

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