

Protagonist "Charge (The Chronicle)"

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Why did you trade your heroes for ghosts,
As you slammed your fist against the post?
We charge the mountain top to dance our last dance.
Sometimes in this life
Your first chance might be your last.
If you look into these destined eyes,
You'll see a soul that never sleeps.

There will always be an urge to look back;
At the repository of what was,
And the dreams that could have been.

The chronicle continues on,
Some things are more than just a phase.
These words become immortal
Guiding us through the dark and somber days.
I've seen friendships fail and I've seen my heroes fall.
When we watched others get left behind
We answered the call

Some say this is a part of growing old,
I say you suckers are too easy to give in.

I still remember those nights
Playing anthems of hope and rage.
When we played hard, we played fast, we played
together.
You never know the road until you walk the road alone.
They see a broken kid, I see a broken world,
How can we sustain all this hope and rage?

Did you trade your heroes for ghosts,
As you slammed your fists against the post?
We don't sing swan songs,
We don't bow at curtain calls.

The chronicle continues on,
Some things are more than just a phase.
Those nights will live forever,
They mean more to me than anything.
We rise up through these ruins
And build our brand new castles.

Only when everything is lost
Is when you can truly begin.

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