

Far West Battlefront

"Blight The Ground I Walk"

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Your choices have brought your lives,
Before our hand, in fist,
We strip this ground,
By ember and blade we cleanse, this time
Slipping through the groove in the glass, white sand,

Pure as this world,
Pure as this world will be,

Their semblance is the gloss of moral sufferance,
A pretense of things to come,
Lucid is this corrosion plan,
They will become undone,

Your crimes have been brought before our eyes,
In blood, we reap the tainted of life,
For treason dies,
Relieve their masquerade, and cure the corrupt,

Blight the ground I walk

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