

Purging Of The Wicked

Sea Of Treachery

The stench of charred remains,
cascades outward,
draining life from,
huddled masses.
Black out their names.
forget their faces.
without a trace,
they disappear.
They prayed for this,
such intrinsic,
beneficial,
genocide. This life (this life) is so full of possibilities
that we
(that we)
must purge
(must purge)
ourselves of this disgrace.
please wait!
perhaps
we should think this through?
but you
make haste
to provide for us all.
(Provide for us all) This place is hell
and can't be ignored.
i hold out hope.
such blatant disregard
for human life
won't be ignored.
I hold out hope.
such empty promises
to your people.
they'll turn on you.
Your day of judgment will come.
I felt the burden
of demons on my back.
instead of angels
Taking me from this...
the screams of children

echo from the prison,
conveying torture
and regret. Make them suffer
for their crimes.
the time has come to...
Pay the price.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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