

Legend

"Prisoner"

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When daylight splits the sky apart, and water burns the
land,
The time will come, at last for you, to unlock my weary
hands,
You said the moon will soon explode, raining flies of
sweat,
Not long now friend, you'll soon be free, but freedoms
not here yet.

Rats will sing the day I'm free, and god will prune his
tail,
Boats will sink in fields of stone, lift up your blackened
veil.
Sheep of death. howl out their call, my keepers here at
last,
But instead of keys. he holds an axe, red blood it flows
so fast.

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