

Fire Death and Fear

Rotting Christ

Will I ever find out the sour of fear
The sour of scare
And walk on the entire range of being
Far of being near
I came here for breezy blood to step on
A hill of soil and mud
I walked till here to feel my spear I obey my lordly prime, I sharpen my
Steel to sharpen my fear
And breaking my awe's chain, my
Sparkly view their dread will rare
Back to the battle where fate calls
And the smell of death slyly crawls
I sailed till here to drown my fear CHORUS
Darkness, dread and tear
Make each sense of death
To seem so far so near
Fire, death and fear
I dry me wetly dreams on shields and spears Darkness, dread and tear
Fire, death and fear

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