Into Purgatory

Witchery

Chased by the hellhounds, the scavengers of death
This ain't no nightmare, it's the afterlife unblessed
The winds of the winds of redemption, blow hard of the plains
Hells burning landscape, lays vast, in flames
Engulfed in reeking pain, repent
The bottomless pit of hells domain
A swarming mass of bodies slain
I feel the flames so near
I welcome the pain that rages here
I have nothing to fear
Steaming red hot pistons, hells machine at work
Rusted iron sceptres, impaled the thousands burn
Dark and dead but glowing, the army of the damned
Torment the fallen mortals, from this day to the end
Engulfed in reeking pain, repent
The bottomless pit of hells domain
Chased by the hellhounds, hells machine at work
this ain't no nightmare, impaled the thousands burn
the winds of redemption, the army of the damned
hells burning landscape, from this day to the end

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!