

# Profugus Mortis, The Fallen

Here I stand, stained in red, bodies lie all around  
The battle lost and lives  
The cost paid in full, and then some

I look around this place, these hills; as children we once did play  
Those were times of innocence  
Now the dead, they own this place, and (what) once was does not remain  
Innocence has turned to pain

When death surrounds, and lights not found, the fallen weep in misery. My hand to theirs and theirs  
(repeat)

Now stand my friend,  
It's not the end .  
Your cries have not gone unheard.  
New life you'll lead, new things you'll see  
and fill your spirit with a new hope.