

# The Spawn of Lost Creation

Old Man's Child

Memories from a dark, cold age  
where life was bound to suffer  
blessed with power and blessed with sin  
hunting down the ones that infest the wind  
arise from hell  
and join the crusade  
come forth and rise  
the banner of hate  
remnants from a distant past is all that remains  
the glory is lost, but the seed still grows  
when the sun fades below the trees  
we come on command  
as the moon rises upon the hills  
follow us far into the past  
in a time when the dark is killed  
the light  
and the sword ruled all  
when man was filled with hate  
warriors of the night  
death is your fate