

The Believers

Fol Chen

Body trail beside the water
Leads the lambs into the solder
Hands and knees, we all atone
Path is bathed with blood and bone
Trembling hands reveal their purpose
Blisters form beneath the surface
No one wants to make us leave

We're the ones that still believe
We're the ones that still believe
Fear comes piercing through the silence
In the air the scent of violence
Watching from above the trees
We're the ones that still believe
We're the ones that still believe
We're the ones that still believe

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