Angel Flesh Impaled

Dark Funeral

The angel horde appears,
In the horizon cloaked with shining white.
In thousands they came for the war,
that would become the final battle and greatest of them all.
The trumpets of God they are blown,
And the angels are pulling their swords.
What god's army did not know,
Were that I had awakened the thirteen warlords.Of hell.The angels moved towards the fortress,
Thinking they had a chance.Their invasion started from the east,
With soldiers carrying leather slings.
Running towards their own doom,
Now in the eternal fire they forever are consumed.The sun shall turn to darkness,
And the moon into blood.
Before the great and terrible day
When my judgment comes.Angel flesh impaled, it is so beautiful.
Feathers falling down, over the bloodstained ground.
The painful angels scream, sweet music to my ears.
It's like a dream,
Trucido Christianese.Now the angels attacked with full force,
But their front, were slain with no remorse.
Angel's blood soon covered the ground,
One thirteen was attacking from behind.
I strike upon them with all my hate,
Soon they all know it is too late.
Realize they all will die,
When my archers hatred are covering the sky.
With the ancients by our side,
Without fear of god his army we stride.
If only the angels could tell,
The pain that they felt, when I released the flames of hell.Angel flesh impaled, it is so beautiful.
Feathers falling down, over the bloodstained ground.
The painful angels scream, sweet music to my ears.
It's like a dream,
Trucido Christianize.The sun will never rise, darkness will rule supreme.
Our rightful throne reclaimed, 1000 years from this day.
The coming of our lord, soon again he'll walk the earth.
It is like a dream,Trucido Christianize.

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