

Boundead

Evocation

Pretentious this torment
That weakens our shade
We search the salvation
Behind the man made
Face of our failure
Damnation embraced
Breathing the toxic
Taste of disgrace
Head on a roll
Last touch is the axe
Seed in the plague
Face of our death

Boundead - break the chains cross the border
Boundead - lock that door starve your pain
Boundead - see your flame cross that border
Boundead - lock that door or heal no more

Abnormal behavior
Trapped in its claws
Who was the saviour
And who was the false
Trampling the spikes
Resolving the truth
Found my redemption
Led by the mute
Blood on our soul
Blood on our past
Internal infernal destruction inside