

The End Of A Dark Campaign

Oh, Sleeper

I've been hit, oh my god, oh my god
The ground burst and cold soaks my shirt, send word
The claret river forms at my boots With a flash and rain of dirt
I've been met for the hundredth time, call the medic
This wounds meant to cripple, run
The red crest on his head and a choice off his lips He sat never once phased, while I'm open and spilling
Is this the end? Am I a sheep for the slaughter?
Am I just a sheep for the slaughter? Oh, no
Oh death, must you reap one more? Medic, I've been hit, oh my god, oh my god
The ground burst and cold, send word
The claret river forms and pools over my head And for a moment I'm submerged in the lake
And a sparks birth could not be heard
All night the thunder of war raged
And it finally seemed as if I had met the eye With fights more lost than won
I walk away with one trophy
A thousand scars on my own chest
Only to realize nowhere else was I hit
But then with Your grip gloved by mercy I was wrenched back to the storm
Lay dead or charge the line
Another patch won't do
Cut it from my chest and begin this run

Songwriters

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