

Eriphion Epistates

Tsjuder

Come morbid death
May the shadow forever be
Scorched in the face of
The desolate earth

Lightning races across the sky
Fire rains from above
We feast upon the decay
Of the lords creation

Eriphion epistates

Dark clouds approach
The green forest withers
As the black wind
Hurls towards its goal

Lightning races across the sky
Fire rains from above
We feast upon the decay
Of the lords creation

Awaken all men
Hold your eyes open
And behold the eyes
Of the daemon lord
As the wind of death
Destroys you all

Lightning races across the sky
Fire rains from above
We feast upon the decay
Of the lords creation

Thousands of soulless men
Upon the dying grass
No life shall ever exist
Merely the shadows of fallen men: