

## Mark My Words

Tristitia

A pray for the race  
Just another pray in vain  
Signs of Judgement Day  
For the doomed to endure

Pain, injustice

A world in flames  
Innocent blood will flow  
Listen to the chimes of bells  
For the doomed to endure

Suffering, injustice

Sadistic leaders  
With their perverted minds  
Sitting there with earth in their hands  
Sacred are their words  
Telling us what's right or wrong  
They will lead us all into a certain death

Mark my words  
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Hold those crosses high  
So your lord can you see  
Pray for the future  
It may not exist

Hold those crosses high  
Pray for your martial future  
We are reaching the ultimate edge  
Mark my words