

Six Dead, Three To Go

The Gathering

Our footsteps in the snow, the blood that marks my hands
Dream of tales that I know as we're marching to the promised land

From ruins of decayed earth, we came with the rising storm
Monuments of remaining hate in our dark and frozen hearts

Nine elements of light, six have felt our swords
Three get ready for the fight, in battle no place for words

The darkness will shine forever, the winter never ends
Controlling elements of black, the rotting stench is good

Bury the past
Await the new day
The world we lived
Will fade away

The overlord has spoken, chaos remains tonight
Dusted and blood soaken, crush them in the fight

In nominee our ancestors, who died to live in light
Rebellion against the old, growing joy of night

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Thousand shadows of sin, risen with the fall
The final slaughter can begin, nine dead, zero left

From chaos and hell we ride, the warlords of a new age
Evokers of the seven storms, creations of tormented seas

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