

Anya Marina

"Intro"

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Walking trails, soaked by our tears
Traveling miles and miles from home
Blood still stains the ground we walked
Soaking into the roots of trees
Giving strength to mother earth
This land is not their land
Head held high above the torment
Thousands die in wars
Murdered, killed, and slaughtered
Hear the hearts of our lost warriors
Beating to the pounding drum
This ground was once ours
Now a wasteland of destruction
Polluting the waters we drink
Polluting the air we breathe
Forced in the corner suffocating
Outcasts grouping for the next to ride
Through a smoke filled remonition
Tellers of the future speaking of the new beginning
One warrior will rise to defend against this place
A killa of anybody, who goes against you and I
Thousands of souls giving him power
Anybody kills until the future is fulfilled
Through darkness light shines under the rain from the
diamonds
Showering upon the same roots
Roots that we shared with blood
Let those roots bring the tree
The tree that brings truth to this beginning

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