

## Centuries of Murder

Adramelech

Out of the darkness  
and into the burning sunlight  
swordblades flash  
the way of the warrior brought unto thee

Tortured screams vanish,  
as life withdraws from the fallen  
remember no more  
Nothing sacred, no solace in death

Centuries of murder

Swift extinction, the burning of empires  
built to glorify...  
Their crowned kings, cloaked priests  
All to fall in single mass

A coming storm of disastrous will  
Yeans for hundreds of bloodstained years