

Unlord, Uprising Hordes

from woods of nights nocturn
prepare the land to burn
carried on winds of war
uprising hordes
pilgrimage force
praise the unlord
until the dawn

decapitate their god
summon their wives to rot
children are slaves of hell
uprising hordes
rising for war
pilgrimage force
until the dawn

as we arrive, we leave no stone unturned
and the smoke reaches high
king ilves, countless heads roll
they're destined to die

from our hair dris the blood
carve our swords in bones
sitting proud and rest
and take only the best