

There's No Wine Like the Blood's Crimson

Aeternus

Bloodred sky
Bloodred fields
The sun in its last breath
Providing the shadows of the trees
A moment to dance before death
Still - Their makers dance
In the cold breeze
That gives to me the stenchOf blood not yet cold
And torn dead fleshI raise my hammer of war
To call my vulture
Up high it flues from the fields
From its kingdom it sees
The most wonderful sights
Dead men - Wounded worms
The remains of a conquered land
My slaughtery and victoryMy hammer shall not yet rest
From the north I hear
Hordes of young men
How unaware they are of their peoples
Angel of death
Their blood shall paint my armour
As I slay them all brutallyDown the hill they ride
I greet them with my warcry
As I slam my hammer into the grown
Come to me mortalsMy wary hatred engraves
Fear in their faces as they see their death
I am war, I am death
My hammer crushes skulls and bones
Screams of fear
My swords thirst driwbs in blood
Tears and begging for mercy
I laugh and kill
I am the god of war
I am Ares

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