

## Of Martyrs, And Men

### Immolation

Burdened by the world, too weak to deal with life  
Bow to show your love, bow to show devotion  
Drowning in the sickness that vomits forth deceit  
Fear not what is said, but fear what you believe

Ravaged by their words and into their open arms  
Like thieves they'll steal your mind and use it to control  
An endless sea of faces, an endless sea of loss  
Take your place in line and serve them until the end

Do you think you follow greatness  
Do you think you follow the divine

Do you think you are the chosen  
Do you think you are the few

A genocide of faith  
The faithful wait their turn

Just like slaves...hand in hand  
Just like ghosts...souls in hand

You take their lives  
You take our hearts  
You have no shame

You shake the world  
Dramatic stage  
For your own gain

You say you're men  
We know you're cowards  
You pitiful fools  
The true strong remain

Just like slaves...hand in hand  
Just like ghosts...now you're damned