

Forsaken Cries

Cataract

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Forsaken cries, the martyr's melodies
Sacrificed our flesh, What you call blessed
Wars bend our backs, Melt down our freedom
Cut off our hands, In divinity and lies
From false devotees, To laying claim
Can hear the melodies, For eternity
Shattered by our own slavery, all heavens fall
At the gates of sanctuary, all heavens fall

Blood on walls fulfilled our daydreams
Lost our life's in the name of false truth

Wasted blood infect with blindness
Stolen gold what made our symbols
Sandy wounds wash in holy water
Burning souls lead to a new cross

...to a new cross!!!

Forsaken cries