

The IVth Crusade

Bolt Thrower

Mortified by the lack of conscience,
Our sanctity bears no relevance.
Insignificance is our existence,
Hear the litany of life's persistence.
Our pleas for mercy fall upon unhearing ears,
Take my life, my soul, wipe away these bitter tears.
Vanquished in the name of your god,
One of the same to whom we all pray.
Vanquished in the name of your god,
One of the same to whom we once prayed
Try to close my mind - From the screams I hear,
Repentance is denied, the conformation of my fear.

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