

Desaster

"Troops Of Heathens - Graves Of Saint"

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All purest blood against their law
A noble heart to curse them all
Majestic nature destined bride
In league with death to please the wise

Your only goal your afterlife
A punishment a true demise
Just bleed for me, serving your death
Sadistic tool's to take your breath

Troops of Heathens, Graves of Saints

The breathe of fear the smell of dark
It's chaos to control your heart
Beyond my dreams i wish you dead
A need to strangle all your necks

Damnation fucks some holy light
Some prayers for this slayers night
The question of good taste will bring
That all his lambs will drown in sin

Troops of Heathens, Graves of Saints

I against you all
Your burning flesh
Exterminate your art and rase
Fatal disease
And nothingness
To break the chains of heavens manifest

This is the blade that will cut your throat and spill your
blood

All purest blood against their law
A noble heart to curse them all
Majestic nature destined bride
In league with death to please the wise

[Repeat chorus]

Troops of Heathens, Graves of Saints

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