

Revolution

"Engraved"

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This is our time to rise again, rise from the ashes.
From our ever-present conscience that deems we fall
into ourselves.

Every time we drink ineptly from the cup of pleasure
and only stand to gain
Listless urge blown by wind.

I've never been here before. I see the haste of my
pursuit. So what can I
Do with my time now?
What have I brought upon myself?

It's all taken from you. Just keep my image engraved on
your mind.
I've incurred the guilt you feel so go on your way, free.

Now is the time to sing of sorrow, rend remorse from
lonesome souls. Unfit
For this ambition led by instinct's subtlety.
Our devotion is of essence for us to taste the cup of
joy,
For it is empty lest it is filled and only He can fill it.

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