

# Condemned

Isole

A rose dark as coal  
Born in the wrong shape in a world so fierce  
Exposed with no voice  
Innocence is lost  
Her will tears her down  
She will not crawl down in shame

One way adultery will be her misery  
Corruption steals her hope within the court of men  
Treated like an under aged with no escape from fate  
Waiting for Gof's call from the court of men

The verdict black and cold  
The stones will kill her soul  
And heal the shame she brought upon her flesh and blood  
Half buried in the sand with her shackled arms  
The mindless horde of men are screaming out God's name

The black rose chained down  
Asking why she was betrayed  
Her own blood took her soul  
Tears disappear in the sand of death

Religious abuse  
No expressions  
Waiting for the sign  
The sign of innocence  
The audience is blind  
Before the black rose  
Dressed in while  
Betrayal of blood

Blood loses its meaning  
Fear of helplessness  
The bloodstone is worst  
Gives pain to the heart  
Please end this suffering  
The face goes numb  
Embracing stones at last  
Welcoming her demise

She whispers like a mantra  
How could you do this to me ?

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