

World of Smoking Ruins

Paganizer

Trenches of raging fire
Corpses scattered like garbage
The littered remains of war
The words is a bleeding sore

The survivors crawl through ashes
On limbs that are just stumps
Crawling to their redemption
Deep into the battlefield

A world of smoking ruins
A place where life is now hell

The soil is drinking the blood
Upheaval of the dirt
A giant hand of doom
In a worlds of smoking ruins

Nothing remains but death
Nothing lives in this place
Nothing remans but filth
The foul stench of the dead

World of smoking ruins
Ashes to dust and pillars of smoke
World of smoking ruins
Fleshless lies the end