

Woe Of Tyrants

"Kingdom Of Might (Dawn In The Darkness)"

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But there were changes first, in the valley floors.
Where the creatures lurk in the dark no more.
Seen in weakness now, they may attack at will.
With our swords we'll stand, as one body we'll stand!
In unison crying aloud in defiance of death!
But there's a way to build a kingdom, bonding units
with one true host.
For this is real, the walking dead fight, raise an alert.
Attackers from the west they scream with renewed
hatred!
They fight hard and intense.
Rest assured in the strength of your King, drink only of
waters which won't recede.
Father of dreams, pick up the broken wings; and fill the
spaces, where fallen saints are lacking, bring us
visions, visions of our true home.
Taking solace in the comfort stemmed from angels
whispers, encouragement to press on...
Into the fire!
Pick up the broken wings!
Warriors of might, prep your armor, and charge forth
with swords and shields raised high into the sky, with
an urgent cry a cry of hope.
The clouds are moving side to side, shreds of white
light are squeaking by, with attention to the mourning,
the widow and the child.
Love does not fail.
Breathe, breathe the freshest of air, see the whitest of
white, and press on through the fight.

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