

Erathma

"Healed On The Precipice"

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No peace
For men amongst men
When will we see
Refuge torn away

Will we fight throughout the night
Using cadavers as the barricades
Tasting gangrene within their very flesh
To die to day would be a great sacrifice
But for whom?
But for whom?
For the soil in which we fertilize
Take my ashes to the fields where I used to play

Now embedded with dry bones and decay
This was our home
Now a tomb for the dead and dethroned
This was our home

Revitalized through my very veins
The gods of old now replaced by today
I weep for the enemy
For today they will meet their end
No peace
No peace
Tread amongst the weak

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