

The Swords Will Never Sink

Desaster

Passed days of glory
The magic seems forever gone
But the spirit is still present
As the memory hurts my soul

Hellish crossfire
Burn the race of God
The swords will never sink
Till we've got what s ours

Never we swore to the cross
Still the cult lives through us
And forever we belong
To the symbols of profanity

Cries of the dying
Their heritage is for us
The swords will never sink
Till I've cut your throat

Many who had fought died
Knowing that they had to win
Still it sickens my heart
To see them burning on the pyre
One day my sword will glance
In your fearful eyes
Never we will rest
Never we forget

And we still lurk in the shadows
Awaiting our time to come
As the legions of the beast
Servants of the throne

Hellish crossfire
Burn the race of God
The swords will never sink
Till we've got what's ours