

The sirens cry "emergency!"  
Head to the fields  
A dying light from deep inside emerges free  
Time to face the weapon in me

The way a demon crosses in and crosses out  
Change frames, hallucinate - will you freak out  
We saw the faces looking in, looking around  
Take shape, manipulate  
Where are you now?

Generation dead - your way is out of control  
You are unfulfilled  
You can't go back on what you said

Separate from your disguise  
You look disrupted  
Undo your mouth from all the lies and be confronted  
It's obvious, unjust and terrifying  
Don't crawl back to where you were hiding

We saw the faces, the danger in our hands  
No room for saviors, we'll lead ourselves until the end  
We see the embers start to fade  
You wait around for something real  
As the embers start to fade  
You wait around for something real  
Something you could feel  
This is the risk that we all take  
To start again or start to fade  
We are the Warlords