

## Rumors Of War

High on Fire

Howling tracks of hell they're coming, black storm on the rise  
They fill our temples with their lies  
The snakes come slithering  
Anarchy  
Chaotic hunters rise  
Spit in their evil eyes  
Stand our ground with hate and fury; fear that comes will die  
Our enemies have come to life  
Now they exalt the fiend  
Shotgun  
Your nightmare's not a dream  
They'll choke you and your screams  
A clashing comes, the haunting presence controlling all that br  
eaths  
It's brought the world down to its knees  
The hounds of hell are freed  
Desolate  
And with their bite, disease  
His evil never sleep  
They'll choke you and your screams  
Sacrificing sons and daughters, rolls the war machine  
The tyrant fills his destiny  
The snakes come slithering  
Anarchy  
Chaotic hunters rise  
Spit in their evil eyes