

Symbols of Bloodswords

Mayhem

All the stars in the north are dead now
All the morals of wasted human... Debris

Walk with me into the night
Do not remove the cobwebs
of war clinging to your face
They will bell of pains unknown

All the stars in the north are dead now
All the morals of wasted human debris

Torn to pieces-handcrafted delirium
One war remains - WAR of everything

tanto magis infra se cecidit
quanto magis so contra gloriam
sui conditoris erexit