

The Siren's Song

Jennifer Bryant

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
 Tower'd 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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