

# Coming Storm

Septicflesh

There is no hope  
You are so catastrophic  
A flaw of nature, a menace, a bomb device  
You are unjust believers  
A violating law  
This is my final warning, no escape from the cold, from the fear, the storm

A crowd terrified  
Divided by fear  
Fear

There is no hope  
You are so catastrophic  
And your defenders are preachers, the stubborn heads  
A selfish ecosystem  
Addicted to control  
This is my final warning, no escape from the cold, from the fear, the storm

A crowd terrified  
Divided by fear  
Fear  
Fear

I am the hand that feeds you  
I am the one that kills you  
Don't ask me why I won't prevent you from committing suicide

Storm  
Storm

You are the last believers  
Who violate the law  
This is my final warning, you can't fight, you can't win, you can't stop the weather

I am the hand that feeds you  
I am the one that kills you  
Don't ask me why I won't prevent you from committing suicide

Our nature was our killer  
We fought inside  
We fought our pride

A storm with great rage (And now we seek a healer)  
With warmth inside  
To cure our pride

Blinded by hate (The coming storm)  
A storm is coming, a storm  
A storm with great rage

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