

To ashes We fall
paralyzed and demoralized
from unhallowed voices upon the wind
breathing in Our damnation
Unleashing the hordes to immolate
and the darkened angels to decimate
the burning within Our chests
all Our futures laid to rest

Necropolis
these hearts of decay
a crown, buried on the heads of the damning Necropolis these h
earts of
decay a crown, buried on the heads of the damning

The shadows frenzy around the weak
a light from the blur is dimming bleak
where We face our battles won
wings to ride in the blistered sun
Where the voices are drowning
into a sea of despair
until They rise above
with bloodied fists in the air

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A march upon perdition
while We storm the gates from hell to heaven This march upon p
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while We storm the gates from hell to heaven

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