

# Fountains Of Blood To Reach Heavens

Hate

The heavens break to cover us with shattered sky,  
Grasping ground with crooked claws, hateful serpentine,  
I'm winter see my heart split into a million shards,  
There is no freedom where I'm bound to the sound of  
your demise,

Spites of fire march in rows,  
Bloody warriors, mother fury still it grows!  
And I die in depths of heartlessness,  
Thor! His hammer hit the ground,  
Destruction prey and fire dine!  
Bloody warriors churn the clouds  
Thunder thy unearthly cry,

Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh,  
In blackest misery the lifeless lie in squander,  
Insane you sleep falling deeper into farthest fear,  
Now your disease has worked its way through your  
fucking veins,  
Infernal suffering to the Nazarene,  
Thy rotten soul in darkness dwell in the mouth of hell,  
The worms are feeding on your lies within, you're drown  
in sin,  
Born from the blind, feeble mind of the greatest whore!

Open shrines the children of the Nile!  
When fountains of thy blood reach heavens,  
When you're gone, mystic rites we'll carry on,  
To explore into the shadows of thy scorn,  
Tranquilized, smite your foes that they may die!  
In the sun you'll see the shape of things to come,  
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