

Euthanasia

"Law For Burnt To Death"

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Impious and sinful life, ravens nation is born.
We hold the cross of thorns in palms of blood.
Chorales sounds through the valley,
Celebration of the earthly life and lustful
Bodies of beauties mean sin.

Beings clad in the darkness from god's will chosen.
Coming to the village with finite resolution.
Accusation and deceit, holy will orders revenge.
Envoys of fornication driven away in wagons.
Stoupa jen dym a jak zalostny je plac vseh lidi
Kolem a z nebes cerna zar.
Pod krizem spi vzdy jen proroctvi a splin a tisice
Tvari uz zmenili jste v dym.
Zkousite lhat sami sobe v motlitbach a hrisnikum
Svym smrt vykoupenim dat.
Zapalena je uz hranice vseh tel,
Jak zakon vam kaze, vse spalit na popel.

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