

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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