Death Cult Era

Lord Belial

I gaze towards the wide horizon amidst the distant mountains
Frozen winds from the north whip my parched and dying skin
A passing glance over these scorched plains, a sinister vision
The Death Cult Era is rising from the ashes on this unhallowed groundThe frozen winds chant in sorrow
Fallen souls sweep the skies
The scorched plains lie dead
Dust of angels gently sweep the airOnce here was a place of worship, where angels sung their praises of god
A marble altar in a ruined temple broken down by the teeth of time
A cross in the soil once pointed towards the sky now broken into pieces
The Death Cult Era is rising from the ashes on this unhallowed groundThe frozen winds chant in sorrow
Fallen souls sweep the skies
The scorched plains lie dead
Dust of angels gently sweep the air
Filth and remnants of angels - fragments of a kingdom forever lost
Scavenger from within infernal obscurity feasting on angelic remains
Burden of lost faith reek as the temple vanish further and more yet again
The Death Cult Era is rising from the ashes on this unhallowed ground
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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