

Dead Seeds

Lamb Of God

You may tremble before hell's gates
You may watch as the heavens fall
And you may shake the hands of fate
You may heed the siren's call
And you may reach every golden shore
Or just repent in the heathen
And you may dance in the sins of the world
You may sleep in the cradle of eden
Betray your prophets, dead seeds buried deep
An army of men will prey on the weak
And you may walk through the river run dry
You may strike down the giant with stone
And you may never again speak a lie
Confess every sin ever known
Or you may drink from the infidel's blood
As your civilization collapses
You may rejoice in the cleanse of the flood
And stare into the face of apocalypse
Betray your prophets, dead seeds buried deep
An army of men will prey on the weak
You will not comprehend
Or find words that will describe
The will of God and men
Who tell you why someone died
Betray your prophets, dead seeds buried deep
An army of men will prey on the weak
Betray your prophets, dead seeds buried deep
An army of men will prey on the weak

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