

Taklamakan

Silencer

Crush the shield of the hexagon,
Condemn the sons of the law

Clones of Zychon around your chamber -
Taklamakan!
Organs of sturm gets closer to the shores,
The eagles has landed the tamer of storms

Grimish plague in stadio ultimo,
Six fields of unburnt ashes,
The monument of strangled masses

They are infected,
They are torn,
They are rejected,
They are born
Are they forlorn? Yes! They are forlorn

I am...
The silverhawk,
The razorking,
The cosmic observer,
The galactic crusader,
The eater of thoughts,
The watcher of eyes,
The drinker of skies...
...I am the macabre enslaver...
...Invisible but invincible