

# Conspirator

Hollenthon

Condemned to walk the earth alone  
First a shadow then a sorrow  
The bitter solace friend and foe  
Baneful tongues and solemn lore

Strokes of death to guide the summons  
Smoke in wreaths above beguiling  
Brewing creeping iridescence  
Bursting lights and fearless thunder

Mercenaries  
Forgotten slain  
Lords of Bedlam

The web of wickedness devours  
All that's hallowed woe will follow  
Amidst the cry and lamentation  
With crooked hands contrives the charm

Hence rivers of brume beckon the ancients  
A troop of echoes forges forward  
Mouths wide open like ghastly sores  
Curse the matron, damn the whore

And the tempest rose  
With the North wind  
As the banshee wailed  
Spewing her venom condemned

And torrents roared  
Engulfed in flames  
As the banshee wailed  
Prophetic of Death's approach

Mercenaries  
Forgotten slain  
Lords of Bedlam