

Saint, Bowls Of Wrath

A voice from the temple shouts pour the seven bowls
Earth dwellers with the beastly mark pick at malignant, loathsome sores
And like a dead mans blood to rivers and to springs
Blood of Satins prophets, yeah, a righteous judgment from the King

[Chorus:]

Yes O'God Almighty

Righteousness your judgment brings

Tread the winepress of your wrath

You are the King of Kings

Swing the sickle reap the earth Let judgment ring

To the horses noise blood flows a payment of iniquity

Scorching men with fire, they gnaw their tongue and blaspheme

End of an evil age its conqueror, the King of King's

[Chorus]

Yes O'God Almighty

Judgment time done justly

Spread your wrath abundantly upon the earth and sea

Yes O'God Almighty

Righteousness your judgment brings

Tread the wrath of your winepress

For all the world to see