

Master of the Pit

Cirith Ungol

Pray you never kneel
To the master of the pit
Violently stirring their brew of corruption
Lords of the dark summon certain destruction
Pray you never kneel
To the one who calls you slave
With the hearts and tongues of the gods in their hands
The Legions of Hell bellow forth their commands
Bow down and kneel
To the master of the pit
Though the powers of Chaos are those you abide
You raise your sword to cast them aside
You know there's no escape
When you see your world in flames
As the hell rains pound the darkening land
Man and sword begin their last stand

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