Morbid Scream

Crom Cruach

A barbaric land where the sword is the law,
and killing is the way of life.
An infernal wasteland and down a barren plain;
A warrior stands the test of fate.
His face is cracked from the wicked hands of time,
and scars from war have past,
Taking the reins from a shadowy steed,
I shall kill the foyus at it's layer!Morbid Scream!Skulls and bones lie relics in the sand;
Remembrance of men that came before.
The ground is scorched from the dragon's breath,
and corpses burned to stench and ash.
I awake in fury when the dragon attacks;
Advancing in anger - spitting fire.
Our barbarous laws, my thundering axe,
yet we'll fight the beast to it's death!

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