

Hold X True "The Blade"

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Just listen to the sound of times, the new takes the sting out of the old, it rounds the edges off, stealing the meaning of its being. Replacing raw anger for calm and silent talks, retrospective pressure that means glory for the new and fall down for the old. Once there was a movement with so splendid goals, now a scary vision, shows it deprived of its roots, gone to cul de sac. In a silent fall, the once meaningful words lost the essence, these turned to be empty cliché, just false echo remained. Once there was a movement with so splendid goals, now a scary vision, shows it deprived of its roots, gone to cul de sac. The arm holds a gun, but the threatening appearance, covers an anxious background, it bleeds so long ago. The gleaming on the barrel, that has no task, is just a false sight, its rusted magazine lies in the wastebin. Get it back! We'll sharpen the blunted edge!

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