

# White Skull, Here We Are

I have heard the prophecy  
It's about to be fulfilled  
Hard's the world sinners grow  
And the man no longer spare  
Feel the breeze of severe winds  
Three full seasons without breaks  
Seething flames burning hills  
World is lost in venom flood  
Too late the Gods realized who I am  
In many shapes I threaten the man  
My daughter's HEL, Goddess of death  
Chaos has now its former shape

(chorus)  
Here we are Raise

Bore with them the germ of death  
Gods are doomed to be slain  
Hard is the world sinner grows  
And the man no longer spare  
I have seen the tragedy  
Will the Gods be back again ?  
Seething flames burning hills  
World is lost in venom flood  
Too late the gods realized who I am  
In many shapes I threaten the man  
My daughter's HEL, Goddess of death  
Chaos has now its former shape

(chorus)  
Here we are Raise