

Ancient Enemy

The Claymore

Back from sleep you will return
With powers from the deepest vaults
Black God, your time has come
You were mighty, you were strong
But mankind took your throne by storm
Take your revenge on them!

We need your salvation
Almighty angel of death
I praise you, adore you
Come down and salvage my soul

The ancient enemy
Black in mind, evil and cold at heart
Opens the seventh seal
Of his grave, rising to rule the world

I can feel how you awake
Black angels will return to earth
Ready to seal our fate
We inherited the world
from fathers who betrayed the lord
Now we will pay the price

The ancient enemy...