

Time To Strike

Gospel of the Horns

I have this question for all of you
Will you smash through the shackles, our moment of truth?
Well I think it's now, now or never
To use the past, to forge ahead in the future

A new city shall be born
The merchants of vengeance have called
Dormant we are no more
Blood pools filled with emotions of those
Who suffer from their ignorant bliss
(Here I stand draped in black)

They may paint an enemy so barbaric
But no ground shall be lost
They may clench their fists
But expect no prisoners here

There are scores to be settled
Settled once and for all
An infinity of rage will invade their battered souls

Condemned and subjected
To our inquisition

We shall revel in the spoils of our conquest
The clan of the horned divine