

## Death Cult Era

Lord Belial

I gaze towards the wide horizon amidst the distant  
mountains  
Frozen winds from the north whip my parched and dying  
skin  
A passing glance over these scorched plains, a sinister  
vision  
The Death Cult Era is rising from the ashes on this  
unhallowed ground

The frozen winds chant in sorrow  
Fallen souls sweep the skies  
The scorched plains lie dead  
Dust of angels gently sweep the air

Once here was a place of worship, where angels sung  
their praises of god  
A marble altar in a ruined temple broken down by the  
teeth of time  
A cross in the soil once pointed towards the sky now  
broken into pieces  
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Filth and remnants of angels - fragments of a kingdom  
forever lost  
Scavenger from within infernal obscurity feasting on  
angelic remains  
Burden of lost faith reek as the temple vanish further  
and more yet again  
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