

# Horizons Of Chaos, Part 1: Oracle Of The Onslaught

The Faceless

From dusk till dawn, the poison siren sings her song  
Rage bleeds through her skin, walls of patience caving in  
Cowards caged by sward, still sheathed at the brink of war  
One flick of the wrist, his arm shall cease to exist  
The horizons of chaos  
Whores of war, on their knees, begging for mercy  
High noon above the dunes, corpses caress these ruins  
Drifting cross the wastelands, the siren starts to chant  
Fire in her eyes, bringing the blackened skies  
A redemption for the restless, decimation of the fearless  
The horizons of chaos  
Content with dying, the hopeless keep trying  
Warriors to walk the paths of the dead  
All is lost, kiss your cross