

Harlots

"War Of The Great City"

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Taste the revolution engulfing words but then
engulfing them again
And not but then engulfing them again
This is the moment that we awake and refuse to ever
sleep again
It is a radiance that only a few can ever touch
And it stopped the moment of my heart like the fire of a
thousand suns taken without consent
Or anesthesia can we find out god in this place and
time when we are waiting to set free
Ten tons of ten ton nails are driven by ten ton hammers
moving mountains and skies
In waves pushing outward streams pulverizing
everything it stands to conquer and so we hold these
truths as proof
To all those who do not attempt to find something that
cannot be destroyed proof it can surface your true soul
Rather die than to give up and this sun that we strive
than to not have these moments in time
We must stand up and fight to create more
We are called the warriors it is woven into our souls
If this is what we create then we were bread for war
fight

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