

Sacrifice, The Lost

The lost have hidden
Blackened lives that carry on
A race of outcasts
Breeding more until, a taking
over

Kept concealed
The silent wait
Survive
The time will come

The sky is rising
Hide away to solitude
A different one will suffer
And renew the cycle again

Kept concealed
The silent wait
Survive
The time will come

Take life away from her
Which flows into me
Watching the dead eyes stare
The last expression of despair

A hidden population
Outlive eternity
The lost will breed another
And renew the cycle again