

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