

Sentenced, Fields Of Blood, Harvester Of Hate

Come to me - oh, mighty force of my own inner will...
Raise the power of knowlegde 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
ky turns jetblack - We breed in the dark
Reborn to a new reality
The winds 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
The winds 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 to 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 GOD!!!
...This is the dawn of the final war
...I shall bring you all down
Kill 'em all!!!
The victory is written on my very flesh
Inscribed in my very mind
Before daylight strikes the earth will be purified
and no pretender shall walk on this ground
shadows retiring with the darkness of night
and hatred is growing within
first sunbeams of this day of glory
reflect hatred in my eyes - the triumph of Death