

Slay The Weak

The Gates of Slumber

Under the blood red moon
With banners held high
The vermin come forth
Begging to die

With sword in hand
We offer no quarter
Purge the land
Of their mutant plague forever

We the Templars of Doom
The false fear the wrath
Through the murk and gloom
We cleave a bloody path

Call for the priest
It's your time to die
The lies that you live
The one reason why