Of Martyrs and Men

Immolation

Burdened by the world, too weak to deal with life
Bow to show your love, bow to show devotion
Drowning in the sickness that vomits forth deceit
Fear not what is said but fear what you believeRavaged by their words and into their open arms
Like thieves they'll steal your mind and use it to control
An endless sea of faces, an endless sea of loss
Take your place in line and serve them until the endDo you think you follow greatness
Do you think you follow the divine
Do you think you are the chosen
Do you think you are the fewA genocide of faith
The faithful wait their turn
Just like slaves, hand in hand
Just like ghosts, souls in handYou take their lives
You take our hearts
You have no shameYou shake the world
Dramatic stage
For your own gainYou say you're men
We know you're cowards
You pitiful fools
The true strong remainJust like slaves, hand in hand
Just like ghosts, now you're damned

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