

# Rising Legions Of Black

Hate Eternal

Mark thy masters wrath  
The scrolls now entangled  
I offer my blood in chants of disgust  
Enter a dimension of hate  
Rejoice in flaming circles  
Temptation of ones blinding faith

Rings of fire engulfing the earth  
Now brought to a blaze  
Bound by the shadows that dwell from within  
Awaken the beasts now speaking in tongues  
Invoking despair  
I am the grace of rising legions of black

The feebleness of man  
The saved, the purest blood  
Await the prophets I've already torn  
What I have and what I create  
Beholds the ways of holy  
Creation of my blessed domain

I am wrath!  
Sworn to silence  
I am wrath!  
Blessed with hatred

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