

# Blood Has Been Shed, En Sabah Nur

never-ending  
this barren land is never-ending  
never-ending  
when will this season of bloodloss end?

hope falls through the holes in my hands  
every hour is a shackle I curse my captor

every divinity has forsaken me  
I curse my birth I curse this life  
I worship the God of slumber  
for death and sleep walk hand in hand  
these eyes will never lie