

Screaming Forest

"Fire From My Hands"

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Fire! So Slow and lonely
It's weak now
But Time and my will,
My unholy passion and hate
Shall brim food
For total death of alien believe
This old walls full of lie
This of lie full of dirt
Lie must became dust
Fire from my hands
Will clean this place
Overtake walls and crosses
Into Grey Ash
Smell of dead religion
Whisper of Fire
Are full of hate
I see death, I see triumph
Triumph of new age
I see death of ancient lie
I see triumph of new age
Triumph of new mind

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