

Feast Of Misery

Distant

A god in the making
The souls are imprisoned
The powers awaken
With others left for taking
The legions assembled
Shivering in fear they tremble
All charmed by the
Beautiful sound of suffering

A take back from the worlds killing way
Or lead a life full of death
Sinking into the embrace of devastation

A thousand of thorns
A feast of misery

In the midst of the thousand thorns
We are shaping new worlds to come
The feast of misery and violence
Spilled blood without a grace

A traitor's dying breath
The life at the edge of a knife
I mourn a loss of a good friend
But I celebrate the death of an enemy

Feast of the maggots and rot
Laid on the wormwood for a new god
Feast of misery
Submit to your emptiness
Before lies a ruinous path

A thousand of thorns
A feast of misery

In the midst of the thousand thorns
We are shaping new worlds to come
The feast of misery and violence
Spill blood without a grace
Blood spilled on the roses of a distant lands

The legions have assembled
Shivering in fear they tremble
All charmed by the beautiful
Sound of suffering

Preach

A feast of misery and violence