Evans Blue "Graveyard Of Empires"

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Once a Kingdom of Fire Now a Graveyard of Empires Headstones line the rows To mark dreams gone astray

The ones who believe The ones who were trusted One by one, they fall victim In the wake of decay

They captured the creators And harnessed the fire Built up their armies And took over the field

But for all good intentions
Their greed became rampant
And it poisoned the leaders
Their true nature revealed

Locked on a path
Of waste and self-destruction
They silenced the voices
Of the creators they enslaved

They dampened the fire
And they buried the bodies
But they were powerless to
Hold the souls down in the graves

A new breed will stand up And rise from the ashes Take back the fire and Fan the flames to new heights

Change, evolution
A progressive solution
A band of fringe outlaws
Will take over the fight

A revolution is building

As the empires crumbles The warriors and the fighters Will be last to survive

We wake up to a new day Where complacency falters And in this field of dead empires It feels good to be alive

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