

# The Bleeding Ground

Saint Vitus

Echoes of screaming  
That fell on deaf ears  
Chaos still reigns  
Fueled by the tears  
Of children in anguish  
Their lives torn apart  
Begging for help from  
Cold black hearts

Heaven can't help us  
Hell puts us down  
That's what it's like on  
The bleeding ground

Gasping for air  
We can actually see  
Government testing  
Says it's ok to breathe  
A hot oily resin  
Covers the trees  
Our moans of despair  
Float away on the breeze

Useless protectors  
Only slap hands  
Let the animals  
Destroy the land  
Once we were cleansed  
By natures' wrath  
Then without choice  
We're back on the wrong path