

The End of Human Race

Dark Funeral

Here they come, the winged minions of the dark lord
As black clouds, they block the light of the sun
By their side, flies the king of the demon locusts
The destroyer lord, and chosen son of the apocalypse

This for sure, is the end - of human race
Thunder roars, the abyss now, gaping wide
Darkness unleash, it's armies upon the world
The air filled with the stench of sulphur...
And burning flesh...

When the humans thought, they had seen the worst of hell
The ground explodes and fills the sky of dirt, and shattered bone
The necro-lord, rises from below
Gathered stands, the rest of his merciless horde

The merciless horde

The very few that might be alive, will be taken by the flames
The world is on fire, the flames climb higher...

The humans - erased

Now on the site, of where this slaughter took place
One building rise, built by the infernal race
A monument of evil, entirely made out of bones

It's all that remains - of the human race

The world is on fire - the flames climb higher...

"A time lost to the pestilent horrors of a new demonic age"
"Impaled atop the monument the tortured will burn"
"Forever..."

The very few that might be alive, will be taken by the flames
The world is on fire - the flames climb higher...

The humans erased...