

At Daggers Drawn "And The Angels Were Silent"

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With souls on fire, they shall surrender peace. But blood still flows from the eyes of martyrs. In light of hatred, we now know our purpose. Dear God, what is this? What is it that you've done? These moments, forgotten shall disappear. It's not a menu from which to pick and choose: for God, for marriage, for life but fuck the poor? And I won't lose hope that one day I'll believe but until then I'll be the cynic. Then again I could be in the wrong but I guess that's what faith is. I know there's still hope that compassion will rise again. This faith burns in their eyes and blood still flows from my wounds. I fail to find the faith despite what I wish for. With souls on fire, they shall surrender peace. But blood still flows from the eyes of martyrs. Entrenched, they suffer from the things that they hide from. They seek salvation which they will never find. For the lost, for the poor, for the disregarded. For the souls, for the faith of the broken-hearted.

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