

Saviour Machine

"Gog: The Kings Of The North"

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Son of man, set thy face against him, Oh Gog, Oh Gog.
I will put hooks into your jaws and bring you forth.
I will bring you forth and your armies to be devoured.
Oh Gog, Oh Gog.

Oh Gog, I am against you.
Oh Gog, Die in this truth.

I will summon every kind of terror to cleanse the land.
I will send the fire upon your nation of coveting hands.
Gather for the sacrificial feast that I prepare
And you shall eat the flesh and drink the blood of all
the dead.

Oh Gog, I am against you.
Oh Gog, I will avenge you.

I will pour my spirit on the house of Israel
So that all the nations may know me,
When, through you, Oh Gog,
I vindicate my holiness before your eyes,
Before their eyes.

Oh Israel, I will defend you.
Oh Israel, I will avenge you.

Oh Gog, walk on fire, walk on fire.

Come into the land that is brought back from the
sword.
And they shall ascend upon her like a storm.
A cloud to cover the land,
The sound is their command.

The spoil is oil, the spoil is oil.

The tyrant needs within her walls,
And as she bleeds the curtain falls.

Kings of the North, King of the North.

Rising from his lusting eyes
She is brought forth to the slaughter.
Gold has turned to black at last,
She is the crucible of war.
Decipher what isn't real,
For a thief comes only to steal.

The spoil is oil, the spoil is oil.

The iron curtain steals and seals,
The final dream, the killing fields.

The killing fields, The killing fields.

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