

The Curse Of Woe

Dragonlord

Cruel - hot death starts to swirl
Among flaming hordes
Able to bleed open wounds
Raise thy twisted sword

Don't tell me you'll save my soul

Father burning unholy sounds
Sever the head and remove thy crown
Smashing the pious down

Damned is the fire in your blood

Cruel - slow death starts to swirl
Among flaming crowds
Able to burn open worlds
Upon hallowed ground

Don't tell me you'll save my soul

Father burning the cowards down
Sever the head and remove the crown
Trample upon hallowed ground
Damned is the fire in your blood

Black wings of destiny
You'll fall into the void
Forever a perfect hell
Torture enslaves this world

Scripture lies and prophecies
The curse of woe shall come true...

The fiend with many heads
Soon shall wear the golden crown
Blasphemer from hell
Wicked unholy one

Free will is smothered
For whom does the bell toll?
Kneel before the Antichrist
Dark vision, dark dreams...

World lit by hellish flames
Hail to the chosen one
Unleash!
The beast!
Destroy!