

Sinister Souls

Exumer

Rolling through your towns perish away
Desert your souls as we strike and slay
The tempest will rise to bless the dead
Consuming the past what lies ahead
Genocide just a token of hell paralyzed, but your soul you'll sell

Death like life deceived
Nothing will come to be
We are the sinister souls

Tracing the ones who fall in line a trail of blood we leave behind
Cast out from the pits of hell no one will live for the tale to tell
Past these pillars of pain you all will die in vain

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Blood, smoke, denial

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