

Ulcerate "Martyr Of The Soil"

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Here we exist upon the cliff tops
Exhausted and empty
Sneering into the darkness below
Wet palms, coppery and thick
Lines of red to mark our progress
But to what end?

We are a part of this plague
Unclean and nai"ve
We climb upon the cross
To be crowned?

This will deaden all but the brightest lights
And I personify the black

I am despair

The futility and the frustration
These two hands make liars of us all
Denial and disaster are mine
Step up to the gallows, defeated and lost

Fall away
Resign yourself to this faithless leap
For there can be no half measures
And the noose is already around our necks
Jerk awake with the revelation
And dangle above the maggots
The twine exists as the separator

Through suffocation and sodden eyes
She will not hold

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