

The Pestilence

Mistweaver

Cemetery of Hades writhing flesh of death
Skulls and bones are decaying
Corpses, limbs and deadly carnage
Massacre and crime is rulingThe world is living in pain and sorrow
The gods have stopped believing
Survive or escape there is no chance
Death of all cultures is nearThere must be a parasite in their brains
Terror is their only aim
Gods of war and fallen kingdoms
Prayed for it in times of decayA curse of the unity of the undead
Has reached the poisoned souls
Middle ages time of the pestilence
Cruelty of unreached thronesThe pestilenceThe omen has hung over the world
Since time has begun
A scepter and a sword
And endless signs of hate and desolationIn minds and hearts in souls and brains
There is only decaying
A shame to those who lived by the rules
Death of all cultures is nearWorms and rats attack your brain
You stare at the sun as you pray
Pray for help but it's stupid 'cause you know
There ain't no help for youDeath draws near and you fear
The smell of Armageddon
But you've got no chance to escape
You will die in hellHear the screams of children around you
No one cares about that crime
Terror rules the decayed land
The master is watching all the time

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