

Wound Upon Wound

Gorgoroth

Virtues of blood
Follows through
Bleeding our shadows
For hundreds of miles
For tattered and torn
Wound upon Wound For less of force
Grow to or sever
Brushing my teeth
From the wounds
Ending a curse
Disemble, the world
Disemble, humanity (humanity) Right is the Hand
Rewarding, our son
Clutching the scepter of a real god
Drunken with grief
And sorrows
For us who live in the shade
We wander
Limb from limb Virtues of blood
Follows through
Bleeding our shadows
For hundreds of miles
For tattered and torn
Wound upon Wound

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