

Symbols of Bloodswords

Mayhem

All the stars in the North are dead now
All the morals of wasted human...Debris
Walk with me into the night
Do not remove the cobwebs
or war clinging to your face
They will tell of pains unknown
All the stars in the North are dead now
All the morals of wasted human debris
Torn to pieces - handcrafted delirium
One war remains - WAR of everything
Tanto magis infra e cecidit
quanto magis so contra gloriam
sui conditoris erexit

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