

Stoned at the Acropolis

Ignitor

Center arena, underprivileged
They start to flood
Broken souls, not much left
Just skin and Bone
Hissing passers by
Their eyes now of blood
Inflict more than burn
Or deafening moan

The upper mantle looking down
With disgust as they cheer
Public rising with bloodlust
Parade very near
In the streets - crowds gather
Not questioning why
Hurling debris
That contains angry despite

Dictators immune
As the motherless fall
Waves of beatings
Disguised as the law
The gavels thunder same
As the lion's claw

A wandering Intensity now floats in the air
The chancellors' soldiers ignore
Yet they become entertained
Downtrodden cast-outs, now seem so godless
The dirt becomes a river of red as our
Brothers are stoned at the acropolis

Die in the Streets
Hear the laughter of leaders
With jackal's rule
Gladiators as breeders
Stoned at the acropolis
Stoned at the acropolis
Stoned at the acropolis

The bonfire of corpses
Set alight by soul destroyers
Killing hope throughout this land,
Where are your gods warriors

Bringing doom to whom you deem unworthy
Only from the hate that you've been taught
Fear of the unknown is what unravels
The greedy man's thoughts

In the streets - the mourning
Know their lives are short
Screams of disdain to god and the courts
Once again - the laughter of leaders
With gladiators as breeders

Downtrodden cast-outs, they seem so godless

The dirt becomes a river of red
As we are stoned...at the Acropolis