

Lyrical Cross

"A Oris Manes"

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Why do they fall?

In this day I shuffle your madness, show the card, the
Fool you will see.

As is only right I'll make you this bitter prophecy.

Mouths shall be your favourite weapons, but you blab
and fill'em woth cocks.

Men like you could defy with a gaze only scrap or
clocks.

Ancestors still bring up from Hell, and blood is raining
like spears.

Their sixth sense is crying out with anger its harsh
objection.

Ears blow up as you turn bullshits on, taking this excuse
to be deaf.

Rather than open them you will mourn but forget the
dead.

Really smells like decaying carcass, and you still
pretend is incense.

Your hands of shinings gems can hold shit while they
pray the saints.

Ancestors still bring up from Hell, and blood is raining
like spears.

Their sixth sense is crying out with anger its harsh
objection.

They are empty sad souls.

Screaming souls

(x3) Screaming souls!!!

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