

Psycroptic, The Sword Of Uncreation

The winds they chill me, flowing from beyond the woods,
darkness approaches, moonlight will guide me.

I take my cruellest weapons, for the fear of death,
my journey will take me

Beyond the realms of, humane society,
to the village of Sodom!

They will kill me- I am enemy

I am their foe- they fear what they know

I carry with me- something they seek

An ancient sword- Revered by all

In my journey- I have seen

Many a creature- many a freak

But the sword- has remained with me

My mission- (deliver the sword)

To my evil master, the hilt contains what he needs
stones from another time, constructed by the hands of a demon.

It was a thousand years ago, when the sword was created,

a plan a thousand years old. All for the one known as-

Satan!...

I travel on into the night, no rest for I dont want to die.

My destination only a day away. The castle of the demon is-

Waiting for me

The future of mankind is in my hands,

I carry the forces of the Armageddon,

I will destroy the world in one foul swoop-

It is- it was- me

I am- Now I- Cant

See what- I was o-r am

I know- it is- time

for me- to enter the realm

It lies just ahead of me

on the- path I follow

In the earth's blood I will-

WALLOW!

And now I enter the masters lair, he calls me to his side,

his skin has a certain coldness,

his touch makes me churn inside,

I hand the sword over to him, he accepts with a gleam in his eye,

he thrusts the sword into my heart,

I die a willing sacrifice.