

## From the Ashes of Sin

Meden Agan

I feel the cold air hit my face  
Take the fear away  
I feel the fire burn my skin  
As I approach  
My death is certain but still  
I don't regret my dreams  
I faced the tyrants who want  
The whole world on their knees

You must obey us  
We are the messengers of the god  
The fate of your souls  
Lies within our grasp

Lies... Fear... Hate... Are your spawns

We were all filled with your lies  
Since we were born