

Drown

"Cry Your Dead Way"

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Do not ask despair your disgrace.
You see the trees of anger.
So you must harvest it.
You are so eminent, but in fact so fragile.
Maybe you take care next time
When provoking.
Do not ask me think about
Dilacerated bodies.
Time's up to bury the ones
That wandered my land.

Try hate turned me stronger now.
My force is only to see you fall.
Your godness surprises even God.
Your cruelty does jealousy in Hell.

Count the bodies found
But cry you dead away!

No destruction you provide
Will bring peace.
Your fate is to die with rotten
Flags burning you.
In your burial will not be widows,
Just lawyers and demons
To make you share.
Do not ask me
To despair your disgrace.
You seed the tree of anger.
So you must harvest it.

Thy hate is only jealousy in Hell.
My force turned me even God.

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