

Protectors of the Shrine

Crowbar

Guardians of children
All sinners and saints
The walls of the temple are beckoning
Centuries of torment of unending pain
The cries of the tortured are deafening
At dawn all I hear are cries of pain
At dusk those inside the shrine will reign
Reign over you!
Conquering all
The chosen few
Dawn will awake
With hope for you
Warriors and cowards and all inbetween
The spirits of those are stuck on you
Live by the strong hand
And die by the weak
The savior protects us in all we do
At dawn all I hear are cries of pain
At dusk those inside the shrine will reign
Reign over you!
Conquering all
The chosen few
Dawn will awake
With hope for you

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