

Conflicts:

Gun up, barrel down.
I end up in some sort of stupid town.
Know not where the people go,
But without reprieve, they say
I only know the status quo.

It illustrates a fate, one unknown
To them or familiar to prey alone.
They die yet die yet die yet die,
For as I rest or unsheath it here,
They live and die in that unholy sky.

Guns up, barrels down.
We kind of hate this good ole town.
It looks bad. Yes, I know,
But we had to leave,
Or chaos they would sow.

It harvests our soul, that body of
Soldiers and scholars that we cannot see above.
They resist and resist and resist and resist,
For we as move forward unto thee,
They will come on, not least til we desist.