

ZAO, Ravange Ritual

I remember the first war, the way the sky burned
The faces of angels destroyed
I saw a third of Heaven's legion banished
And the creation fell
I stood with my brothers and watched and listened to the revolt
But now, my brothers aren't my brothers
Turned away by a misrepresentation
Stained glass and white washed tombs
The hearts of those who spoke to you
Were never homes the God they tried to show you
They spoke out of prejudice and ritualism
They themselves were lost angels fold their wings
And they fold their wings
And weep along with us watching you shun Christ's sacrifice
Shunning sacrifice
And they fold their wings
And weep along with us watching you shun
Shun