

## Seven Trumpets

Manilla Road

The whirlwind howls my name  
My mind soars across the planes  
The blood upon the stone  
Dried ages ago

And the gods are sleeping  
No one left to bow before  
Our race has lost it's way  
Temples lye in decay  
Belial in his lair  
Awaits the trumpets blare

And the gods are sleeping  
No one left to hear our prayers

The ancient gods are waiting for the call  
From the seven trumpets of Altamont  
The seas will churn the dead shall rise again  
The serpent shall be loosed the rivers all run red

Lords of the light awake  
Rise up unto your fate  
Belial's horde awaits  
Open the ancient gates  
Sounding the horns of war  
It's what you've waited for  
Rise up and sleep no more