

Crusade of the Underworld Hordes

Hades

Gathered are they, the wolves
>From the north and the tribes of
The underworld hordes
Heathen them
>From pagan wastelands
Joined with them have they
The stench of blood. Holy blood!
Have penetrated their woods and
Fields too long
Ravens flew as messengers
>From hill to hill
They brought harsh
Blasphemous chant
As ancient as time itself
Whispered by the wind which
Cries for the waning moon
The beholders of the cross, shall
Be mesmerized by fear
Their fate denies the fact of such
Creations
Man, beast - the hordes of the
Underworld
Bound by chains forged by
Pagan blood
Tonight they shall feast
Tonight the ravens and wolves
Shall feast
Upon blood, of those of the
Light who behold the cross
Beneath the remains of a civilization.
Centuries of sorrow!!
Centuries of pain!!

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