go ahead, burn your bridges
but only if you can swim

deep in the sea of disbelief.
This time your screams won't be heard.
You will fight this battle
but we'll take you out so quickly
that you and your so-called army
couldn't see us coming.
Fight this battle.
We'll tear you down to the ground.
We can't stop now.
We were born for battle,
without vision we will die.
We were born for battle,
against the tide of compromise.
There is life in this.
The places so close can take you so far.
We won't trust our eyes to keep us there.

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