

3 Inches Of Blood, Infinite Legions

Dark meteors
Pale demons astride
Hurlled relentlessly across the night sky
Zealots of creation
To a theory chained
Theyd kill for their faith or die
Never to kneel
They slaughter all Lords
On the souls of the faithful
Faithless demons gorge
A curse upon you
All you deserve
All seem to think they
Are on the truth path
A plague so vile
None shall survive
The righteous will tighten it's grip on the free
Claiming their God is the one to believe
The beast is emerging
A danger untold
Trying to suppress what can't be controlled
A curse upon you
All you deserve
Can you explain how
It is the Lord's will
A plague so vile
None shall survive
Infinite Legions of conquering hordes
A curse on their blades
A hex on their swords
Unholy minions
Their mark
Heaven's domain
Caressing the leather that binds up the tome
They'll die on their knees
When the lies have been shown
Fire and brimstone are Eden's demise
The great opposition
It's time to arise
Slayers of angels
Haters of God
Infinite Legions
Victorious and strong
Heathen armies
Ceaseless advance