

Ritual

Bolt Thrower

Remembering promises,
Once made but now unspoken,
Born of child-like minds,
These shadows of the past are now forsaken.
From the dawn of your first day,
To this death bed on which you lay,
To survive we must comply,
With the ritual of your life.
Can you remember things we said,
The dreams our expectations,
Like ashes scattered in the wind,
There is no recollection.
Throughout the passing years,
Faith will allay your years,
Follow the holy rites,
In the ritual of your life.
Life an endless ritual
Continuation perpetual
Throughout the passing years,
Faith will allay your years,
Follow the holy rites,
In the ritual of your life.
Try to remember if you can,
The pacts we made most solemn,
Hands of time have bought decay,
Those memories are forgotten.
Now as you reach the end,
All pain you must transcend,
When you die you can't deny,
The ritual of your life.

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