

Citizen Cain

"Corcyra - The Suppliants"

Visit "[Corcyra - The Suppliants](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Men who seek their safety in a sacred place
Fleeing from the point of the spear
Crying out to heaven for sanctuary
Drowning in their sorrow and fear

Soon you die on a ragged trail
Where thorns pierce your feet
No-one hides on the ragged trail
That's where the blood is spilt

Falling in love with paradise
Upon a windswept trail
The thorns on the road become your nails

Hiding in a temple, their sanctuary
Daggers raised in anger outside
Surrounded by their enemies, under siege
Crying out for blood and their lives

Soon you die on a ragged trail
Where thorns pierce you feet
No-one hides on the ragged trail
That's where the blood is spilt

Falling in love with paradise
Upon a windswept trail
The thorns on the road become your nails

Now the tyrants are trapped and heeled
Like a wolf surrounded, nowhere to flee
Some were tried and their judgment sealed
So that death came swiftly riding on steel

Cruel like the hands that brought death to your friends
Cruel like the land you fought hard to possess

Nothing ventured and nothing gained
It's that same old story, fortune and fame
Tyrants rising fall down again
It's the price of losing blood shall be paid

Cruel like the hands that brought death to your friends
Cruel like the land you fought hard to possess

Walking on thorns
Pulling down your sanctuary around your head
Dying by the point of the spear
Father kills his son and cries it's much too late
To turn around through sorrow or fear

So you die on a ragged trail
Where thorns have pierced your feet
You shall not hide on the ragged trail
Today your blood is spilt

Falling in love with paradise
Upon a windswept trail
Where thorns on the road become your nails

Visit [Citizen Cain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.