

## Crepuscular Battle Hymn

Inquisition

Claws carving deep into wounds of war  
Blood dripping slow from my axe of steel  
Crushed from the blow of my hammer strike  
Thrones made of gold crumble from the blast

War, lord of mine bring me holy blood  
Knife in my fist aiming to the gods  
Black is the fire burning from the throne  
Ash, falling down as the heavens burn

Black spell calls... death!  
Black spell calls... war gods strike!