

# Sacrilege, At Death Door

The new day is dawning they start counting the dead,  
The hard swollen bellies of the children not fed,  
Their land dry and parched still they pray for the rain,  
The massacre continuous yet again and again.  
Year after year the lands ring deaths bell,  
The childrens blind eyes have a sad tale to tell,  
Their limbs bent and twisted, their kinds hold no spark,  
They're crying in vain for no light breaks the dark.  
The land holds the hammer but mankind deals the blow,  
Economics and profit before compassion we show,  
Our excesses waste as the wealthy grow fat,  
Rather than give to the needy they'll let the food rot.  
At death door they stand, only suffering they know.