

Beneath the Iron Sceptre

Bloodthorn

Hooves of iron sounds like thunder from the blackest earth
It's the day of the beast the time for darkness' rebirth
Demons of war, bearer of plague and of pain
Minions of chaos, make holy blood pour down like rain
Flames of the earth consuming the living with sin
The scent of burnt flesh poisoning the air and the wind
Clouds of black ashes cover the sun and the sky
When day turns to darkest night all are sentenced to die
Enter a new realm of pain - So mesmerising to the
 beholder
Slaughter of the human waste - Crushed beneath the iron sceptre
With a word from the master, the high
 commander of hell
Death to them all, like a plague, by a malevolent spell
"No sanctuary - no salvation to save you from doom"
Slow death and torture 'neath the bloodred face of the moon

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