

Sentenced, Rot To Dead

Dark eyes meet in a black corner of the earth
Hate burns scars within our minds
False shall be separated from the true
The moment of departure follows time

Nocturnal wrath unfolds us...
Melancholic silence surrounds...
Walls are breeding malignant seeds...
The spawn of hate shall be unleashed

Rot to Dead!!!

Face to face - brother against brother
The bitter taste of loss of own ideals
Atmosphere of evil, selfish minds
in a battle which no-one will prevail

Paradoxal tranquillity...
Leads the Fiend out of our minds...
Raging wrath - now weeping sorrow...
But Hate remains in our hearts...