

# Bullets On The Altar

Almah

Are we beloved indeed?  
What is creed and what is crime?  
Heavenly? Out of one's mind?

People love, esteem  
And cherish who they crucified  
As victims we pretend to cry

Tragedy, end of days?  
Or it's just the blindness of a man  
Loyalty or fanaticism?  
Hopeless, it makes me feel so lonely

Homicide  
Felony  
A gunfire  
Agony  
You rest the bullets on the altar

And you die  
And you kill  
Dead inside  
Your aberration under your faith

Taken dreams, taken lives  
Taken angels from the innocence's arms  
Priory, house of pain!  
It's drivin' nails in the cold rain

But I feel the end of the storm  
And free the twelve caught souls  
When we see the burnin' crosses for relief

We rely on the unknown to leave our guilt behind  
Mercy won't erase your lies  
Face the evidence that God is something to relieve  
Heaven is freedom and hell is here

Taken dreams, taken lives  
Taken angels from the innocence's arms  
Priory, house of pain!  
It's drivin' nails in the cold rain

But I feel the end of the storm  
And free the twelve caught souls  
When we see the burnin' crosses for relief

Now I see the end of the storm  
And glance the twelve taught souls  
They are free somewhere resting in the memories