

# On The Morrow

In Legend

Your lie supply cannot satisfy all my hunger  
For the wisdom in your words  
Your soul control is not tight enough to constrain me  
To my love of liberty

Wings we've been given need to spread  
You gotta get away and fly  
Our own volition is the sky

Don't need your doubts to be planted in my  
Different point of view  
Your train of thoughts  
Just brings about  
Insanity  
Don't wanna live  
Those plans of yours  
Don't need your dreams  
To reach my shores  
Don't teach me faith  
If you don't trust  
In your own words - just words - so devious like dust

Wings we've been given need to spread  
You gotta get away and fly  
Our own volition brings us to  
Ever closer to the sky!  
Wings we've been given need to spread  
Why would I walk if I'm to fly?  
Our own volition brings us up to the sky

Guts and glory  
You'd better live up to your story  
Kill your prey  
Become the author of your day  
Face your traitors  
For they don't hesitate to trade us

No more sorrow  
Another battle on the morrow  
No more pain  
We never ever get insane  
No more heros  
For they don't fucking care to save us  
Spread your wings

You could stay in line...  
Or march to a different drummer  
Let them go!  
Ask yourself  
Would you die  
For the things worth living for?

Wings we've been given need to spread  
...  
Our own volition is the sky