

Havayoth "Wounds"

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The son of light, lord of slaves
A reign in tyrant ways
Over centuries the story's been told
It's time to let it go
For the legend comes with pain
And his words are spread in vain
We are many standing strong
To deny the holy son

The wounds of thine must vanish
The wounds of thine shall disappear
The wounds of thine has put this world through
suffering

Crowned with thorns, the king of lies

Dead, never to arise
Over centuries the lie has been told
It's time to let it go
For the legend comes with pain
And his words are spread in vain
We are many standing strong
To deny the holy son

The wounds of thine must vanish
The wounds of thine shall disappear
The wounds of thine has put this world through
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