

Bolt Thrower, The IVth Crusade

Mortified by the lack of conscience,
Our sanctity bears no relevance.
Insignificance is our existence,
Hear the litany of life's persistence.
Our pleas for mercy fall upon
unhearing ears,
Take my life, my soul, wipe away these
bitter tears.
Vanquished in the name of your god,
One of the same to whom we all pray.
Vanquished in the name of your god,
One of the same to whom we onced
prayed
Try to close my mind - From the
screams I hear,
Repentance is denied, the
conformation of my fear.