

Wrath of Mine

Vreid

There is a primal instinct that can not be tamed
There is a destructive power that can not be named
I wallow in my filth and treasure the stains
Branded by the blood in my veins

Hate and rade
Will not be buried in time
Death is certain
So is the wrath of mine

There is a primal instinct that can not be tamed
There is a destructive power that can not be named
An everlasting hatred
That can not be reduced or taken away
There are no limits for its desire
The wrath sustains

Scavengers, luders and fools
My inspiration and my tools
Without these empty souls
My wrath would not unfold