

High On Fire "Rumors Of War"

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howling tracks of hell they're coming, black storm on
the rise
they fill our temples with their lies
the snakes come slithering
anarchy
chaotic hunters rise
spit in their evil eyes
stand our ground with hate and fury; fear that comes
will die
our enemies have come to life
now they exalt the fiend
shotgun
your nightmare's not a dream
they'll choke you and your screams
a clashing comes, the haunting presence controlling all
that breaths
it's brought the world down to its knees

the hounds of hell are freed
desolate
and with their bite, disease
his evil never sleep
they'll choke you and your screams
sacrificing sons and daughters, rolls the war machine
the tyrant fills his destiny
the snakes come slithering
anarchy
chaotic hunters rise
spit in their evil eyes

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