

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

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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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