

Torchbearer

"Sown Are The Seeds Of Death"

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Sown are the seeds of death
To bring a harvest of flesh so ripe
Sown are the seeds of death
To bless with blisters and pain this land
From village to town, from cottage to house
From dusty roads across waters, the way be made
There are no crosses to keep me away with
There are no prayers that will get me rid
Scourge of god - may I be - or just the devil set free
I am borne everywhere, no walls can keep me out
Invisible I roam amongst yee
Silent and unfelt I sit among yee
To ravish I have come, and make the many but few
To silence the land from both laughter and cry
I am the season in which to die

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