

Pulpit Plague

Torch Runner

a world grown grey that calls our dead and cold to be damned.

a blind rite from a dead mans cause.

you have cut out my tongue.

in wrath I spit on your name.I am not lost, but you are blind.

blinded by the shroud that covers your world,

and a cross that forces you to kneel.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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