

Caverns "Stillness"

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First steps taken on broken legs, we have been bred in
weakness.

Manufactured to expire, incompatible with the system.
Produced in excess to be, replaced, recycled,
redefined, resurrected.

Unlike the phoenix, but as zombies, slaves to an
ageing construct.
Weathered by the consistent growth of those who have
had the veil lifted.

Choirs of voiceless vagabonds, the silent sons of
jealous kings. Heirs to a fools gold.
Promises of fortune and fame, invested in
impressionable moulds.

A constant war, to prove our worth.

We've built bridges, we've built castles, Still we have
nothing to call our own.
We've built bridges, we've built castles, But we have
nothing to show for it.

The revolution has begun, These soldiers march for no
one.

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