

## **Nefarium**

# **"Hands Bleeding Fear"**

Visit "[Hands Bleeding Fear](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Wash your hands pilate, they bleed fear  
From the altar of the supreme magistrate  
A sick old hag growling from the cage  
And it will be a verdict with no resentment

And as the thunder breaks the silence without warning  
Sharpen your tongue of the blade of supremacy  
Wash your hands pilate, they bleed fear  
Because the sword for the victorious is  
The sick for the needy  
They excrete contempt  
And dry our fear on rage of knowledge

Barabra is free and the gates where ajar  
Barabra is free and kingdom where rising

Condemn the lamb and devour the head  
His heart will be the trophy  
In the basin of our crimes

Et renuncio alterum deum  
Et renuncio jesum christum  
Et ecclesiam apostolicum  
In anno sanguinis sigillum

We want to be burned with honour and glory because  
He drowns your race in the abyss of pride  
But speak magistrate, your word is law

Barabra is free and the gates where ajar  
Barabra is free and kingdom where rising

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