Disarmed

Colaris

We were sons of insurrection, doomed to face the dark alone. 'Till vicarious perfection, dearly won, was made our own.
So where's your landslide, where's your victory? Tell me now, where's your sting?

Unassailable you waited, the great enemy of man, 'till your awful jaws were sated, and we were ransomed from your hand.
Now that you have been disarmed, we will cross over unharmed.

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