

Nefarium

"Episcopal Whip"

Visit "[Episcopal Whip](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Looking towards the future
So as not to feel the hell of bodies
Under our bodies and fulfilling the body's peace,
Nourishing the purest fear,
For not having any reference,
We will come to drag you to hell,
Nursing you with the song of humble servants (from
the terrible destiny).

Long trails of blood are what will remain of you
And the earth will be, once again, generous
Of blood of sons.

Hail to the infinite power and attracted
By that which causes the perpetual movement
Of an existence, but which will slowly become a smaller
And smaller vortex, towards the mind's centre.

Among fierceness and craziness, the straight bars of
steel
Will bend with the fire, under a downpour of blows.

Every word will be pronounced
And every herd will be freed towards the highest cliff.
Your shadow which, by suddenly growing upon
The ethereal faces,

Will swallow the light,
Will be the new kingdom,
On which new bushes and spines
Will germinate to become a new pain's crown.

The destiny will show new paths
For the return journey crossing the main road,
Running along the abyss of doubt,
Until the place where the innocent butcher
consciousness hides.

Visit [Nefarium](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

