

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
Years for hundreds of bloodstained years