

The Advent

The Black Dahlia Murder

The dawn has broken crimson
This day of defloration
Ironclad reclamation Across the frozen dale fearlessly cold dominion
Our soldiers take formation
The tundra's desolation
Some call it hell but it's our home We have to fight
There is no turning back
Our legions storm ice covered fields Our blood runs cold
Endure our winter thirty fold
With vorpal blades
Imperial into the white abyss we go The advent is here dawn of the Antichrist
They tread our world on borrowed time
Pushed back amongst the shadows
Disguised for centuries
The time is now to rise and crush our christian enemies down It's time to strike
There is no second chance
Our brethren swarm with sword and shield It's time to die
For our christian enemy
To no law of mercy
Shall we yield god fearing blood stains red The field the conquest grows
Near dawn to the end of Christ
Poisoned our young for the last time
Oh to slay their lord divine Empire laden in frost
Ivory towers dipped in crystalline gloss
My frozen kingdom
We are cold in the heart
Glaives of ice
We wield white wolves of victory march Resistance to books of fictions
Insistence upon beheading Jesus
Pestilence for all believers
Defenseless against the great deceiver The advent is here
Dawn of the Antichrist
They tread our world on borrowed time The end of christian kind Empire laden in frost
Ivory towers dipped in crystalline gloss
My frozen kingdom we are cold in the heart
Glaives of ice we wield
White wolves of victory march The dawn has broken crimson
This day of defloration
Ironclad reclamation Across the frozen dale fearlessly cold dominion

Our soldier take formation
The tundra's desolation
Some call it hell
But it's our home
Hell

Songwriters

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