Blood Rust

The Haunted

Stale drops of inferior taste.
Handed down just to lay to waste.
Foul scent of a dream gone bad.
Die the death that he never had.
I've seen the flaming sights
I've walked that dreaded mile.
Religious fragmentation I gasp another line.So be it-This place turns to dust.
So be it-Our blood turns to rust...
I see the world as gone...
Bring the pain!
I see the world as gone.
Epidemic spreads across the land.
To every place and into every man.
The solution lost for all.
Betrayed and broken.
Domestic intervention may stop it for a while.
Concealed intentions our code they mastermind.
So be it-This place turns to dust.
So be it-Our blood turns to rust...
I see the world as gone...
Bring the pain!
I see the world as gone...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/