

# Day of Wrath

Bathory

Finally the purifying storm  
First we die then be reborn  
So flock the banner of The Return now fight and die  
Many head serpent is here at our side

Wagnerian end the grand finale is here  
Awash with red blood rebirth is near  
Feel wind of Mayhem against your face  
Bugle divine can be heard throughout space

If in the heat of battle you will have doubt  
Just kill them all and let their God sort them out  
The tales of this day will replace tomorrows weep  
For when thou wind doth saw then storm thou shall reap

On the final day

The angel heart lies cold Under The Sign  
And crimson still the frozen Blood On Ice  
Drawn on walls in blood of goats the Octagon  
The vagrant souls will chant the Requiem until the Twilight is  
long gone

Suck the leaves of otherness and lie down with the faces goddess  
Eat from her rotten flesh there is no life before death  
Now the sky is crimson with blood of angels  
Kneel before the voice face the anger of God

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