

Unholy Crusade

Lord Belial

- Charge!!!

War winds, fragments of a passed life passes by

A new dimension arises

Soul is sealed, but some scars can never heal

Battle lust, slay with sword

A master is born, carefully caressed by female skin

Lying in blood of womb, licking salt on sword

Blood boils, the body is weak but is growing stronger

Born to create a new era of death and destruction

Born to retake the crown once lost

Born to gather forgotten legions

Souls of warriors gathers again

...on towards the unholy crusade

Lacrimae mundi

Shall gather every ocean

A massive tide of unholy water shall flood away all souls

The born master summons the four horsemen of the apocalypse

To gather the souls of all fallen warriors

Scattered souls are healed again, back to the strength they once possessed

Unholy crusade!

The forgotten legions are gathered, by the horsemen of the apocalypse

In each and every direction they ride, after the evergrowing tide

Reaping and harvesting the souls of humans, retaking the world once lost

Crushing all the feeble humans that never was meant to be

Destroying all that was built by the feeble race of man

Channeling the souls of the fallen, into the newborn master

His scars are healed and he receives full immortality