

Sea of Rubble

Hate

A lifeless cold stare
In the night of funeral pyres
Thy blood has fed the soil
What a bloody shame
That you all became carcass
In those piteous nights
The bane of our existence
It grows in the wells of extinguished life

My hate is cold
In the night of funeral pyres
Choking on the black haze

I march this road
Yet it never seems to end
Through the sea of rubble
Streets I struggle to name
Faces I struggle to recall
They have all perished in inferno

The burning stake
Under the ardent sky
It's all that remains

There's a glory in the midst of carnage
And a glory that shines upon the tears of those who survived
I bled all I could and I won't bleed no more

They will always burn
They will always burn
They will always burn till the sun shines no more
They will always burn till the sun shines no more
They will always burn till the sun shines no more

The burning stake
Under the ardent