

Ion

"Disaster In Sight"

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A foul stench of fear overwhelms us all. Willingly marching this path unknown. We're left with the dull realization; we once sat high up on this broken throne. They came and left without a trace. Undeniable, yet so quick and prompt, like a ghost baring no face. A wretched disease injected within us, poisoning our souls and darkening our creation. Beneath these crowded streets lies the savage from our pasts, reborn into questionable beings of menacing expression. Coming forth to bestow our transition into this. Burn this city down. Too many sleepless hours wasted dwelling over what could have been. Knowing that someday we might just win. Determined to persist on forward, brother or none I'm here as a reminder. The time is now. Come alive, secure our demise in this. Wipe the slate clean from the lies of our distinct resurgence.

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