

Mortal Treason, Taste Of A Bitter Soul

I see the end of all life as death unfolds on us
The wrath of God has drawn near, as we knew it would
Our foolish thoughts and careless acts have
brought us here and if we fall we die, so
cold inside
How the wind blows cold in the night
She brings suffering one can't imagine
Those who lay down in wealth will do so never again
And woe to the innocent whose faith is
the sword whose faith is gone
The last seed is sown and harvest begins
Terror must be over

Take the earth
We have chosen to die
Just as we have chosen to lie
The Almighty has deafened His ear because we have
turned our backs, and so we fall
We all die
So cold inside

About the judgment that we all must face and how each
day the way we live points us in the direction of our eternity.