

The Year of the Crow

Deadlock

into the sky, into the blood drenched skies...his soul flew away to rally the death-hordes up in heaven....
and wherever his soul may go his words shall bring blood and honor...
hunt down the unworthy and the traitors soon it will come the year of the crow... who will save you now, from
the sins of your fathers, while the death-hordes prepare
for the final battle....hail.....to the battlesky.....hail.....the year of the crow...and while cold winds of death
penetrate the enemies hordesglorious are they
who ride these winds... for they truly are the rulers of the battlefields....demonic crow will be unleashed and
will spread her wings like a plague.... it's the blood sent
from the heavens and you still make the sign of the cross, you devils... hunt down the unworthy and the
traitors.... soon it will come
the year of the crow... for they truly are the rulers of the battlefields... or did they really expect to reap love,
while the seed is torture
and pain.... hail, to the battleskies; hail, mankind condemned to die in the year of the crow...

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