

## **Rotting Christ "Fire Death And Fear"**

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Will I ever find out the sour of fear  
The sour of scare  
And walk on the entire range of being  
Far of being near  
I came here for breezy blood to step on  
A hill of soil and mud  
I walked till here to feel my spear

I obey my lordly prime, I sharpen my  
Steel to sharpen my fear  
And breaking my awe's chain, my  
Sparkly view their dread will rare  
Back to the battle where fate calls  
And the smell of death slyly crawls  
I sailed till here to drown my fear

### CHORUS

Darkness, dread and tear  
Make each sense of death  
To seem so far so near  
Fire, death and fear  
I dry me wetly dreams on shields and spears

Darkness, dread and tear  
Fire, death and fear

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