

# Drag On, Altars Of Doom

Shadows of our shadows  
Thorny winding streets  
A train of drunk undertakers  
Digging their own graves

The altar full of tongues  
Of fluent politicians  
Altar of suffering  
Of the holocaust  
The towns of grey sick faces  
Jerking the ropes  
Which keep them  
In constant suspense  
Every day struggles  
With darkness for light  
Shadows disperse  
As there comes the night  
The last rays  
Of the dying world  
Locked in the sockets of empty skulls  
The small, the weak, the yellow  
Waiting for the Messiah  
Go away from his feet  
Altar of pain  
Of the Holocaust  
Shadows impressed  
In concrete  
And ashes mixed with blood