

# Cataract, On this Graveyard

Day by day we see them fall, all alone we hear their call  
Cold tears drop from their eyes on this graveyard full of lies  
Torn to pieces, ragged and frayed In the coffin locked and saved  
In this world they have been betrayed by their faith into their lords  
The laws are silent, quiet and notched In these days were weapons speak  
Dropping millions in despair children die in scanty fields  
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