Believe Me

Sol Invictus

Field of spears: Our creation And for our crimes there be damnation The blood of the past, it does bathe us The fingers point to blame and claim us

And without love, we are lost
Believe me, we are lost
Without love, we are dust
Believe me, we are dust
Without love, we lose our souls
And mine had left long ago
The gods above and the gods below
Believe me, believe me

A child is skating on the ice Like a child playing with a knife The gods above and the gods below Playing chess for her soul

With tears of sorrow, and tears of rage They lower her into the grave The gods above and the gods below Playing catch with her soul