

# 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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