The Blade

Sacred Rite

Pushing land behind us as we march to break the dome
A million years will bring us miles closer to their homes
Remnants of forgotten lands remind us of our goal
The lives of all the people are now tales we'll never know
What's left of them are mutants, warped and twisted form the mold
Hiding underground, protected from the firey cold
Swallowed by the landscape, lost a hundred times
Could it be that God is seeking payment for our crimesRaping anger drives us, vengance unfulfilled to this day
A day or two will have us there to execute our plan
Then they all will learn the blade is quicker than the handI can see on the horizon as we march across the land
A gleaming dome of iron, miles larger than we'd planned
Burning down the city to a ton of molten lead
We'll blast away the living, and we'll persecute the dead.Taking the road that will lead to destructing
The wall of the city, so death can be spread into
Madness, evil, wrong
Screaming for the dawnAll of the people who now live in peace with themselves
They forever will never forgive us for
What we have done
All their hopes are goneSeizing the women and children and men
To be senselessly slaughtered again and again
Dead without a sound
No reason can be foundOne day the gods will descend from the heavens
To stop all this killing and bring back the peace
That once was there
Spreading through the air

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