

Of No Avail

Heaven Shall Burn

Skywards,
The prayers we sent, of no avail

No fear of death will walk among us
Almost too limb to throw the stones
Marching into darkness,
Bowed down with grief
And marked by enslavement

All the prayers we sent of no avail
They went unheard
Of no avail, the lives we gave

Our weakened legs and tattered shoes
Will cause no sound on icy streets
Almost too weak to cry out the spell
His servants won't slow down our steps
Blood red will be those streets
And burning castles will leave

Cursed be the god who was deaf to our prayers!!!
Cursed be the god who was deaf to us!!!

As we died in freedom their machines broke down for a day.