

Rage of Angels

Liege Lord

Foretell us of the secret hosts of evil's game
Their names may not be spoke aloud
Lest they profane mortal lips and take the blame
From unholy darkness their attacking the heavens

A rage of angels descending from the skies
A rage of angels seen through your eyes
And though you've wandered from life to save you one lone angel
flies

Defending all that's sacred hither hath we go
The devils pawns are on the rise
Foreseeking vengeance from the lives that they have known
Injecting thorns for peril or a snare for sin

The smoke is swept away as this encounter slows
The prince of darkness overthrown
The angel's rage has proved victorious as known
The evil underground shall threaten nevermore