Martyrs of Devotion

Barren Earth

Swayed upon the land of glitter Stood before a pool of blood Got led astray from the aeons Lost in wintry blasts Raped the lands of virgin soil Cultivated depression Steered by the coldest breeze Of the winds of perturbation

Gods of wasted time
The martyrs of devotion
Ruinous fragments of life
Beneath a horrid net of lies
Led by moral terror,
Blackened blood and hollow prayers
Forsaken ones
Are the martyrs of devotion

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