

Day Of The Lord

The Sorrow

What we created
What we created is a world,
A world of hate
And what we've ruined,
And what we've ruined
Is human integrity

Tenfold the wrath of god
Will smash us to the ground
Cause we are deserving everything,
Everything but grace
We poisoned every seed in this soil
Created nothing out of love
We're waiting for our darkest hour
The wrath of god

What we have lost,
What we have lost
Are our souls and purity
What we have found,
What we have found is misery,
Our misery

On trampled paths
We will walk
They're not the righteous ones