

Children Of Bodom

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In the silence of darkness, among the shadows of the dead we hear
a wolf howling hungry to wake up children of the graves
Unripe Vengeance! The cult that serves as revenge
has put forward it's fangs to declare a fucking WAR!
Only calmless spirits of corpses are passing by the altars of Bodom
where everything but death is a lie
To spill your blood to become our wine
We'll reborn really where only the wild will survive
The clash of wickedness veils Lake Bodom blood red

We have gathered our souls to praise the triumph of Death
Children of Bodom
angry are rising
Running amok, slaying
with a sense of desire
From the twilight of the past,
among the victims who died
Something Wild
has survived...

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