

# Vreid, Wrath Of Mine

There is a primal instinct that can not be tamed  
There is a destructive power that can not be named  
I wallow in my filth and treasure the stains  
Branded by the blood in my veins  
Hate and rade  
Will not be buried in time  
Death is certain  
So is the wrath of mine  
There is a primal instinct that can not be tamed  
There is a destructive power that can not be named  
An everlasting hatred  
That can not be reduced or taken away  
There are no limits for its desire  
The wrath sustains  
Scavengers, luders and fools  
My inspiration and my tools  
Without these empty souls  
My wrath would not unfold