March Thru Pain

Dust Bolt

Liberazing sanctified thoughts took him to the bone
conspiracy or solution? a body surrounded hole
see the tortured minds, see their eyes so blind
another massacre
through the eye of a storm, blood clouded dust
Death, pestering reality, chosen or not?
March thru pain, all insane, bullets fly, a ballad's end
one road that I must take, no one ever has returnedFlowers are dead, turf looks pale, no memory to take from here
mouth spews skin, take the sin, come and yield you litte fucking preyAs dark clouds drift across clear skies and bare my whole demise
Beware the serpent smile
When in darkness the holy cryA heart sees its own image painted in the sky
It's nothing but cold winter, winter dark and wild
As a stranger I arrived, as a stranger again I leave
I must find my own way through this darkened griefthe eye of the storm, blood clouded dust
death, pestering reality, chosen or not?
march thru pain, all insane, bullets fly, a ballad's end
one road that I must take, no one ever has returnedAs dark clouds drift across clear skies and bare my whole demise
Beware the serpent smile
When in darkness the holy cryCorpses fall down, in death they trust
it's all on to die
warfare's spot, sun now hides, vomit on their lies
Death to souls, torture rules, painted in common graves
only the dead will see the end of war, of a life of savage taste

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