

Sorrow filled days of disease
The faceless shadows arise
The fear once among the lust
Now reflects creation's demise

So to the idols, wait for impending doom
Under a godless sky
Yet we walk on further atop the broken glass
For our feet will heal but our souls stay doused

With humanity's blood
Await the crucifixion
No one is forgiven
Everything precious lost

Sanctified to God
Carved into our souls
Carved into our past
Our lives severed

Our lives severed

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