

Sorrowseed

"The Arduous Warpath"

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The frame of mind of the wicked is filled with evil intentions
Some are subtle and hide their acts with peaceful words
Yet others hate with fury and bring the sword on the innocent
The spear of pain, the sword of hatred, the axe of tyranny and despair
The enemy will not rest, destruction becomes intense, where is our escape?
Filling the cities with hatred

He who possesses ears, let him hear
The one who sent me sees our grief; destroyer of those who oppose
You see, the victory belongs to us
Spiritual extacy overcomes
We face the armies of despair
Annihilate the Hordes of Hell

Raise the banners of the cross
And the weapons of war
We will fight to the death
Until our war is won
The wisdom behind us is eternal
The ways of the wicked will perish
Indescribable anger is seen throughout their lives
How can they triumph if God is on our side
Time to die, clash of warfare, many are slaughtered
Of two opposing sides

With armies of angels at my side
I conquer the earth with the sword
The wretched men shall suffer, the fools shall fall
The unholy judged by the one who saves souls
The Arduous Warpath; The Arduous Warpath!

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