

# Bloodthorn, Death To A King

As the dying sun sets behind the mistveiled mountains  
and the shadows grow deep amidst the Aeidolon Fangs  
The snowclad peaks almost hid by the cold evening fog  
gleams with hellish fire under the deep blue northern sky

Hidden in the shadows thousand red eyes gleam in the fading light  
As the army starts it's decent the mountainsides come a live  
Crawling darkness bringing death through cold black shining metal  
Reaping lives of mortal men in a bloodcrazed madness

As the hordes of evil tear apart the ranks of the mortal army  
A black steed brings it's master swiftly 'cross the battlefield  
Morthion attacks in spiteful malice his warhammer sheading blood  
A shape so twisted by magic and evil his mere presence bringing death

The tortured screams of a thousand dying men haunt the midnight sun  
A black mass of destruction brought slaughter clad in fear  
The moon's grim face laughs in scorn upon the total death  
The shapeless twisted darkness spread pestilence with it's breath