

# The Sword Of Uncreation

Psycroptic

The winds they chill me, flowing from beyond the woods,  
darkness approaches, moonlight will guide me.  
I take my cruellest weapons, for the fear of death,  
my journey will take me  
Beyond the realms of, humane society,  
to the village of Sodom!  
They will kill me- I am enemy  
I am their foe- they fear what they know  
I carry with me- something they seek  
An ancient sword- Revered by all  
In my journey- I have seen  
Many a creature- many a freak  
But the sword- has remained with me  
My mission- (deliver the sword)  
To my evil master, the hilt contains what he needs  
stones from another time, constructed by the hands of a demon.  
It was a thousand years ago, when the sword was created,  
a plan a thousand years old. All for the one known as-  
Satan!...

I travel on into the night, no rest for I dont want to die.  
My destination only a day away. The castle of the demon is-  
Waiting for me  
The future of mankind is in my hands,  
I carry the forces of the Armageddon,  
I will destroy the world in one foul swoop-  
It is- it was- me  
I am- Now I- Cant  
See what- I was o-r am  
I know- it is- time  
for me- to enter the realm  
It lies just ahead of me  
on the- path I follow  
In the earth's blood I will-  
WALLOW!

And now I enter the masters lair, he calls me to his side,  
his skin has a certain coldness,  
his touch makes me churn inside,  
I hand the sword over to him, he accepts with a gleam in his eye,  
he thrusts the sword into my heart,  
I die a willing sacrifice.