Timo Kotipelto, Seeds Of Sorrow

Theres's no way to stop the ancient ghost that is rising from his grave
Spilling a drop of hatred from his bowl
He senses the fear and misery searching for fresh blood
Feeling hunger growing in his dark soul

Here he stands ready to sow
Harvest about seeds of his sorrow
As he takes his toll

Far on the horizon
The echoes of years closing in
There's no escape anymore
From the hatred exploding within

We are feeding the beast he's becoming much more powerful every year
We give him more leash increasing our fear
Soon will start the feast that ends in our extermination
The signs are here the vision should be crystal clear

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Harvest about seeds of his sorrow
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