

Death to a King

Bloodthorn

As the dying sun sets behind the mistveiled mountains
and the shadows grow deep amidst the Aeidolon Fangs
The snowclad peaks almost hid by the cold evening fog
gleams with hellish fire under the deep blue northern sky
Hidden in the shadows thousand red eyes gleam in the
fading light

As the army starts it's decent the mountainsides come a live
Crawling darkness bringing death through cold black shining metal
Reaping lives of mortal men in a bloodcrazed madness
As the hordes of evil tear apart the ranks of the mortal
army

A black steed brings it's master swiftly 'cross the battlefield
Morthion attacks in spiteful malice his warhammer sheading blood
A shape so twisted by magic and evil his mere presence bringing death
The tortured screams of a thousand dying
men haunt the midnight sun

A black mass of destruction brought slaughter clad in fear
The moon's grim face laughs in scorn upon the total death
The shapeless twisted darkness spread pestilence with it's breath

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