

Trollheim's Grott

"Syndicatewormcampaign"

Visit "[Syndicatewormcampaign](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Is this another distraction
To fool us and to create a fraction
Within what we have created
Bloodsoaked and ill-fated
Is you pathetic crusade!

You will see them bleed, giving birth to me
Is this another way to say: I'm sorry
Fuck, mercy is dead and so is compassion
And your pathetic crusade
You will them bleed, giving birth to me
Is this or is this not, the heavens dawn
The final cry of mercy of mankind
I'm born, in Syndicate World
Is this or is this not, the rise of truth
And syndicate and the rise of
I'm born, In Syndicate World
Through your bleeding wounds created by three nails
Me and my companion crawl inside your veins
To recreate and to uncreate what you have built!
The mechanics of present world
Were useless and abnormal

This was his body - This was his blood
All that is left, are dry bread and wine.
So drink and get drunk, as there is no escape

Visit [Trollheim's Grott](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.