

# Summoning Of The Dead

Suicidal Angels

Newborn children  
Bastard sons create  
Mouth of war  
Left to dominate  
Massive slaughter  
My soul to purify  
Blood on the altar  
A life to justify

It's time for reprisal  
Stand to face the threat  
Your time has come to die  
Summoning the dead  
Exaggerated  
The need for flesh  
What's coming after  
Bleeding in flames  
Hordes are rising  
The fall to witness  
The reign is over  
Can't heal the illness

It seems insane  
Lack of reality  
Lay down deranged  
This is mortality  
What's left to feel  
Before you close your eyes  
Ripped and betrayed  
Sarcastic fading smiles  
The graves are open  
Savage souls attack  
Locked and restrained for years  
Now claim what's stolen back  
The skies widen open  
Bringing a rain of fear  
Mind's corrosion in to neglected fields

Newborn children, bastard fathers die  
Mouths of peace, illusion blinds the sight  
The dead are rising, like shadows on the wall  
No prayers left, no hideouts like before