

Bloodbath, Slaughtering The Will To Live

Fettered sun
consumed is the mass of our disbelief
Unborn is the icon
rigid sphere
Sever the hands of the human sheep

Risen
he stands above the crest
All seeing
feathers scattered round his feet
His ways do not forgive
coming of vengeance
Slaughtering the will to live

Soul in breathless sleep
predators abide
Larvae is born within the living
curse the sun and the heads of men
Master stride begin

Heresy of storming rage
perished men are piled in hundreds
Vortex of the revelation
whispering of thousand deaths

Lance the pure heart
jaws declare this turmoil
Feeble race is burning up
temples fall to ash and soil