

Grave Digger, Massada

Cliffs of the east edge
Dropping off to the dead sea
Cliffs so high not possible to climb
Desert fortress of million stones
And beaten earth
Soldiers of the enemy
Are back for attack

Ancient legends will never die
From the mighty rock massada
Hear their hopeless cries
Women and children out for suicide
For their faith to die
And do the sacrifice

Thousand rebels called the zealots
For liberty they pay the highest price
Signs of salvation,
Symbols of determination
In their hearts massada
Lives on and on

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