

Praising the Impure

Thou Art Lord

Deeply down in the valley of the Kings
among the neutral woods of the forsaken lands
A tenebrous spirit eternally dwells
seeking resurrection for the horde of torment.

Till the final calls, the legion of Undead
will keep their swords, fiery into the crypts
under the fullmoon light, onward to sacred path
bright ungodly flames exist in blackened souls.

Howling from darkness, summoning the nameless
reveals the hateful wrath unleashed upon mankind
nocturnal lullabies, praising the impure
the mystery of creation perished in the endless sky.