

Bowls Of Wrath

Saint

A voice from the temple shouts pour the seven bowls
Earth dwellers with the beastly mark pick at malignant, loathsome sores
And like a dead mans blood to rivers and to springs
Blood of Satins prophets, yeah, a righteous judgment from the King

Yes O'God Almighty
Righteousness your judgment brings
Tread the winepress of your wrath
You are the King of Kings

Swing the sickle reap the earth Let judgment ring
To the horses noise blood flows a payment of iniquity
Scorching men with fire, they gnaw their tongue and blaspheme
End of an evil age its conqueror, the King of King's

Yes O'God Almighty
Righteousness your judgment brings
Tread the winepress of your wrath
You are the King of Kings

Yes O'God Almighty
Judgment time done justly
Spread your wrath abundantly upon the earth and sea
Yes O'God Almighty
Righteousness your judgment brings
Tread the wrath of your winepress
For all the world to see