

Necrophobic, I Strike With Wrath

As the clouds gather I will strike from the skies
Trembling with hate, fire and ice
The rain that follows, heavy will fall
The clouds rest eternally upon you all
As the oceans rise I will strike from the depths
Blood on the shores, destruction and death
Water poisoned, runs in your veins
Filling your hearts with anguish and pain

Can you sense me coming
Can you feel me grasp for your souls

As the ground opens I will strike from beneath
Perish in flames, sickly bleak
To ashes you'll burn by the flames in my hand
Engulfed in fire, both sky and land

When you close your eyes I will strike from within
Infesting your mind, getting under your skin
Lucid dreaming, a blessing to some
But for the one that shall die only sorrow will come

I strike with wrath
I welcome you all into my bloodbath

I will rise in darkened might and through the raging fire
I'll cleanse all your lives in lustful desire
Put your pitiful souls through horrifying torture
And those who stand beside through a scolding scorcher

From the shadowside of the rotting tree of life
Decomposing roots we'll climb to battle and to strife
I strike from the ground, I strike from the sky
I strike from beyond, all living must die

I strike with wrath
I welcome you all into my bloodbath