

Severed Head Of State "Blood Of Vengeance"

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Know that our years are the years of war
And our days are measured as battles
And every hour is a life now lost
To those strangers from without
Who have built great charnel houses
To nourish these fucking fiends
And the blood of the weakest here
Is libation for these fucking ghouls

Wreakers of fucking pain
Gods of fucking war

And none may retreat further, because to invoke death
Is to utter the final prayer, utter the final prayer
They are the fucking ghouls, they are the burning pain
Wreakers of fucking pain, gods of fucking war

The blood of man is the blood of vengeance
The spirit of man is the spirit of vengeance

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