

Hallow Horns

Cataract

A poetic rhythm brought by the storm No grace, no glory - pure
pleasure in Pain Two
Horned master is on the rise Deaths riding in by the storm they
are driven can't you hear
The screams - we are the damned We are the feast for the unholy
priest Master and
Servant, the puppets are on Man has to retreat for the masters
brigade Listen ! Listen !
Listen ! to the hallow horn Listen to hallow horn A new race wi
ll be born Listen to hallow
Horn A new race will be born The undefeatable legion Will kill
the great pigeon This is one
Of many futuristic and symbolic looks at how the world will onc
e come to an end. Looking
At the wars that are been fought all over the world. We are not
hing else than heading
Straight into our decline. As we are raising hell everyday, we
have woken up the two
Horned master. He is awake for the free blood. Soon there will
be a big death storm
Raging around the earth with his legions leading it. They will
come to take our lost souls
And bring back purity with fire. He will be marching in with gl
ory horns and will be leaving
A bloody soil. And we give support day by day.