

To Die Is At Hand

Malevolent Creation

Scoff at the bloodloss
No feeling of repulsion
Grabbing at insanity
Life is your illusion

You will die, I will not cry
I will live, you will not
You will die, I will not cry
Black expands dying's at hand

Stand firm upon battlements
Many fall orders followed
Weak die embarrassment
Heroes' names are hallowed
To die alone in terror
Many die in horror
Bodies clutch together
For peace to try and restore

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I will live, you will not
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Black expands dying's at hand

Plans are laid, bodies displayed
Lands are taken, bones are breaking

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