

Bullets On The Altar

Almah

Are we beloved indeed?
What is creed and what is crime?
Heavenly? Out of one's mind?

People love, esteem
And cherish who they crucified
As victims we pretend to cry

Tragedy, end of days?
Or it's just the blindness of a man
Loyalty or fanaticism?
Hopeless, it makes me feel so lonely

Homicide
Felony
A gunfire
Agony
You rest the bullets on the altar

And you die
And you kill
Dead inside
Your aberration under your faith

Taken dreams, taken lives
Taken angels from the innocence's arms
Priory, house of pain!
It's drivin' nails in the cold rain

But I feel the end of the storm
And free the twelve caught souls
When we see the burnin' crosses for relief

We rely on the unknown to leave our guilt behind
Mercy won't erase your lies
Face the evidence that God is something to relieve
Heaven is freedom and hell is here

Taken dreams, taken lives
Taken angels from the innocence's arms
Priory, house of pain!
It's drivin' nails in the cold rain

But I feel the end of the storm
And free the twelve caught souls
When we see the burnin' crosses for relief

Now I see the end of the storm
And glance the twelve taught souls
They are free somewhere resting in the memories