

# 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 ground  
The frozen winds chant in sorrow  
Fallen souls sweep the skies  
The scorched plains lie dead  
Dust of angels gently sweep the air  
Once 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 ground  
The 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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