

TriORE "Victory Rising"

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Victory is rising and the world has turned insane
Sleeping dogs are walking and the little children pray
Dying suns are setting in a sky of raging war
We think about the good times while we perish with
before

"I bring you lies, I bring with me
A dream that only, we can see
I bring eyes; I bring you teeth
I have a dream, reserved for me"

Victory is rising with the advent of the tide
Broken men are crying while they stagger in the night
Strom clouds are ascending where the falling stars
collide
Walking through the fires to the sound of life that dies

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