

## Believe Me

### Sol Invictus

Field of spears: Our creation  
And for our crimes there be damnation  
The blood of the past, it does bathe us  
The fingers point to blame and claim us

And without love, we are lost  
Believe me, we are lost  
Without love, we are dust  
Believe me, we are dust  
Without love, we lose our souls  
And mine had left long ago  
The gods above and the gods below  
Believe me, believe me

A child is skating on the ice  
Like a child playing with a knife  
The gods above and the gods below  
Playing chess for her soul

With tears of sorrow, and tears of rage  
They lower her into the grave  
The gods above and the gods below  
Playing catch with her soul