

Lyzanxia

"Strength Core"

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The journey was tiring
The winds were our sole nourishment
We quenched our thirst with the dew
We crossed the barren lands
Looking for what shan't be found
This is the story of a lost squadron
searching for the source
To mend its chaotic destiny
We're like dead flowers
Even before the first buds appear

Our senses only grasp
The unattainable shadow of our spirit
We walk backwards,
Towards the beginning of nothingness

Straight core
We need a breath all the time
Strength blood
Concrete seclusion is still alive

Our weapons challenge the strength of our enemies
And our enemies' weapons challenge our own
Violence mowed down our fellow countrymen
And the souls of the dead come back to torture the
living

Straight core
We need a breath all the time
Strength blood
Concrete seclusion is still alive

Our mistake can't be measured anymore
We have spread terror far and wide
And the clouds of smoke springing out of the battered
earth
Darken the sky forever

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