

The Roar Of A Thousand Throats

Lock Up

Arise from the pit of plague
Into the realm of skin
Fly the flags of hate and war
Abort the ruler impure

Disturbance ever present
Through the unhallowed black

The weight of the funeral urn
And the voice of a storm

Fly the flags of hate and war
Abort the ruler impure

Disturbance ever present
Through the unhallowed black
Dead souls will not sleep
The roar of a thousand throats