

Slain By The Serpent

The Red Shore

Guardians of the inferior
Seek salvation
There will be no more sacrifice
Rather ascendancy
Overcoming the beliefs of the tyrant
He is not worthy of their service
The sacrament of his name
The very deception they fell for
Their eyes are open now
Ride the winds of plague
They sail on the breath of the dead
Into the fire and stench
To defend desolation
The gates have been opened
Paradise has been compromised
Earth will see its oceans
Become the darkest red
It will all be destroyed
At the hands of the beast
They have fallen
Into his great deceit