

Woods Of Belial "Halla"

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The bleeding heart of a redeemer
Lies on the withered ground.
His soul couldn't escape the frozen corpse
But is doomed to live forever dead.

Halla, we greet thee with contempt!
Halla, we spit on your earthly grave!
No one became no one
And now forever dead.

Behold those searing deserts
Swept over by the coldest wind.
Guide your sight into the rivers
Where all water now runs red.
Hear the laughter across forever:
Your god is dead and you are alone.

The vanquished are praying,
Kneeling on this toxic soil.
Let them run, make them hide!
For there is no one to tend,
They won't survive.

By mistake everything here was created.
One random flaw on the withered ground
Doomed to live forever dead.

Halla, we greet thee with contempt!
Halla, we spit on your earthly grave!
No one became no one
And now forever dead.

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