

## Panic

### The Warriors

Only one match to ignite the war.  
Easy to start but to end it's so hard.  
Commanding the strings of this marionette.  
The serpent's fangs, yeah you must not test.  
For it is here where I must repent, it is here where I  
must consent to the sound...  
Consent to the sounds of broken glass...  
To the sounds of war in our chaotic age.  
How many of you say?  
How many of you say you're not the slave?  
How many of you say?  
How many of you say you're not too blame.  
Judgment set to retaliate.  
Judgment set to annihilate.  
Panic!  
In fear I froze now it's branded upon my mind.  
I got nothing to hide.  
Accept this truth lying deep inside me.  
Empty hands that contribute to nothing.  
A cryptic mind is where I hid all my bitterness.  
internal war inside of my head that pities the fore, but  
harvests the eflame.  
Only one match.