

## Carnage Rules the Fields of Death

Sacred Steel

Carnage rules the fields of death  
Where many died this night  
I kneel within a pool of blood  
In victory and might  
I hail the gods above, oh bless me  
With metal, steel and blood  
I swear to be your loyal priest  
A prophet of your wrath  
Do what you will with me, I'm yours  
On the fields of death  
Carnage  
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And for more death I pray  
Bless me with the skills of war  
And in your name I'll slay  
I see despair and pain  
In his fearful eyes  
As blood spills, slaughter rains  
Now the bastard dies  
Carnage rules the fields of death  
And death rules life once more  
I sacrifice my soul to thee  
I swear to die at war