3 Inches Of Blood, Black Spire

In the reaches of the old haunted trees
A place where legend speaks of terrible things
I've heard the rumors of the evil in the hills
Spire of the tower
A beacon for the damned
Its force of will grips you like an unseen hand
A blackened spire rises high against the sky
Casting shadows on the land
You cannot turn away
Your mind has been possessed
Another victim to fulfill the darkened quest
Hollowed eyes of all the fools who came too near
Set upon the unsuspecting world below
Forged long ago in ancient forests
Now alone it stands
Against this desolate earth
Since long before our time
These walls have unleashed plagues of war
Plagues of war
These fools have unleashed plagues of war
Into the land
Long ago an ancient malice left it's mark
Awoken by the curiosity of man
Black Spire looms above the edifice of pain
Calling all its allies to rise up from the pit
Drawn towards seduction
And the power of the curse
The thunder of chaos boils in the sky
Hurricane decays
Raise your eyes to the sky
For on this infernal night
The human race dies
Force of will
The thunder of chaos
Cold and cruel
Boils in the sky
Can't resist
Cannot take the power
Of the curse
Raise your eyes to the sky
Force of will
Cold and cruel
Raise your eyes to the sky
Can't resist
Power of the curse
Raise your eyes to the sky