

Obtained Enslavement, Scrolls Of The Shadowland

The grim force set sail
into a world of magic
where wastelands were blue-soaked, in
the capes of the mountains

(Chorus:)

With a hunger as great
as the most ancient of daggers
Six were the days
to be ended on the seventh night

As it stepped into the shadowland
grass began to grow
A storm blew with a bliss,
accomplishing the serpents kiss

(Repeat Chorus)

With blood like the noblest of red
And with a purpose
yet unknown to any dimension,
set her eyes on fire
for ultimate visions to discover
Her lips touched the ground
and became Death and his bride
(Repeat 1. verse)