

Urgehal "Sentiment Of Chaos"

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A sentiment of utter darkness
Embrace my Grande soul
Old is the motion
That used to move me
In such evil manner
But through ten years
I carried no variance
But valid unholy hate

As a bastard vagabond of hell
I marched these fields of filth
Through fog scattered forest's
And sadistic undergrounds
Still wearing the same old hate
Towards... Exactly you!

Salve! Father of darkness
Facing you
Through the eyes of my prey
Sensing you
Through the stench of my prey
Wearing the mark of hate
I am the filth stains on the medals of honour
And the beast on the back of the lamb

A woman and three children
Burned spontaneous till death
Master of tragedies, your chaos is impotent
Increase the harm!
And let us see, through the real eyes of hell

Lead us through raining fire
Destruction, war and pain
End my graveyard shift
On this doomed & fucked earth

Destruction
War
Pain

