

## On this Graveyard

Cataract

Day by day we see them fall,  
all alone we hear their call  
Cold tears drop from their eyes,  
On this graveyard full of lies  
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Torn to pieces, ragged and frayed  
In the coffin locked and saved  
In this world they've been betrayed  
By their faith into their lords

The laws are silent,  
Quiet and notched  
In these days where weapons speak

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Quiet and notched  
In these days were weapons speak  
Dropping millions in despair  
Children die in scanty fields

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