Hallow Horns

Cataract

A poetic rhythm brought by the storm No grace, no glory - pure pleasure in Pain Two horned master is on the rise Deaths riding in by the storm they are driven Cant you hear the screams - we are the damned We are the feast for the unholy priest Master and Servant, the puppets are on Man has to retreat for the masters brigade Listen ! Listen ! Listen ! to the hallow horn Listen to hallow horn A new race will be born Listen to hallow horn A new race will be born The undefeatable legion Will kill the great pigeon This is one of many futuristic and symbolic looks at how the world will once come to an end. Looking at the wars that are been fought all over the world. We are nothing else than heading straight into our decline. As we are raising hell everyday, we have woken up the two horned master. He is awake for the free blood. Soon there will be a big death storm raging around the earth with his legions leading it. They will come to take our lost souls and bring back purity with fire. He will be marching in with glory horns and will be leaving a bloody soil. And we give support day by day.

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