

## **Sacred Rite "The Blade"**

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Pushing land behind us as we march to break the dome  
A million years will bring us miles closer to their homes  
Remnants of forgotten lands remind us of our goal  
The lives of all the people are now tales we'll never  
know

What's left of them are mutants, warped and twisted  
form the mold

Hiding underground, protected from the firey cold  
Swallowed by the landscape, lost a hundred times  
Could it be that God is seeking payment for our crimes

Raping anger drives us, vengeance unfulfilled to this  
day

A day or two will have us there to execute our plan  
Then they all will learn the blade is quicker than the  
hand

I can see on the horizon as we march across the land  
A gleaming dome of iron, miles larger than we'd  
planned

Burning down the city to a ton of molten lead  
We'll blast away the living, and we'll persecute the  
dead.

Taking the road that will lead to destructing  
The wall of the city, so death can be spread into  
Madness, evil, wrong  
Screaming for the dawn  
All of the people who now live in peace with themselves  
They forever will never forgive us for  
What we have done  
All their hopes are gone

Seizing the women and children and men  
To be senselessly slaughtered again and again  
Dead without a sound  
No reason can be found

One day the gods will descend from the heavens  
To stop all this killing and bring back the peace  
That once was there  
Spreading through the air

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