

## Hounds Ditch

Orange Goblin

Have mercy on the city, she's a dying whore  
I never said these streets were paved with gold  
The shallow graves are overflowing and the Thames runs red  
Is this enough to make your blood run cold?  
Cracked skin and sunken eyes demand a special hold  
Upon the angels coming judgement day  
Dead hounds and a triple-horned messiah  
Motion for redemption in the ripper's way

Running faster than the sands of time, the lambs conspire  
To raise the omens of an unknown faith  
The devil's virtues overpowering the wrath of God  
And twist the blade upon the human race  
The wolf is loose and in this city it's a fatal flaw  
To see the beast under a funeral moon  
Can't shake the paranoia that the end is nigh  
When you're spoiling in a lousy tomb

Healing Through Fire  
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Ghosts of the hounds start to rise in their packs  
Hunting the blood that they crave  
Like serpents that coil through the streets in the night  
You prey for your life to be saved  
Howling like banshees, so full of despair  
A death knell to all that they cross  
Diseased and deranged like the pit hounds of hell  
Devouring the flesh of the lost

Cursed are the wicked and blessed are the sick  
They see not the evil at hand  
Animals rising from ash covered tombs  
For vengeance upon every man  
Snarling with vehemence, they beckon the thaw  
Feeding on souls of the broke  
Ditches and churchyards will crawl with the rats  
That feed on their throats till they choke