

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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I am the grace of rising legions of black