

Veni Domine, Wrath Of The Lion

Where Can I Hide From Your Eyes
All My Senses Are Darkened
So Easy To Lose Control
Wild Beasts Tracking Us Down
Our Minds Enslaved To Authorities
Aiming For Total Control
Fulfilling Their Ancient Dream
Of One Divine Nation
So When Our Spirits Long To Fly
Encumbered By Things We Can't Deny
It's So Hard To Live With This Load
Weary From The Burden In Our Soul
The Fire Will Devour Us
If We Are Marked On Forehead Or Wrist
The Lion Will Be The Judge
Slay The Wolves With Fire From Your Hands
Is It Wisdom To Play By The Rules
If They Are Made By Fools
Trying To Stay Above Suspicion
Yet Guilty In Their "Innocence";
The Greed Will Feed On Itself
Casting The Spell
Deciding It's Own Destiny
Only Time Will Tell
When Our Spirits Long To Hide
The Hunting Season Comes To An End
Breaking The Chains Of Those Who Lied
The Lion From Heaven Shall Descend
How Is Your Conscience
You Who Seduced And Slaughtered The Lambs
How Can You Live With Bloodstained Hands
Still For You There Is Salvation To Be Found