Anna Thema

Stavesacre

Spine of silk and eggshell thin
Pity the bleeder, bruised and palsied prince
The shameless desperate
Mourn the cherished in ruinsYes, our once great
Irresolute and forlorn
Time to destroySee it burn, torn downHow can my nation be saved?
Pray, weep for this age
Future scape, future rape
Seems it leans to the last daysIs tomorrow born still?
Is judgment his will?
Or can we be healed?
Separate, church and this present state
He will destroyWanna see it burn, torn downAnna Thema
I hear you whisper at the gate
Union in Hell not far away
Anna Thema
She always require a wage
A nation harvests its portionAutomolech, they sing
A nation embracing and praising
It's sin disease
Time this scattered few took the lead
Bring the jawbone to the PhilistinesWanna see it burn, torn down
Wanna see it burn down, tornAnna Thema
I hear you screaming at the gate
Union in Hell not far away
Anna Thema
She always require a wage
A nation harvests its portion

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/