

The Sign Of Pain

Fuming Mouth

Scream and scream all you want
No one will ever leave here

The bodies are piling pound by pound
This place of prayer has turned to panic
Panic

Nowhere to go. The church doors are shut.
People are smashed against pillars and beams
Covered in stained glass. Clawing each other.
Hurting each other in the sign of pain

Strangled and crying
Churchgoers lay still
Crushed between
The pillars and the walls
Walls, walls, walls

Nowhere to go. The church doors are shut.
People are smashed against wooden pews
Covered in stained glass. Cutting each other.
The sign of peace has turned to the sign of pain

Nowhere to go
Nowhere to go

Nowhere to go. The church doors are shut.
People are smashed against wooden pews
Steeple has fallen. The roof has collapsed.
The crosses have cracked and broke

Crack

The cross cracks

The sign of peace has turned to the sign of pain