

## Ginger Wildheart

### "Lingering A Sacred Ground"

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Down this road of mist and shadow  
Souls of the dead has left their mark  
The soil have tasted the steps of agony

Plant the seeds  
Pluck the fruit of perdition  
The clear path turned to dark  
Where no sun shine  
Constantly wrapped in darkness

The strength of death constant near  
Lingering a sacred ground  
Souls of men trapped in veil  
Lingering a sacred ground

Tortured in endless pain  
With no sign of aid  
Forsaken by their gods

As darkness covers the fields of old  
Forever lost, no chance to break free  
Constant screams but no one hears

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