

Summoning Of The Dead

Suicidal Angels

Newborn children
Bastard sons create
Mouth of war
Left to dominate
Massive slaughter
My soul to purify
Blood on the altar
A life to justify

It's time for reprisal
Stand to face the threat
Your time has come to die
Summoning the dead
Exaggerated
The need for flesh
What's coming after
Bleeding in flames
Hordes are rising
The fall to witness
The reign is over
Can't heal the illness

It seems insane
Lack of reality
Lay down deranged
This is mortality
What's left to feel
Before you close your eyes
Ripped and betrayed
Sarcastic fading smiles
The graves are open
Savage souls attack
Locked and restrained for years
Now claim what's stolen back
The skies widen open
Bringing a rain of fear
Mind's corrosion in to neglected fields

Newborn children, bastard fathers die
Mouths of peace, illusion blinds the sight
The dead are rising, like shadows on the wall
No prayers left, no hideouts like before