

To Cross the Bridge

High On Fire

Wandering warlord, tales of horror
Quest and saga snares the batterer
Fallen victim taken capture, wheel of pain
Gives strength to unmasteredChained and shackled, earthen toil
Made to serve the whips and lashes
Quench your thirst and drink this bottle
Warrior's chains are self inflictedLaying the steps upon the mountain
Open gates reveal the temple
Quench your thirst and drink this bottle
The warrior's chains are self inflictedMirrored armor reflects squalor
A day will come when I will conquer
Take your stand and cross my line
The eye Aleph has seen my kind

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