

# Heaven Shall Burn, Of No Avail

Skywards,  
The prayers we sent, of no avail  
No fear of death will walk among us  
Almost too limb to throw the stones  
Marching into darkness,  
Bowed down with grief and marked by enslavement

All the prayers we sent, of no avail  
They went unheard  
Of no avail, the lives we gave

Our weakened legs and tattered shoes  
Will cause no sound on icy streets  
Almost too weak to cry out the spell  
His servants won't slow down our steps  
Blood red will be those streets and burning castles we'll leave

All the prayers we sent, of no avail  
They went unheard  
Of no avail, the lives we gave

Cursed be the god who was deaf to our prayers  
Cursed be the god who was deaf to us

As we died in freedom their machines broke down for a day