

Blood, By The Way Of Grace

Bake in the 19th century in a plain far way
Lies a tremendous labour camp
All dangerous criminals
Were banished to stay there
It was a journey into death
They had to work all day, didn't get enough food
Lost all their rights
Every month the 10 most diligent prisoners
Got the chance to reach freedom
But no one knew that there's no escape
There was only one approach
Of sand and rubble
For miles and miles the fences loom up
On both sides of the street
The 10 selected ones
Got a projection of 5 minutes
Before their hunters started to rush
Those who won't be killed by bullet
Died in the endless pain