

## Your Chariot Awaits

The Red Shore

Beneath the damned, beneath their rotting corpses  
They lay in wait, as the marching band exhumes the dead  
I bare the mark of a thousand burning city streets  
The price of blame as the wage of sin devours man  
To rot below, as if to seek the dead  
My fate, unknown, to fight or fall victim  
Compromise is met with failure, abolish what is known  
Conspire and attain  
They bleed for past transgressions, drowning in ignorance  
They haven't the slightest impression  
Unwilling to beg for their lives  
Their fate is so carefully constructed, made worse by the  
Fueling of fire  
My soul is the only objective that which their flesh desires  
In the war, of the Gods we're so greatly burdened  
Confined to chains of our sins, as our lives are bartered  
We must stand in the end, we must face our demons  
Turn our backs to the sky, as we bleed for freedom  
Burnt to ashes, consumed by sin  
This hell awoken to purge thy sins