

Eve Of The Conqueror

Gospel of the Horns

Before one enters the palace of courage
You must ask yourself ĩ½ "Are you ready to die?"
Are you prepared to bleed, do you know what death tastes like
Have you gazed into the blood soaked corridors of immortality

This warrior is armed to the teeth
This warrior has life and death in the palm of his hands
And sips the wine of mistaken identity
And consumes the thought ĩ½ "Is this my last stand?"

Harness the beast from within
The upper hand is ours
All things sacred to you I'll smite
The primal instinct to win

For man is never truly alive
Until he has felt paralysing fear wash over him in a ruthless
tide
I'm guided by the power of the pentagram
My honour, my devotion, our union...