Codeword: Uprising

Orphaned Land

Thy castles we shall storm
Hierarchy of light is taking form
Enemies fall as dawn is born
Strike fear, all units act as one
Thin red line, the power of man
Ours is the path of light
Redemption through superior fire power
Mirrors shall crack now is the hour
Sing in praise
Thy dark caress
In thee I wait
Lie still
Lie still
Rage engulfs my very being
A holy fire burns in your mind
God is perceived as a thing that's so vile
End lives of pure men, and their beloved wives
Sons and daughters they hold dear you'll defile
In thy sin you shall dwell
No humanity, a landscape of hell
See now the depths into which you have fell
Into
Death
Ending life, blood flows again in the river Nile
We are the terrorists of light
Shadows that haunt the innermost depths of your soul
Unseen to most
We are the sparks that shine so bright
Shall not live on bended knee, shall not lay down our arms
While we stand
These iron shields are raised, armed brothers together we stand
Holding our ground, no quarter is given, no quarter is asked
Enter the fray, we fight not for gain but for freedom - not land
Storming the walls of ancient stone, seven times we surround
Till they crush to the ground in a thunderous sound
O brothers lets drink to the battles ahead
Remember the fallen ones and the souls of the dead
Memories linger of these wars in which we fought and bled
Sing in praise

Thy endless rage
In thee it waits
Lies still
Lies still
Right and wrong they seem too clear
A target you wish for now beckons so near
God is within us all, what we hold dear
Ending of life is the ending of fear
Sons and daughters they shall end our tears
In thy belief
No hate you feel, but the will to forgive
See now the truth, the one which you believe
Into
Desire
Ending the storm that still rages inside
We are the terrorists of light
Prometheus to all, torches that burn in mighty halls
Shadows denied
We are the stars that shine so bright
Alpha and omega are one, the yin and the yang intertwined
Light a match in the dark and watch it burn as the fires grow
In the veins of the world we are the blood that pumps and flows
Shadows reflected on fallen walls when the beacon is lit
The masks that we wear are the hearts on our sleeves
Enter the sacrament lead us
Not to a path of deceit

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