

# The Faithful

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In dark, filthy places, forsaken, forgotten, our brothers and sisters are paying a price.

They will not deny Him to purchase their freedom. For these are the faithful, the martyrs for Christ.

Twisted and broken abandoned and beaten, their bodies confined in unseen sacrifice. But deep in their spirits they know perfect freedom. For they are the ones who've been set free by Christ.

From under the altar the voices are crying:  
How long, Lord, till you come judge the earth?  
But He'll wrap and redeem them in robes of pure white.  
For the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.  
Oh, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

Deafening silence, the faithful refusal to doubt or deny in the presence of man. They lived by His promise before His own Father that in His kingdom He'll not deny them.

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