

# Kotipelto, Seeds Of Sorrow

There's no way to stop the ancient ghost that is rising from his grave  
Spilling a drop of hatred from his bowl  
He senses the fear and misery searching for fresh blood  
Feeling hunger growing in his dark soul

Here he stands ready to sow  
Harvest about seeds of his sorrow  
As he takes his toll

Far on the horizon  
The echoes of years closing in  
There's no escape anymore from  
The hatred exploding within

We are feeding the beast he's becoming much more powerful every year  
We give him more leash increasing our fear  
Soon will start the feast that ends in our extermination  
The signs are here the vision should be crystal clear

Here he stands ready to sow  
Harvest about seeds of his sorrow  
As he takes his toll

Far on the horizon  
The echoes of years closing in  
There's no escape anymore from  
the hatred exploding within

Far on the horizon  
The echoes of years closing in  
There's no escape anymore from  
As the echoes start to ring