

The Victorious Dead

The Absence

Can you hear us when we scream
of our blinded beliefs
ending all sanity
the wrong to right indeed I wonder
the promise to break instead to suffer

Can you see us when we bleed
with wounds a mile deep
spraying profusely
the pain to feel indeed it grows
the tables to turn instead to feel

Something inside us fades
when weakness turns into trying
we all must carry on
for the slaughter and the dying

Can you feel us when we kill
everything that you have built
we must stop at nothing
the wrong to right, ha
indeed I wonder
the promise you broke instead, you suffer