

Deeds Of Flesh, Sounds Of Loud Reigns

As I took at my friend he is weeping
Bullets striking condemned martyrs
Am I next
Blasting on a wrath of vengeance
Ready to kill everyone of us
I must scape

Sounds of loud reigns

Some collapse in the panic
The fear is overwhelming
To look in their eyes
Could bring forth certain demise
Scattered shots and screaming
The situation has gone on too long
The nightmare gets worse

Exploding bodies
Friends glaring
With morbid
Glares of death

Running down a hall
I hear footsteps
Following close behind
Am I next
I must scape

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