

Heaven Shall Burn, The Martyr

Last words of confidence still penetrate the cannonthunder.
So many daring dreams will fall, the vision of a better world dies in the bombingrain.
No time to say farewell, the world shall hear about their fight.
Betrayed by spineless servants, conspiracies - so many heroes shot from behind.
No thoughts of giving in, no stampede - no more negotiating.
This deseperate fight will set a sing - they died with the gun in their hands.
Time will avenge one day.
The sky is colored red by the martyr's blood, the same sky under which.
The victors marching in again, bringing back the slavery.
The oldest order, under rule again - it's been too early, but they shall rise again.
If it all came down to me, would I shed my blood for what I lived for?
Would I clench my fist until the last breath?