

Arghoslent, Swallowed

The blue cloud of doom
Fell upon my land
Felt upon my sword

Beheading for a feast
Our swords covered with blood
Beneath the melting sun
The praise is for pagan lords
Returning from the hunt
Our village was set afire
The females screamed for help
The sand-demons have scarred our sacred land

Ashes and smoke were left
To remind us of failure
The women had been stained
By the rodents of the desert
Carriers of the disease
Left for us to find
We must please Satan attack the rodents of the sands

Battle...

Swallowed by the sand

The land was fully conquered
But the desert could not be owned
They slithered to the core
To praise Yahweh at nightfall
The children had been taken
Their juice sucked into the sand
The sun reflected their blood
Fluids consumed by the rodents below

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