

Sons Of Seasons

"1413"

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Wading through ashes,
One night for the kill is all they need.
Hell's children burning,
Turn the law of the church into anarchy.

Guardians of pilgrims,
Bankers of kings.

Maybe they will regret it,
The smell of blood is strong
Which stains on tragic night.

Tears sealing the lies on heretic's dawn.

God's sign on dusty linen,
Life's sworn to poverty.
A holy father's drunk illusions
Commanding them to cross the sea.
To dust and heat where pagans breed.

Guardians of pilgrims,
Bankers of kings.

To David's halls they wander,
Bring down Jerusalem,
The thirst of sickened minds.

All they ever feared was lies became the truth.
While breaking the ties of clerical circles,
Those undermined His servants' life.

There's nothing more but silence,
There's nothing more to prove.
We lived a life of violence,
We lived a life of pain.
We're wading down the waters
Towards the bright white light.
And memories of this day
Will never die.

