

Many Are We

Keep of Kalessin

This is our path to order
Pure bloodline to perfection
Father after father
Never to see a dawning sunNot alone
Never alone
All above are enemies
A means to perfection
Unholy demons of the mindClench the fist to signal
To initiate the final
The end - The killing begins
Rapid torrent leather wingsPulling swords from the sheathe
Hack down the hindrance
Create your own path
There shall be no remembranceUnearthly
UnholyMany are we
Who gather at the smell of blood
Many are we
Who gather at the sound of warCorroded ruined wrecked
The dead sky shines through smoke and fog
Scorched black empty
Life not wanted
Blood brown smell of muckMany are we
Who gather at the smell of blood
Many are we
Who gather at the sound of war

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