

Rumors of War

High on Fire

Howling tracks of hell track coming
Black storm on the rise
They fill out temples with their liesThe snakes come slithering
Anarchy, chaotic hunters rise
Spit in the evil eyesStand our ground with hate and fury
Fear that comes will die
Our enemies have come to lifeNow they exalt the fiend, shotgun
Your nightmare's not a dream
They'll choke you and your screamsA clashing comes, the haunting presence
Controlling all that breaths
It's brought the world down to its kneesThe hounds of hell are freed
Desolate and with their bite, disease
His evil never sleepsSacrificing sons and daughters
Rolls the war machine
The tyrant fills his destinyThe snakes come slithering
Anarchy, chaotic hunters rise
Spit in the evil eyes

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