

## Storm

## Adorned Brood

Riding an invisible horse  
The Hoofs make a lot of crash  
Accompanied from a stranger  
He comes to get us

You allow to ride the death on you,  
You bring him to us,  
The one with the scythe in his hand.  
Before he comes we hear...  
...the Death-Storm

A biting stench lies in the air  
He makes us mad, he let us die  
Before this end comes,  
We hear...  
We hear...  
...the Death-Storm

Invisible but nevertheless to see  
"We will see the full moon,  
We will never more escape from you,  
We will never more defeat you!

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You bring him to us,  
The one with the scythe in his hand.  
Before he comes we hear...  
...the Death-Storm

A biting stench lies in the air  
He makes us mad, he let us die  
Before this end comes,  
We hear...  
We hear...  
...the Death-Storm

Invisible but nevertheless to see  
"We will see the full moon,  
Escape from you to be free,  
Defeat you in the mighty gloom!

Faithfully he falls about you  
Aching you will find out his power  
Only your last breath remains  
Before your soul snatches from this godless creature

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