

Nomad

"In The King's Hands"

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Born in a grimace of fight for breath of his souls
Cursed in metaphors
Rejected in an ideal molesting of life
On a scream carried by La Veyl am the freedom
I am the significance
A sense of precipitous, dry provocations
The leader made of paper has disappeared
In my spatial image
I'm the king of dreams
Escape with camps of lazy orgasms
In the manifestation of power and downfall
On the other side,
being all depths of hell
I'm screaming: "freedom"
In the reverence of ungodly children
inconvenient like beast's eyes
Forgotten to the frightened
Possessed by the pleasure
of wind
worshiping evil in the curse
I'm scolding with freedom, agony and fossil
In the symptom of ecstasy
Somewhere in a dream
Well-groomed I'm killing your
little gods
In the fire of imperious south
I'm hovering with freedom
"Like after experienced captivity in the shrine of good
the horde of evil kneels down in a stoned
fault"

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