

Ahimsa Sunrise, The Verdict Of Blood

Shine, the Axe, the Axe of Punishment
To leave our mistakes behind
Saying that the worst is yet, is yet to come.
They always look and say
What the people have done to this world
Would never be forgiving
Shine, the Axe of Punishment
To leave our mistakes behind
Leaving us a killer of kind
Seeing words that make us
Look upon the city, in ruin
Save them all
Would you save them all?
From the slate
Murder, treason we own
Murder for reason
Thee Axe's must fall