

Thorns of Crimson Death

Dissection

See the plains lie ghastly silent as being frozen in time
A place of distress where evil still lies vigilant enshrined
Years that passed are now centuries and forgotten seem the
fallen ones
But on lived the memories in the spirits of a battle sons

Hear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Once forged in blood by tragedy
Sharp were the thorns of crimson death

Through the air again our voices whisper
and awake are now your eyes
For too long closed in slumber - but death didn't prove our
demise
By ages so dark we've been sculptured
as fragments of story and tales
As we haunt we are endlessly captured
and shrouded in the wind that here wails

Hear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson death

By ages so dark we've been sculptured
as fragments of story and tales
By the place that we haunt we are captured - Against
eternity we can prevail

Hear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson death

[Backing vocals by Legion]