

The Chronicles

Ten

It is final
She has spoken
At her feet the brave lie broken
She's the white witch
Wicked sorceress
Evil incarnate, remorseless

In this nightmare
Bleak and dark days
Turn to countless years of heartbreak
There are whispers
Of a dawning
Such a day to raise the fallen

Heed my warning
Freedom's calling

We endure this
Endless winter
Pray the glass-like ice will splinter
We abhor this
Pain and torture
Curse the twisted bane that bore her

Hell on earth, through
Fire and water
We appease the devil's daughter
Once this land lay
Green before her
Long ago, then came the slaughter

Heed my warning
Freedom's calling

Defiant, bewitched, let the storm roll
Destiny crossed, we're the last
We're the mythical
The lion, the witch and the wardrobe
Testimony to the madness
We're miracle bound
It must end now

Through this portal
Of disorder
Human exiles deign toward her
She could die here
And she knows it
Yet the prophecy controls it

Sons and daughters
Charted courses
Wards of Aslan fated forces
At the borders
Like marauders
To restore through rage to order

Heed my warning

Freedom's calling

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