

House Of Heroes, Field Of Daggers

In this unending war.
I've lost so many brothers.
The coldest hours come before morning.

With every drop of blood.
Spilled in this field of daggers.
Bring many sons of heaven to glory.

Until your rains, oh God.
Bring forth your colored beauty.
Confirm the hopes of nations in longing.

I see a new day coming.
Maybe tomorrow.
Whoa! to the king of nothing.

I see a new day coming.
Maybe tomorrow.
Whoa! to the king of nothing.
I see a clean blood running.
Brothers of sorrow.
Here is your kingdom coming.
Here is your kingdom coming.

Spread wide your wings, oh God.
Relieve this scarlet fever.
Catch every tear of mothers in morning.

Bring life to tired hopes.
Buried in fields of flowers.
Bring many sons of battle to glory.

With every drop of blood.
Caged in this tired body.
I long to bring my father to glory.

I see a new day coming.
Maybe tomorrow.
Whoa! to the king of nothing.
I see a clean blood running.
Brothers of sorrow.
Here is your kingdom coming.
Here is your kingdom coming.

He was and is.
He is and is to come.
He was and is.
He is and is to come.
He holds the key.