

## **Christian Epidemic "Souls Of The Dead"**

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A crystal clear, cleansing single flame  
Must come to burn our ball of shame  
It brings us peace, so the souls of the dead  
Can finally have their glory

The dead that have seen everything  
Death on a cross an every war  
Brothers and sisters that many have lost  
And children left all alone

They've seen babies eyes excavated  
The scar of death starving  
Whirlpools of a millions tears  
Blood on the crosses of nameless graves

They now you well soaked through by blood  
A killing soldier of Jesus  
Holding a cross and murdering at will  
Your soul is caressed by a crown of thorns

They see you falling upon your knees  
They see you make the sibn of cross  
They know you're ready to kill  
Everyone falls into disgrace

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