

Sea Of Treachery, Purging Of The Wicked

The stench of charred remains cascades outward,
Draining life from huddled masses.
Black out the names, forget their faces.
Without a trace, they disappear.
They prayed for this, such intrinsic, beneficial genocide.

This life is so full of possibilities
That we must purge ourselves of this disgrace.
Please wait, perhaps we should think this through.
But you make haste to provide for us all.

For us all
For us all

This place is hell
And can't be ignored.
I hold out hope.

This blatant disregard
For human life
Won't be ignored.
I hold out hope.

Such empty promises
To your people,
They'll turn on you.
Your day of judgment will come.

I felt the burden of demons on my back.
Instead of angels taking me from this.
The screams of children echo from the prison,
Conveying torture and regret.

Make them suffer for their crimes.
The time has come to pay the price.

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That we must purge ourselves of this disgrace.
Please wait, perhaps we should think this through.
But you make haste to provide for us all.