

Seeds Of Sorrow

[Kotipelto](#)

There's no way to stop the ancient ghost that is rising from his grave
Spilling a drop of hatred from his bowl
He senses the fear and misery searching for fresh blood
Feeling hunger growing in his dark soul Here he stands ready to sow
Harvest about seeds of his sorrow
As he takes his toll Far on the horizon
The echoes of years closing in
There's no escape anymore from
The hatred exploding within We are feeding the beast he's becoming much more powerful every year
We give him more leash increasing our fear
Soon will start the feast that ends in our extermination
The signs are here the vision should be crystal clear Here he stands ready to sow
Harvest about seeds of his sorrow
As he takes his toll Far on the horizon
The echoes of years closing in
There's no escape anymore from
the hatred exploding within Far on the horizon
The echoes of years closing in
There's no escape anymore from
As the echoes start to ring

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