

Your Chariot Awaits

The Red Shore

Beneath the damned, beneath their rotting corpses
They lay in wait, as the marching band exhumes the dead
I bare the mark of a thousand burning city streets
The price of blame as the wage of sin devours man
To rot below, as if to seek the dead
My fate, unknown, to fight or fall victim
Compromise is met with failure, abolish what is known
Conspire and attain
They bleed for past transgressions, drowning in ignorance
They haven't the slightest impression
Unwilling to beg for their lives
Their fate is so carefully constructed, made worse by the
Fueling of fire
My soul is the only objective that which their flesh desires
In the war, of the Gods we're so greatly burdened
Confined to chains of our sins, as our lives are bartered
We must stand in the end, we must face our demons
Turn our backs to the sky, as we bleed for freedom
Burnt to ashes, consumed by sin
This hell awoken to purge thy sins