

Falaise: Cauldron Of Blood

Marduk

Falaise - drowning in blood
Encirclement of ignited death
Beak dripping with opprobrium
Around the atrophied arm of faith

Illuminating fire searching
For death and for home in your flesh
Retreat ! Defeat ! Blood red soil
Unrivaled ferocity in bloom

Eating ashes like bread
Raising the cauldron of blood

Fed by flames in graves of fire
With saints and prophets in bleeding ground
Beak dripping with bloodlust
Within the latent promise of death

Dead march over dead soil
The Iron Dawn is breaking through
As the fifteenth century saints
Contemplate these killing fields of red
Scorched by long-dead flames of warfare
Already knowing how to die

Falaise - life is fading glow
Dispelled to corridor of wet ash
Beak dipping with disdain
Upon the tombstone of peace and calm

Dried up guts and tainted glory
With shattered pride around shattered bones
Funeral come ! Enchant us !
The great bleeding shall re-emerge

Eating ashes like bread
Raising the cauldron of blood
Drinks mixed with vain weeping
Raising the cauldron of blood