

Sea Of Treachery, And The Angels Were Silent

With souls on fire,
They shall surrender peace.
But blood still flows
From the eyes of martyrs.

In light of hatred,
We now know our purpose.

Dear God, what is this?
What is it that you've done?
These moments, forgotten
Shall disappear.
It's not a menu from
Which to pick and choose:
For God, for marriage,
For life but fuck the poor?

And I wont lose hope
That one day I'll believe
But until then I'll be the cynic.
Then again I could be
In the wrong but I
Guess that's what faith is.
And I wont lose hope
That one day I'll believe
But until then I'll be the cynic.
Then again I could be
In the wrong but I
Guess that's what faith...

I know there's still hope
That compassion will rise again.

This faith burns in their eyes
And blood still flows from my wounds.
I fail to find the faith
Despite what I wish for.

I know there's still hope
That compassion will rise again.

I know there's still hope
That compassion will rise again.

With souls on fire,
They shall surrender peace.
But blood still flows
From the eyes of martyrs.
Entrenched, they suffer
From the things that they hide from.
They seek salvation which
They will never find.

For the lost, for the poor,
for the disregarded.
For the souls, for the faith
Of the broken-hearted.

For the lost, for the poor,
for the disregarded.
For the souls, for the faith
Of the broken-hearted.

And still faith burns in their eyes

And blood still flows from my wounds.
I fail to find the faith
Despite what I wish for.