

## The Bringer Of War

## The Gates of Slumber

A rage forged in wrathful fires  
Flame plagued skies: funeral pyres  
The heavy hand to silence liars  
The wolf is off the chain  
Suffer no guilt no crippling fears  
Their blood will wash the pain of years  
Still the voices one does hear  
Deep inside the brain

On vultures wings now ride  
Deaths black doves stalk the sky  
On the wind the carrion cry  
Fly forever; never to die  
Magic are the beams they ride  
Through the eons death on high  
Lost souls ere beg, why  
Doomed forever they cannot die  
Let slip the dogs of war  
Boundless hunger they cannot ignore  
Jaws flecked with gore  
Wrack your very core  
Hunger evermore  
Fear the bringer of war