

Haste The Day

"The Shroud"

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God Hate inside, forever be as I want you to be,
My raging sword bringing all the saints to grief,
The shroud of pain, great wonder, mindlessly
worshiped by weak hearts
Is my gift that makes them she'd their tears on my cold
lips,

Killing your god we never spoke out his name,
Drinking his blood when darkness calls out my hate,

World unseen is out there behind the virgin's eyes,
The light so value, behold this light with no source
behind,
They are urged to speak with great voices now in the
name of the god,
But silent whisper is the living voice of the ancient
ones,
This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,

Killing your god we never spoke out his name,
Drinking his blood when darkness calls out my hate,

Vocem Necris Tribullaes Tannem!
This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,

Those who worship fetish be condemned for eternity,
Those who see the light of darkness shall be ruling
over this world,

This world is wondering after me,
My words are eagerly spoken by your lips,
Those who worship fetish be condemned for eternity,
Those who see the light of darkness shall be ruling
over this world,
Living after life, suffering among the damned,
devouring the light of gods,
Living after life, suffering among the damned,
devouring the light of gods!

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