

# Bloody Sunday, Set in Stone

is this worth the lives  
is this worth the pain  
this is not the life  
this is what you've become  
driven to the point  
your desire is blood  
unmatched by any man  
the loyalty to you is steadfast  
solid as stone  
garnished by your words that are false as apparitions  
this flesh that you once considered so dear  
is proof of my ultimately demise  
and you still want more  
innocent blood shed  
nothing to lose  
as your sons  
have fallen now  
you spit untruths  
as you wait  
for your judgement day  
for all the tears that have yet to dry  
for all the years that you've destroyed all of our lives