

Uniforms

From Ashes Rise

In the darkest moments live the shadows of the free.
Here come the age-old warnings again,
there's rust on every link of the chain,
and tonight the stars show us nothing that those unformed hands have deranged.
Here come the age-old warnings again,
uncovered like a turn of a page,
and a quick look around shows us everything that those unformed hands have changed.
Our peaceful days are filled with the enemies of virgin skies,
and the fires from their furnaces burn black halos black in the darkest nights.

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