

Strength Through Fear

Gospel of the Horns

Lost in your mind nothing in sight
Preparing to enter your grave
Torn between the goddess of fate
The objectives which you had laid

Body and mind at ease
Men and women cry
This is the fate of one man's choice
To conquer or be slayed
Choose your death

Looking down on the empire's ruin
To the land of no turning back
The howling wind carries the voice of pain
Shattering the midnight sky

Strength through fear
The reaper's blade
Strength through fear...
The martyr's call, a hero's grave
Strength through fear
The reaper's blade
Strength through fear
The martyr's call, a hero's grave

Persecuted since his death
Lie on fucking lie
His portrait hangs in the gates of honour
An aura so widely admired

STRENGTH THROUGH FEAR...