

On this Graveyard

Cataract

Day by day we see them fall,
all alone we hear their call
Cold tears drop from their eyes,
On this graveyard full of lies
On this graveyard full of lies

Torn to pieces, ragged and frayed
In the coffin locked and saved
In this world they've been betrayed
By their faith into their lords

The laws are silent,
Quiet and notched
In these days where weapons speak

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Quiet and notched
In these days were weapons speak
Dropping millions in despair
Children die in scanty fields

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same tears drop from their eyes,
On this graveyard full of lies

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