

## Funeral For A Friend

### "Reap Of Martyrs"

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A world forged in the fire of lies  
An ideal is born as a vital man dies  
Heroes of sin that give no excuse  
Appear rather weak with necks in a noose

Glory once was sacred  
In ancient times of war  
Earned by the hunter and not the prey

Sympathy for the stoic  
Has tarnished glory evermore  
Desertion of thought for feeble causes

The blades of intolerance  
Are grinding independent thought  
The harvest of suicide  
Cultivated from vile roots  
The human condition  
Diseased and volatile  
Proud men who die  
Heroes in the eyes of all

The feigning of courage  
Ever present, ever loved  
It takes no bravery to die  
To live and fight is the challenge  
Blights of passage  
Youths raised with dead men's morals  
Reap of martyrs  
In the end we are all dust

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