

# Ride the Wings of Pestilence

## Dawn

Prologue: By the winter of 1350  
It swept the land in an uncontrolled  
outburst  
Famine, cold and pestilential misery  
Surely this must be a divine damnation  
Punishment from below  
Be it devil or demon that reaps this  
cursed nation  
No one of us deserves suffering thus  
Oh lord, what have we done  
Oh God, have you forsaken us?  
I ride the night air  
On pestilential wings  
I am the nightmare  
That slays your kith and kin  
I ride your bed at night  
An incubus so vile  
My work is seen throughout  
The smoke of funeral pyres  
Black rats do my work  
Punishment begins  
Cover your face, everyone has heard  
Here is payment for your sins  
This epoch you won't forget  
You're burning from inside  
In the final throes of horrid death  
The proudest men forget their pride  
They cry in pain immense  
Praying to be spared  
But your god seems not to care  
Mothers, daughters, fathers, sons  
All are prey alike  
Twitching in rotten bowel runs  
I crave a heavy toll  
The deadringers sound the bell  
For all of you who fell  
I reap the field in rage  
You scream in mindless fear  
When gripped in my embrace

I purify, you putrefy, the end I provide  
For your blasphemy, I bring you  
disease, a funeral feast  
I take the helm and steer you into, a  
hellish domain  
You fall in the streets, succumb in  
your sheets, diabolic disease  
And you don't know why  
Why your children die  
And you won't know why  
On winds of death I ride  
Now summer has come over  
the city  
Midday heat is low  
The surviving few bring out  
their dead  
A neverending flow...  
I am the death, upon your black  
breath, I am black death  
I am the reason, that children lie  
crying, watching their parents  
dying  
And I am formless, always  
relentless, something you  
cannot see  
And I am evil, I am disaster, I am  
catastrophe  
By the end of 1352, two thirds  
are gone  
A horrible tale of pestilence and  
plague, darkness and woe  
Now I subside, slowly die out,  
yet I have won  
But I will return, in futures to  
come, in different forms  
Philip von Segebaden  
Stockholm, '97

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