

Sentinels Of Hate

Pagan Altar

People often now stand and stare and wonder who could they be,
That would leave such a lasting tribute to their lives.
But they never look down in the undergrowth at the pile of broken stone.
Or spare a thought for all the young men who have died.

Ruined Chapels and neglected graves have masked the truth for years
Only mangled limbs bear witness to their pain.
Their lord and masters pampered lives are marked by a granite tomb,
But in death the bones will always look the same.

The hooves of black plumed horses are silent on the cobbled streets
And a rusty lock secures the cemetery gates.
The age is long since dead and gone when they ruled in our domain
All that's left are these sentinels of hate.

Stone and marble pillars reaching higher, pointing ever upward to the skies
Looking down on the rank and file beneath them in the cold dark ground,
As they'd done throughout their selfish lives, all through their lives!

Evening falls to cast shadows ever longer, to slowly move across each soul again.
As if to say look up to me I'm still your master as I'll always be
Even in death our roles are still the same, they haven't changed!
Ashes down to ashes, dust down to dust,
It was the children born with a silver spoon and dealt the kind hand of fate,
Created these monoliths to power, built these sentinels of hate!

Their pious names cut deep into the marble, clear for all to see down though the years.
The means to their success lies buried in crumbling vaults with broken headstones,
No reflection left of all the tears, shed down the years.