

## **Drowned**

### **"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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