

The Norwood Family

"Son, Death Is Beauty In Your Eyes"

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We severed all the ties
From this world we despised
A life we had no hand in making coerced our
obedience?
How would we - how could we - stand for this?...

What was in this for us?...
Honor or greed? Or just the simple glory of
destruction?...

There was no glory here, but in the pages of books
we'll never read

"Son, death is the pride of our nations to come..."
Son, death is in your eyes.

You stole it right from their eyes...

Humility, it came to us; let's remember
You can't wake the dead with the sound of a bullet

We'll love the world till it loves us back

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