

# Wound Upon Wound

## Gorgoroth

Virtues of blood  
Follows through  
Bleeding our shadows  
For hundredrs of miles  
For tattered and torn  
Wound upon WoundFor 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 limbVirtues of blood  
Follows through  
Bleeding our shadows  
For hundreds of miles  
For tattered and torn  
Wound upon Wound

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