

Death Sentence

Gospel of the Horns

Contorted, face of deceit, bound and forsaken...
Fearful tales from a soul
Tempted in slumber
A puppet, dancing to tunes
Nightmares, bring them to wake
A dagger ready to bare, inflict the fear, a trembling sensation
Like moths to a flame, instant delusion, the memory escapes
But the verdict draws near

Hear the cry
DEATH SENTENCE
DEATH, DEATH
DEATH SENTENCE

The winter storm, gleams of ice,
It shatters the mind of man
Bound by the hands of fate never to forgive,
Never to relinquish

Hear the cry
DEATH SENTENCE
DEATH, DEATH
YOUR DEATH SENTENCE

THRASH!
Nothing remains
Nothing, NOTHING REMAINS!

Dark visions still haunting
Spirits soon appear
Watching and waiting
Terror draws near

Futile pleas for mercy are drowned in the seas of vengeance,
Protected by reality no more!
Bow down to your master!