

Impending Doom, Storming The Gates Of Hell

Here we are, storming the gates of hell.

Our whispers will silence your roars and our roars will wreck your lives.

So here we come, we were withered and drowned out, but raised up in son soaked brilliance.

Raised up!

This is our sound cutting through the noise.

Come forth, arise, overcome.

Choir of disciples.

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return from exile