

## Stavesacre "Anna Thema"

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Spine of silk and eggshell thin  
Pity the bleeder, bruised and palsied prince  
The shameless desperate  
Mourn the cherished in ruins

Yes, our once great  
Irresolute and forlorn  
Time to destroy

See it burn, torn down

How can my nation be saved?  
Pray, weep for this age  
Future scape, future rape  
Seems it leans to the last days

Is tomorrow born still?  
Is judgment his will?  
Or can we be healed?  
Separate, church and this present state  
He will destroy

Wanna see it burn, torn down

Anna Thema  
I hear you whisper at the gate  
Union in Hell not far away  
Anna Thema  
She always require a wage  
A nation harvests its portion

?Automolech?, they sing  
A nation embracing and praising  
It's sin disease  
Time this scattered few took the lead  
Bring the jawbone to the Philistines

Wanna see it burn, torn down  
Wanna see it burn down, torn

Anna Thema  
I hear you screaming at the gate

Union in Hell not far away  
Anna Thema  
She always require a wage  
A nation harvests its portion

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