

Hounds Ditch

Orange Goblin

Have mercy on the city, she's a dying whore
I never said these streets were paved with gold
The shallow graves are overflowing and the Thames runs red
Is this enough to make your blood run cold?
Cracked skin and sunken eyes demand a special hold
Upon the angels coming judgement day
Dead hounds and a triple-horned messiah
Motion for redemption in the ripper's way

Running faster than the sands of time, the lambs conspire
To raise the omens of an unknown faith
The devil's virtues overpowering the wrath of God
And twist the blade upon the human race
The wolf is loose and in this city it's a fatal flaw
To see the beast under a funeral moon
Can't shake the paranoia that the end is nigh
When you're spoiling in a lousy tomb

Healing Through Fire
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Ghosts of the hounds start to rise in their packs
Hunting the blood that they crave
Like serpents that coil through the streets in the night
You prey for your life to be saved
Howling like banshees, so full of despair
A death knell to all that they cross
Diseased and deranged like the pit hounds of hell
Devouring the flesh of the lost

Cursed are the wicked and blessed are the sick
They see not the evil at hand
Animals rising from ash covered tombs
For vengeance upon every man
Snarling with vehemence, they beckon the thaw
Feeding on souls of the broke
Ditches and churchyards will crawl with the rats
That feed on their throats till they choke