

Nomad

"The Branch Of Cool Progeny"

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Kingdom of the dead is a torture tool for the picked fruit
of wisdom. Cemetery of antichrists is waiting
obediently for the call of its henchmen's names
Open earth
rewards with its warm the ones who are keeping its
infinity. Volcanoes of power present bodies of the ones
who are able to face themselves. Disprove me, disprove
with me Hungry mounds of minds torture the bound
instincts
of independence. Fear hasn't been rewarded by socially
spiritualised law. Blessings will never become real
To the
devoted worshipers of the cross. Designate me,
designate
with me Throw with me away, throw me away
An experience
demands strong deliberation with the narcotic of
christian wisdom to still stand the life in their sick,
imaginated world. Only degradation amongst own race
lets
hover in illusions of the holiest humility. The heirs of
own identity must close themselves deep inside their
souls and darkness To be still of sound mind. The
offspring
of chaos can dance On the naked stupidity and
ignorance of
its holy oppressors. Roused from the penance we're
marching outside insanity, Waiting for the kingdom of
antichrists to come. I'm the bell you bang I'm the army
you
bless

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