

Stampin' Ground, The Symmetry Of Hatred

As still as a tomb, where only memories roam
No birds sing here, yet silence speaks volumes
About tortured times, when man was blind
And innocence died at the hands of genocide

Lest we forget

Prayers fall upon ears of the dead
Drowning the bleat of sacrificial lambs
Condemned to an eternity of bleeding
Trapped in the teeth of demons

Fifty years on, the oppression remains
Haunted by the ghosts of the slain
And now we walk this cursed ground
The magnitude of suffering's like a shroud

Let the death camps remain
As epitaphs to pain

Or have we learnt nothing despite their deaths?
Do we credit ourselves too much intelligence?
Is the harbinger of pain but a heartbeat away?
Are we still ignorant and fearful despite what we say?