

Voice of the Voiceless

Heaven Shall Burn

See them die!
They Die! A rain of blood should cover our world
Stench and decay should be the only thing we sense
But hidden in the dark and erased from our heads
Barbarity and slaughter are everywhere
A contemptible ethic, a relict For the weakest of the weak
For the lowest of the low
My voice for the voiceless
My fists for the innocent
Voice of the Voiceless
Voice of the Voiceless On the edge of a new age this is still our dogma
No grave for millions - tortured creatures, For the weakest of the weak
For the lowest of the low
My voice for the voiceless
My fists for the innocent But a common grave for our morals
This slaughter - an ethic I deny See them die!
They Die! An archaic way of thinking, so monstrous and absurd
For the weakest of the weak
For the lowest of the low
My voice for the voiceless
My fists for the innocent

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