

Cry Of The Afflicted, Take This Day

Wake from your sleep, from the depths of this lifeless trance
Where you wait for death to claim you
And return you to the ground, to clay and dust
The end you've chosen found, your death found
Stake your claim, take this day
Claim the souls of the fallen
And rally the aimless, the restless dead
This is the hour of our redemption
This is the hour we gather our strength and take this day
As our own, for the fates of the fallen souls
As our lives were bought for a price
We shall be measured, we shall be weighed by sacrifice
This is the hour of our redemption
This is the hour we gather and take this day