

# The Pale Messengers

Metal Inquisitor

We take it for granted, ignore the old breed  
Some tales of „The Others“, warn that we'll bleed

Dusk, the sun is low, crusade of pain,  
Their moaning sound - with might and main  
Dark, we fear at last, dawn of twilight,  
The reborn nights - their raid begins

Down, on the knees, to the ground,  
When the pale men...  
Shadows fall, the long night: when the dead men rise!

They will come from the north, a gray mass of feet  
Bloodlust their reason, murder is their greed  
Like a silent stampede, an angry, morbid crowd  
The invincible army, their advance gives no sound

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Shadows fall, the long night: when the dead men  
Dead men, dead men arise!