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

[Chorus]
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

[Chorus]

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

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