

## The Goatrider's Horde

3 Inches of Blood

Feeling the march of the fury unleashed  
Impaling the soldiers of God  
Smell of sulphur hot on the wind  
Left by the goatrider's horde  
The thundering roar of the cloven hoof  
The goatrider's horse descends with the storm  
I am eternal I walk the night  
I am the reaper of souls  
Cold iron blades they cannot stop me  
Where I am from no one knows  
I am in command  
Impervious to fire  
Impervious to steel  
Merciless vengeance  
Dealt by their strike  
Treachery stalking evil command  
Cloven hoofed steed I ride  
Armies of horns descend on the gates  
Hatred burns their eyes  
Walls of stone cannot stop them  
Too weak are the spells of old  
At the sound of their banshee cry  
The hearts of all grow cold  
Fueled by the fears of man  
To slake the unquenchable thirst  
I'm in command  
The goatrider's horde