

## **The Broken Result**

### **"Mending The Dead Army Part I"**

Visit "[Mending The Dead Army Part I](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Upon the torpid pile, the inert now arise  
An army ineffectual, sprightly in the skies  
Upwards... Onwards  
From corpse to the cloud to claim their accolade

A reinterpretation of the mindset,  
By volition, or weapon free persuasions  
One selection leaving sentience in this wake  
By the power of dying incandescence, the gates begin  
to break  
Like the bones that line their backs, the gates begin to  
break

A tirade of humanities, in your beliefs reflected  
The caliber of a faith, in brutality now tested  
From the burning home that holds a dying hope  
Will come the bleeding hands that help you choke

Upon the threshold of this domicile, the egress,  
In desperation to reform  
Cries escape this abode in vein, but  
Non-protracted shall they remain... intoned  
Spluttering, their throat absent from it's abyss  
Muted by my grandest mutilations

Now hopeless and in despair, their lives equate to  
nothing  
But still the army marches onwards...

Onwards to the bitter end of beings and beliefs  
From man to mans made up mysticism  
And faith instilled in fears  
But now you've seen how dark the demons' eyes can  
reflect  
That the truth of trust and humanity is not what we  
expect  
The blood that beats for charity, in reality  
Bleeds for the dilapidation of all chastity

