

# Protectors of the Shrine

Crowbar

Guardians of children  
All sinners and saints  
The walls of the temple are beckoning  
Centuries of torment of unending pain  
The cries of the tortured are deafening

At dawn all I hear are cries of pain  
At dusk those inside the shrine will reign  
Reign over you!  
Conquering all  
The chosen few  
Dawn will awake  
With hope for you

Warriors and cowards and all inbetween  
The spirits of those are stuck on you  
Live by the strong hand  
And die by the weak  
The savior protects us in all we do

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At dusk those inside the shrine will reign  
Reign over you!  
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Dawn will awake  
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We bring new life  
With strength and pride  
Heroes were lost  
With those who died