

With Faith Or Flames

"Battle Wounds : The Brimstone Epitaph"

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As night turns into morning, our cries will fill the air
We will not stand for persecution of our true birthright
The swords will clash with thunder, their sheilds will
bend and break
They have no right to cast us into the realm of idols

You are the ones who claim to bow to no outside
influence
And yet you are the first to wear your precious uniform
You banish all who fail to fall within your certain limits
All while you declare you will absolutely not conform

But you do conform

As brothers we ride into to realm of despair
Come stand by my side and you will surely be spared

Attacks are closing in
We are surrounded now
The battle rages on
Our spirits will not foul

Alright! we can use their own weapons against them
C'mon! they don't know what we are capable of

As day turns into darkness, the fight continues on
It seems as though they won't accept us for what we
are
And so our sheilds are mounted, our hearts stand in
defense
As we seek not to conquer but only to live in peace

As brothers we ride into the realm of despair
Come stand by my side and you will surely be spared

Despite our true convictions, this is not our crusade
Enlightenment is our means, you fear we will enslave

To those who stand against us
Lend me your ear
I bring a word of hope

Not a display of fear

We will never surrender our sacred vows
We will never resign, we will never be forced to bow

To those who stand against us
Lend me your ear
I bring a word of hope
Not a display of fear

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