The Last Rites

Sacred Rite

Shot down in cold blood
Cold blood in the rain
Bullets of anger, bullets of pain
Killed without reason
Waste without cause
Now is the season, the season of lossWelcome the darkness
Welcome the night
Pray for your soul
Pray the Last RitesMurdered for ransom of vengance and hate
Dreams to fulfill, but now it's too late
Sirens and madness
Confusion and fear
The past is forgotten, the future is clear...There's a place, not far from here, where the dead sing out in fear
Take my hand, I'll lead the way
Hell has time for those who stray
Now it's time for you to know
'Cause you've got nothing, not a reason left to show
Choose your path o'er yonder hill, you know the one
Live in darkness all your life
Never see the Son

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