

Exmortem, The Revolutionary Soul

I have seen the valleys of death
Where weeping flowers grow
Ugly streams of grey souls
Are marching towards the pyre

Now blasphemic bells
Are ringing in your head

We have made a weapon of hatred
To slay the stagnant powers
To reach the land of utopia
Where creative chaos reigns

Now blasphemic bells
Are ringing in your head
Wicked demons on the ringside
The challenger has cut his chains

We are aiming through the fog
Digging a deeper hole
But we shall rise from the pyre
Like a disaster from below

We have made a weapon of hatred
To slay the stagnant powers
To reach the land of utopia
Where creative chaos reigns

So cast yourself into the flames
Lick the powers of the burning planet
It is the reawakening
Of the revolutionary soul