

Dissection, Thorns Of Crimson Death

See the plains lie ghastly silent as being frozen in time
A place of distress where evil still lies vigilant enshrined
Years that passed are now centuries and forgotten seem the
fallen ones

But on lived the memories in the spirits of a battle sons

[Chorus:]

Hear the choirs

Is it the wind that brought back their cries?

Once forged in blood by tragedy

Sharp were the thorns of crimson death

Through the air again our voices whisper

and awake are now your eyes

For too long closed in slumber - but death didn't prove our
demise

By ages so dark we've been sculptured

as fragments of story and tales

As we haunt we are endlessly captured

and shrouded in the wind that here wails

[Chorus:]

Hear the choirs

Is it the wind that brought back their cries?

Forged in blood by tragedy

Dark were the thorns of crimson death

By ages so dark we've been sculptured

as fragments of story and tales

By the place that we haunt we are captured - Against
eternity we can prevail

[Chorus:]

Hear the choirs

Is it the wind that brought back their cries?

Forged in blood by tragedy

Dark were the thorns of crimson death