

Torkage - ...and the First Flies Gather

{Verse 1}

**Thy eyes are swollen with the sorrow
A pain that permeates the soul
Thy children lost beneath the rubble
Those who committed no sin**

{Verse 2}

**A land awash with venom
That rots away all hope
A pride that struggled under footprint
Of warriors with grief laid low**

{Interlude}

Yeah

{Verse 3}

**The price of freedom is paid in blood
Dreams of martyr wonder the earth
So from the river to the sea
Palestine will be free**

{Instrumental Outro}