

Saint Avarice

"Amongst The Masses"

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Hundreds of eyes peering at those who will stand and fight

A means to despise

To cradle a fist at the brim of your jaw

Head on towards a fist

Struck down with one blow

They have you surrounded

Between heaven and hell

Lies a core underrated

Your blood stains on his crown

Your blood drips down his mouth

Suffer a fate worse than life

Never a fate worse than life

Go serve your god well

Be sure not to fail or be destined to fall

Your blood runs down his hands

Your blood drips down his pants

Suffer a fate worse than life

Never a fate worse than life

Shot through the sky

Tearing apart at the clouds in our way

A religious fight

A chance to discover who you really are

Be sure not to fail this time

Your blood won't buy you out

Your blood will strip you down

Suffer a fate worse than life

Never a fate worse than life

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