

# World of Smoking Ruins

Paganizer

Trenches of raging fire  
Corpses scattered like garbage  
The littered remains of war  
The words is a bleeding sore

The survivors crawl through ashes  
On limbs that are just stumps  
Crawling to their redemption  
Deep into the battlefield

A world of smoking ruins  
A place where life is now hell

The soil is drinking the blood  
Upheaval of the dirt  
A giant hand of doom  
In a worlds of smoking ruins

Nothing remains but death  
Nothing lives in this place  
Nothing remans but filth  
The foul stench of the dead

World of smoking ruins  
Ashes to dust and pillars of smoke  
World of smoking ruins  
Fleshless lies the end