

SikTh, Sanguine Seas Of Bigotry

Sanguine seas of bigotry
Death in squandering fog
A feast for the king of serpents
The malice in the smog

He's wicked he's mad
Blood rag clad under his suit
(Under his suit)
This malice in the air
The stench of trembling boots

The wicked wind it whistles and gabbles in the rain
(And gabbles in the rain)
You hear the cried from the graveyard
The wicked wind it whistles and gabbles in the rain
(The wicked wind it whistles and gabbles in the rain)
You hear the cries from the graveyard
Then hide and wait for rain

The hideous days of malice
Sanguine cement torn sea
Tell me how to listen
Then tell me how to be

The Malice in this fog
Flaming desert smog
Law of the sod
This place is getting hotter
This place is getting hotter

Growing every day
Less for you and me
Sanguine seas of bigotry
Sowing misery
The tide has risen over me
Sanguine seas of bigotry
Run run run away
Try to swim and float away
Sanguine seas of bigotry
Wake up in the sea
Not the place you want to be
Sanguine seas of bigotry

What happened to the ones that came through?
What happened to the ones that came through?
Did they find a place to be?

Growing every day
Less for you and me
Sanguine seas of bigotry
Sowing misery
The tide has risen over thee
Sanguine seas of bigotry
It's always about the bigger clout
You've got to always heed your guard
So if you've got the short amount
Then I'll see you by the bar

Sanguine seas of bigotry
What happened to the ones who came through?
What happened to the ones who came through?
(You hear the cries from the graveyard)
The wicked wind whistles and gabbles in the rain
(You hear the cries from the graveyard)

You hear the cries from the graveyard
Then hide and wait for rain

The wicked wind it whistles and gabbles in the rain
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