Wormwood Prophecies

Underlined

We're lost in time, alone again
Trapped in my mind
Serving my fucking sin
These screams of madness
Echo down these halls
Such a cold world build behind these
Concrete wallsAs the fire build
Your is overwhelming me
As the smoke flows through your lungs
I'll find my god in your suffering
These screams of a so called nightmare
Opening of a man-made cellar door
These screams now a so called nightmare
Your fear to enter my world
I must face the sun, to light this fucking path
To defeat this horrid beat, my journy has just begun
I will feed on the fear of the mad-made anti-christ
I will feed on the fear, indulging sacrifice.I wont ever, I wont ever let this end
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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