

Woe Of Tyrants

"The Seven Braids Of Samson"

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It's bright; rising sun is dancing on the back of a saving justice, fusing beads of sweat.

He's anointed to save the nation, vanity erupts with movement, a movement from upstream.

Behind every assertion, lie cryptic warnings.

A glow which fills the mouth of an Asiatic feline, the stance of poised attack affirming his pride.

Embracing assault, this cordial goodbye is written in blood.

The age of innocence awake, reviving infamy so alive, another cryptic martyr.

In place of where to hide, there's a narrow path divided, and the innocence has died.

No we won't believe this fate to be all of ours, there's freedom tonight.

We won't believe the hope is dead, not this time.

Move mountains with strength not quite of this world.

Nurtured in a barren womb, a pre-destined potential.

The hours growing faster than the seed that is choked by thorns.

Now, become the cryptic martyr, and this potential leader will fall as a lesson and rise as a hero, with a life spent seeking demise.

I'll find with the aftermath turning back, a seasoned observation.

A tainted promise, broken heart, faced now with conviction.

And in time, we all fall.

In need of saving answers, we're tortured to light, seeing without eyes.

Cry out Samson, see without eyes.

Cry out Samson, see without eyes.

In all winds, seek anchor, the storm will soon be still.

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