

## **Pagan Altar "Sentinels Of Hate"**

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People often now stand and stare and wonder who  
could they be,  
That would leave such a lasting tribute to their lives.  
But they never look down in the undergrowth at the pile  
of broken stone.  
Or spare a thought for all the young men who have  
died.

Ruined Chapels and neglected graves have masked  
the truth for years  
Only mangled limbs bear witness to their pain.  
Their lord and masters pampered lives are marked by  
a granite tomb,  
But in death the bones will always look the same.

The hooves of black plumed horses are silent on the  
cobble streets  
And a rusty lock secures the cemetery gates.  
The age is long since dead and gone when they ruled  
in our domain  
All that's left are these sentinels of hate.

Stone and marble pillars reaching higher, pointing ever  
upward to the skies  
Looking down on the rank and file beneath them in the  
cold dark ground,  
As they'd done throughout their selfish lives, all  
through there lives!

Evening falls to cast shadows ever longer, to slowly  
move across each soul again.  
As if to say look up to me I'm still your master as I'll  
always be  
Even in death our roles are still the same, they haven't  
changed!  
Ashes down to ashes, dust down to dust,  
It was the children born with a silver spoon and dealt  
the kind hand of fate,  
Created these monoliths to power, built these sentinels  
of hate!

Their pious names cut deep into the marble, clear for

all to see down though the years.  
The means to their success lies buried in crumbling  
vaults with broken headstones,  
No reflection left of all the tears, she'd down the years.

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