

## Wine of the Wicked

Battlerage

There was a time, when I was still  
alive. I was about to give birth, when  
my husband came with what I was  
craving for: grapes from the vineyard  
where a great curse was about to fall upon.  
While I was dying, the only man who  
would survive the wicked wine was being  
born. For I am still his mother and he...  
MY SON!

Man reaping the poisoned land  
The grapevine is the devil's lair  
There's no place for gods!  
The harvest feast awaits the folk

Drinking, mistreating,  
the feast has begun  
Twisting visages envenom the soul  
They're rising the cups  
One by one, everybody will fall

THERE'S ONE WHO'S NOT AFRAOD  
IN DREAMS HIS MOTHER HAS TOLD:  
"YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WILL END  
THE CURSE OF YOUR OWN BLOOD."  
DRINK THE WINE OF THE WICKED  
YOUR HANDS ARE HOLDING THE HOPE  
TO END THIS ANCIENT DOOM  
THE WIND IS BLOWING STRONG

The chosen son begins the rite  
His father is dead, in silence he lies  
Return of the gods!  
Celebrating the wine of the bold

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