

Martyrs of Devotion

Barren Earth

Swayed upon the land of glitter
Stood before a pool of blood
Got led astray from the aeons
Lost in wintry blasts
Raped the lands of virgin soil
Cultivated depression
Steered by the coldest breeze
Of the winds of perturbation

Gods of wasted time
The martyrs of devotion
Ruinous fragments of life
Beneath a horrid net of lies
Led by moral terror,
Blackened blood and hollow prayers
Forsaken ones
Are the martyrs of devotion

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