

In Dependence

Wardrum

It takes a prayer to build a temple
A sword to loosen the Gordian knot
But in the mirror your spirits tremble
For all you dreamt of is all you're not

As reflections cast upon you
Memories and times in hell
Mental dark is more than certain

This town is killing slowly
A childhood dream I still embrace
In dependence
The battles keep on roaring
Life is a board we leave our trace
As we make it through

No faithful prayer will ease the fury
No word of honor will stop the rage
The future rises, this is our headway
We must be ready to turn the page

Sometimes faith is like a whisper
Like a flower in a cave
And our strength is what we're made of

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