

# Cometh The Storm

High on Fire

No devil prepared my enemy  
For this kind of storm  
It's been foretold foreboding  
As you sleep the plot as lest is born

No kings here  
Queens lament why the drastic scourge  
Was ever ever born  
All call to war

All is lost in this war  
No kings here, cometh the sword  
All are lost in this war  
No fools left punish the sworn

Oh salt of Earth we come to  
Rape our mother fill her with our scorn  
To leave her barren, like a harlot  
Desecrated, leave her ripped and torn

No kings here  
Queens lament why the drastic scourge  
Was ever ever born  
A holy war

All is lost in this war  
No kings here, cometh the sword

All is lost in this war  
No fools left, cometh the storm  
All is lost in this war  
No fools left, punish the sworn

All  
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No kings here, cometh the sword  
All are lost in this war  
No fools left, cometh the sword

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No kings here, cometh the storm  
Cometh the storm  
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