

# Hordak, Black Figure Of War

In the din of the battle I could see  
Raised Swords sprinkling the wind on with blood  
A figure in black arose from above  
From a heaven in flames an eternal storm

Goddess of power, darkness and night  
I hail thee their are affraid of your eyes  
A flying raven spread its wings  
Of death and Chaos

Sound of the swords clamouring for war  
As the land is set on fire  
Misfortuned be those who cross in our ways  
Because they will know the rage of our gods

Rivers of fire were opened in the earth  
Taking my enemie's soul to rest in war  
Blood reigned in the fields  
And there's only the smell of victory left