

Friction in Mass

Manilla Road

Feeling the pain
Inside this tortured frame
Scrying the past
Visions in broken glass
Riding The Wave
To bring back The Ancient Ways
Rune Spells be cast
Dark secret of Holy Mass
Oh can't you tell
The Magik is inside The Well

The Triad's flames
Doth cover all the planes
Fight to the last
Be more than war Friction in Mass

Black hail and rain
Nightmares outside the brain
Unholy wrath
Friction that lights The Path
Knights of the Flame
Defenders in Odin's name
Life comes to pass
The Magik of Hallowmas
Oh can't you see
The Fire is inside of thee

The Triad's flames
Doth cover all the planes
Fight to the last
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Sacred Laws of old
And ancient spells
Are never lost to those
Born of The Well
The icy wastes of home
Bred into me
A taste for the unknown
A hate for blasphemy
The waters of The Lake
Purify The Soul
But wisdom of The Fates
Always has its toll
The Fires of Mars have burned
Inside of thee
The tides shall soon be turned
By destiny
Evil lords of war
Drunk on virgin blood
Ram through the door
Letting loose The Flood
Titons rise again
Gorgons of Light
The wars now begin
'Tis time to fight

Warriors rise from the grave
Longships sailing The Wave
Bloodshed on every shore
Friction massing from war

Knights of The Flame
Rise from the grave
Fight to the last
Friction In Mass

Too wild to tame
Setting the world ablaze
Bards of the craft
Burning the midnight wax
Breaking the chain
Avenging the wrongly slain
Lords of The Axe
Servants of Candlemass
Oh can't you see
The Magik is inside of thee.