

# The Siren's Song

## Classy Silhouette

We came from the pile  
We came from the dead and dying  
But the moment you pulled  
You brought us back to the living  
Stand here to a world at war  
This blacken field leads to ruin  
Ruled by folds pulled tight, and a pit so slick  
Draw your lines, let nothing cross, no  
What booming hate moves close  
So vast that the clouds would follow?  
What looms with thunder?  
And the water did fall  
The turn of earth to mud  
Once dried veins, now fill and swell  
Lift the torches, light the fields  
We stand as the giants make way  
We stand as the giants make way  
We are the few to shed the fold  
We are the few  
Oh, sweet lit clarity grant us the eyes for this bane  
Towered beasts now meet our lines  
Oh, but fast on the wind came a song, don't turn  
The lines crossed now charge  
The lines crossed but you turned away  
It was a beautiful song, sung through beast's jagged teeth  
It's not real You'll see It's not real You'll see  
She's the one that you want the soft wet skin that haunts  
Deep inside a warmth that lies on a bed  
She's calling to you  
Fight from your knees and the giants will fall  
Taste the wine of her lips, feel free to taste this kiss  
Drink deep and forget the struggle in the battle you live  
Don't turn we need you, don't turn we need you  
The sirens are calling your name  
Come back, make the call  
Father, send your rain  
Lay waste to the kings here  
Lay waste to their grip and we'll rise  
We will rise

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