

Wasteland

Falconer

For the hot, for the cold
for the brave, for the bold.
We're emerging out of the condemnation.
In the fire, in the ice.
In the faith of sunrise.
Breaking chains in the name of our liberation. Naked in the storm
and touched by the flames.
Now we're breaking free
out of this wasteland.
Cast to purgatory,
thrown out to the beast.
Strived from dusk to dawn
out of this wasteland. Through the storm, through the breeze.
Through the night's disease.
Every mortal fear and anguish set aside.
Take the left, take the right.
Take the path to daylight.
Walking past the void with a new found pride.

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