

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