

## Misery Hymn

The Red Shore

As we rise they fall  
They will fail to purify their praiseworthy land  
Underneath a heretical sky  
Our torn wings will cry revenge  
Out of the darkness  
The inception  
Our darkest hour  
Is behind us now  
Blood shall rain upon their empire  
It won't stop until the glory is ours  
For we have already fallen  
There is nothing to lose  
And as sure as the sun will set  
Their reign will meet its end  
So awaken my banished brethren  
It is time to reclaim what they have taken  
We will not go quiet  
We will not play dead  
Broken wings with the anatomy of deception  
We will rise from chaos to elude this damnation  
Hail horror, hail infernal world  
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven