

Caverns

"Blackout"

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Freedom is earned through sacrifice and bloodshed.
Perpetual motion, cycle after cycle, the wheel turns, as
we recapitulate.
Disillusioned by a ticking clock, in truth we are the
enemy.
Time will come to claim its prize, by leave with empty
hands.
Regret built this prison, we must find the key,
Or bend the bars to break free. Tired of safety, this
security.
At the edge of the earth and we've found nothing,
Years wasted chasing ghosts through city streets and
broken homes,
Has it led you to the path you have to walk,
Our fee will burn blister and bleed before we make it
home.
The smartest men of our generation will refuse to walk
in their fathers footsteps.
Without direction, there is no progress.
Break the cycle, shatter the clocks, burn the calendars.
Freedom is a choice.

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