

The Blackest Night

Holy Grail

At night he creeps he darkened streets
The stench of death upon his breath

Truth be told of devil's gold in his words of wisdom
A well received hypocrisy, deliver me from hell

Rage! Fire! Born of your desire
Rain! Fire! In the blackest night

The child sleeps in ivory sheets
A live nightmare, yet unaware.

A tender soul in his control beneath the silent heavens
Preys upon the younger ones, deliver them to hell

Rage! Fire! Born of your desire
Rain! Fire! In the blackest night

Been down the lonely road
No more time to waste
I'll drown the rolling sun
Then I'll turn away
I'll take you to your knees
Your phantom overlord
My temper's on the line
You've been defied, revenge denied

Rage! Fire! Born of your desire
Rain! Fire! In the blackest night