Thorns Of Crimson Death

Dissection

See the plains lie ghastly silent
As being frozen in time
A place of distress where evil
Still lies vigilant enshrinedYears that passed are now centuries
And forgotten seem the fallen ones
But on lived the memories
In the spirits of a battle sonsHear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Once forged in blood by tragedy
Sharp were the thorns of crimson deathThrough the air again our voices whisper
And awake are now your eyes
For too long closed in slumber
But death didn't prove our demiseBy ages so dark we've been sculptured
As fragments of story and tales
As we haunt we are endlessly captured
And shrouded in the wind that here wailsHear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson deathBy ages so dark we've been sculptured
As fragments of story and tales
By the place that we haunt we are captured
Against eternity we can prevailHear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson death

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