

Rumors of War

High On Fire

Howling tracks of Hell track coming, black storm on the rise
They fill out temples with their lies
The snakes come slithering
Anarchy
Chaotic hunters rise
Spit in the evil eyes
Stand our ground with hate and fury; fear that comes will die
Our enemies have come to life
A clashing comes, the haunting presence controlling all that breaths
It's brought the world down to it knees
Now they exalt the fiend
Shotgun
Your nightmare's not a dream
They'll choke you and your screams
Sacrificing sons and daughters, rolls the war machine
The tyrant fills his destiny
The hounds of hell are freed
Desolate
And with their bite, disease
His evil never sleeps

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>