

# Sentenced, Fields Of Blood; Harvester Of Hate

Come to me - oh, mighty force of my inner will...  
Raise the power of knowledge and give me the spirit to...kill!  
Prepare my being to conquer what's to be mine...  
- For eternity  
The aftermath of a battle to come  
A vivid vision before my eyes  
The storm has calmed and peace has landed  
No more are we under the influence of lies  
The false ones have been put to their death  
by the purest form of pure impurity  
The sky turns jetblack - We breed in the dark  
- Reborn to a new reality

Wind sweeps the fields where they all died...  
The fields where their blood was spilt...  
The hordes of celestial light saw the fields of blood...once  
Wind sweeps the fields where they all died...  
The fields where weak blood was spilt...  
The hordes of celestial lies saw the fields of blood

I summon my inner self to strengthen my final will  
My will destroy the promised land of thousand fakes  
I summon my mental force for it is mightier than your sword  
Reveal the powers of Wrath - tomorrow I am your GOD!!!

...This is the dawn of the final war  
...I shall bring you all down  
Kill 'em all!!!

The victory is written in my very flesh  
- Enscribed in my very mind  
Before daylight strikes the earth will be purified  
and no pretender shall walk on this ground  
The shadows retiring with the darkness of night  
and hatred is growing within  
The first sunbeams of this day of glory  
reflect hatred in my eyes - the triumph of Death