The Siren's Song

Oh, Sleeper

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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