

# Martyr A.d., Valley Of Solitude

Burn me alive  
This place is dead to me  
A breeding ground of tragedy  
My enemies at my arms length  
A dark past right at my heels  
This place is the death of me  
With its familiarity  
Breathing down my tired neck  
In the company of the sick  
Burn me alive  
This is not  
Hell but you can see it from here  
In the place I have grown to fear  
Where devils laugh and angels cry  
Where light and dark collide  
The red sky is searing me  
Swallowing my serenity  
Where hatred makes its nest  
Inside my hollowed chest  
There's nothing sacred here  
In the valley of solitude  
We take pain with gratitude  
There's nothing sacred here  
Where death has gone to hide  
Where light and dark collide  
There's nothing sacred here