

Woe Of Tyrants "Sounding Jerusalem"

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A place with no night, a dormant holy bride.
With the Lamb, seated high, at the time we'll unite.
She's adorned, so full of life, with no room for any
words that attempt to speak of death, as these things
have passed away.
Neither sorrow, neither crying, neither shall there be
any more pain.
As every old evil is washed away.
And he said "write: for these words, are true and
faithful...
I make all things new.
Neither sorrow, neither crying, neither shall there be
any more pain in the new Jerusalem.
My dreams have been corrupted, there's something on
my back, digging deep into my skin, and every one of
these demons live.
But they scatter at the sound, aware of all weakness,
as I speak His name, yes they'll tremble!
The anarchy has no place, in a city glowing of sardius.
With streets of gold, and a King upon the throne.
A new dwelling place.
Descends from the sky, I can't believe it's our time.
I'll fly, atop the world oh so high, meeting halfway to
the sky, my new home, where I will dwell, forever
righteous.
Where I'll dwell, there will be no night.
For our faces glow at the sight of the king's court,
stretching on into infinity.
A new life righteous, a brand new world.

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