Publicerad 2013-03-28 19:29 av Yrre

Jomen det är en growl låt till min son, kom gärna med tips och ideer, kritik, jag kan ingenting om det!

Upturn again

I heard the rumors, all hell is loose

I knowe the sky is red

soon the rain of metal starts

and soon I will be dead.

//Rice the force, claim your cause

tear the reasons down

You knowe that bell will rice from hell

and all the flames will drown//

Echo of veiling land, where no life can grow

where all our tracks have been erased

write my memorial plaque

an be forewer graced.

Ref.

I will be a part of you when all the hope is gone

when time will start again

when all the words has done its thing

and hope it starts to rain

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