

Lions Christians

Bang

Shaking hiding from there sight
We dread to feel their angered might
We cannot run from this fate
Unjust rewards, they make us wait

We all denied their pagan ways
We must suffer their deadly sport
It might take hours and it might take days
Our time on earth is growing short

No more pain and wondering why
We're with our God he heard our cry
We had the vision and now we are free
Our screams will live in history

We're herded to the bloodstained ground
They tell us death by starving hounds
Our skin our bones they'll desecrate
Our souls our faith they'll never take

Our lot was drawn, we choose Our Lord
We knew we'd die by beast or sword
Our fear of God was strong, stronger than
Our fear of death our fear of man