

Disciples of Death

Overoth

I speak
To the
Opening eye
Only fools live
To die
Disciples of death
Watch
The shaft fly
Disciples of death
Watch
The shaft fly

Red
The fresh blood
A whirling turning colour
Burns
On a diamond star
Fresh blood
Burns
On a diamond star

To
Feed
On the ritual sight
The will
And flesh alike
Return
Into night
Through
The Light-Strike
Return
Into night
Through
The Light-Strike

Red
The fresh blood
A whirling turning colour
Burns

On a diamond star
Fresh blood
Fresh blood
Fresh blood
Fresh blood
Burns on
A diamond star

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written by MAUS, JOHN JOSEPH
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