

# Wings of Death

Necrophobic

I writhe in torment, in adamantine chains and fire  
the infernal serpent, from the skies into the dark  
against the throne I stood, with chaos I'll return  
for I am greater, through the walls I will break

Rise...

Hell...

with mighty wings outspread  
rise from the vast abyss  
over doleful shades  
where peace and rest can never dwell  
I raise the three-pronged iron spear into the key  
I'll inflame these lands  
and enthrone them als the lord of hell

Rise...

Hell...

(2x)

I ride the storm of hell on scorching flames  
by fire embraced I'll return  
I claim this dark domain and the shadow throne  
infernal enlighten gloom  
I spread the wings of death and majesty  
come triumph, rise cleasing fire  
and god shall fear my name

through infernal thunders  
tortures turns to horrid arms  
in wrath not woe we rise and storm the tower high  
march from this den of shame and go to open war  
strike without fear, for what is dead can never die

Rise...

Hell...