

## **Exmortem**

# **"The Revolutionary Soul"**

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I have seen the valleys of death  
Where weeping flowers grow  
Ugly streams of grey souls  
Are marching towards the pyre

Now blasphemic bells  
Are ringing in your head

We have made a weapon of hatred  
To slay the stagnant powers  
To reach the land of utopia  
Where creative chaos reigns

Now blasphemic bells  
Are ringing in your head  
Wicked demons on the ringside  
The challenger has cut his chains

We are aiming through the fog  
Digging a deeper hole  
But we shall rise from the pyre  
Like a disaster from below

We have made a weapon of hatred  
To slay the stagnant powers  
To reach the land of utopia  
Where creative chaos reigns

So cast yourself into the flames  
Lick the powers of the burning planet  
It is the reawakening  
Of the revolutionary soul

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