

Necromicon

"Heavens Of Hate, Fields Of Fire"

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Red is the colour of victory's rain
It stains all over the wall
The Temptating flow brings them further down
To what we are and what once they were
Gloomy and sinister, we await on the shore!

Blood formed in patterns
Scattered on the stone of fury
Leaving marks behind

Weaker than the weakest
Pityfull prayers shouted out for help
From on ear to the other
And away, to be lost and forgotten
No one listens...
And who would really want to know?
Of the pityful creatures
Left out in the cold
Weaker than the weakest
Pityfull prayers shouted out for help
From one ear to the other
And away, to be lost and forgotten
No one listens...

No one listens!!!

And who would really want to know?
Of the pityful creatures
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Blood formed in patterns
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