

Impending Doom

Zemial

Thousands doomed to die by my hand
To drown in pools of blood
A thrust to end all life

Sharpened bronze that meats weary flesh
You suffocate in fear
I take away your life!

Bodies shape the ground I step on
Undying I live on
I send you the sleep of death

Strapped upon the altar of doom
Possessed by fear
I send you the sleep of death

You face impending doom!

Clad in armour smeared with death
No other life but in the shadows
I bring you rest, rest in peace
My sword now stands as the
Great divider of life and death

Be lost through my ways
In the night of the soul
Forgetful in fear
You fade again...