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 ultimely 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