

Cadacross, Kings Of Grim

Darkness has for so many years
dwelleth still upon the earth
And by every cycle of moon can be seen
that deeper it has drawn
In tales once told by the Elders
were that this dark time would come
Sooner , they said than it is proper
for little boys like you to know
When darkness eats all light away
we, humans are to fall
Kings of Grim will rise to claim
their right to rule once more
When the dark blades fulfil their deed
shall rivers blood-red flow
Before North bestows it's wintry frost
the ancient kings stand tall
Harbingers of plague they are
the spawn of ancient gods
They claim the throne to rule the earth
to rule as it is foretold
Kings of Grim as they are known
horde of celebrating Death
Riding along with beasts of hell
and the night stood by their side
So fell to endless depths
the keepers of the grace
With wings torn, demolished
Make haste now, Death awaits!
And I saw the drooling beasts of Seth
as they gathered for the feast
Sight that made me certain
they did not die invain
And so shall it be, new order amongst men
as we circle upon the prey with joy
We who embrace thee with rage of cold steel
now rise from the realm of stenching sulfur seas!
Thunder above, Hellfire below
march of Immortals forever goes on
Time we have waited finally at hand
Give none no mercy, death for each and all!
Harbingers of plague...
So fell to endless...
The new moon so majesticly broods
upon these wartorn vasts
No more humans serve their selfish deeds
where the forlorn kings have once roamed