

Postmortem "Souls Tyranny"

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The world is mutilated
People are disfigured too
Powers of evil are coming
Nobody saves - that's true

Hell's force is everywhere
No clear souls
Who has created us here
Who has given birth to all

Chorus: Souls tyranny - blasphemous round
Souls tyranny - race to hell down
Souls tyranny - the sepulchral voice
Souls tyranny -no one's choice

The plot is increasing daily

In fact it bringing the win
Butcher's slash is god's dreams
Of the broadsword which he means

Chorus.

God's preceptions are falling
The fates of bible are cut
Now everybody is glorifying
The Satan's testament of blood

The puppets callousness is sold
And everything else to the king
Who is in fact the dutyfull slave
That will be priceworthy sign

Chorus.

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