Curse Of The Tyrant

Axenstar

In a land of sand ruled an old and evil king
Cursed with endless wrath he was doomed to rule the night
In the dark he lived surrounded by scum and thieves
A saviour for those who fear the light

Every hour, every breath
One step closer to death
Eyes wide open, cry for help
Begging for mercy
Soon she will burn!

As the legend says there's only one way to escape the curse
He needs to find and kill a woman with an unborn child
All across the land he searched for that special one
And when he found her the ritual begun

Every hour, every breath
One step closer to death
Eyes wide open, cry for help
Begging for mercy
She will burn...

I am not the one you need
She screamed as the flames rose higher
Nothing in this world can save her now
The curse will live on forevermore

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