

Anna Thema

Stavesacre

Spine of silk and eggshell thin
Pity the bleeder, bruised and palsied prince
The shameless desperate
Mourn the cherished in ruins Yes, our once great
Irresolute and forlorn
Time to destroy See it burn, torn down How can my nation be saved?
Pray, weep for this age
Future scape, future rape
Seems it leans to the last days Is tomorrow born still?
Is judgment his will?
Or can we be healed?
Separate, church and this present state
He will destroy Wanna see it burn, torn down Anna 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 portion Automolech, they sing
A nation embracing and praising
It's sin disease
Time this scattered few took the lead
Bring the jawbone to the Philistines Wanna see it burn, torn down
Wanna see it burn down, torn Anna 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

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