

# Thorns of Crimson Death

## Dissection

See the plains lie ghastly silent  
As being frozen in time  
A place of distress where evil  
Still lies vigilant enshrined Years that passed are now centuries  
And forgotten seem the fallen ones  
But on lived the memories  
In the spirits of a battle sons Hear the choirs  
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?  
Once forged in blood by tragedy  
Sharp were the thorns of crimson death Through the air again our voices whisper  
And awake are now your eyes  
For too long closed in slumber  
But death didn't prove our demise By ages so dark we've been sculptured  
As fragments of story and tales  
As we haunt we are endlessly captured  
And shrouded in the wind that here wails Hear the choirs  
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?  
Forged in blood by tragedy  
Dark were the thorns of crimson death By ages so dark we've been sculptured  
As fragments of story and tales  
By the place that we haunt we are captured  
Against eternity we can prevail Hear the choirs  
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?  
Forged in blood by tragedy  
Dark were the thorns of crimson death

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