

The Warren of Snares

Fall of Efrafa

We can account for the scars in our sides,
Yet we are not privy to the thoughts that we discard.
Those who would break us nurture our despair.
But still we cherish those who we revile.
We take this battle in our fortitude,
The war of will yet to be resolved. We broke the front from which we sup,
Bit hard upon the nape of our chaste and drew blood.
Take refuge in our commune, orphans, Staccato souls.
Scrawled identities, captives of our consecration. Is this our dowry, the sorrow of our loss?
Do we inflict our young with the horrors of our past?
We use these imperfections as markers vestige points.
We have so much to gain, so little left to lose. Lay bare this soil, a marred ambit,
Borders bound by slick hraka.
Towers of salt carve out tracks,
Cleaved in two by careless hands. The word is rife, the harbinger,
It clings to us this Efrafa.
Homba, Lendri and Yonil,
It rises like vomit within us all. The weakening words spread out in ares,
The urge to flee, cowardice engulfs.
Our hands are raised in unison.
Brandished tools, branded skin. Cut away, like so much meat,
We forged new scars against ill repute,
We hold on tight to one another.
I am legion for we are many.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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