

# Dimension F3H, The Dawn

The dawn, what of the dawn  
We have come to kill, by sun or by moon  
Escalating from the darkest pits of hell  
And gather strength where the fire's dwell

Behold, the black horseman  
On his winged steed  
The prince of darkness soaring high  
Behold the black horseman  
On his winged steed  
A pitch black shadow  
Against a pale white moon

The dawn, what of the dawn  
We seek the comfort of the dark  
The plains of battle before us lay  
You will never see another day  
Never Never again

The dawn, what of the dawn  
We've come to kill, by sun or by moon  
The dawn that you seek will fade  
Can't you see this is the end  
The rain of terror will fall upon thee  
His voice will shatter even the bravest of hearts  
When you fall to the ground in tears  
Behold his glory as you die

The dawn, what of the dawn  
We have come to kill, by sun or by moon  
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Our army before you will mesmerize you  
Violence to the art  
All life is forsaken  
The dark has awoken  
The fire that burns in our hearts  
We are the glorious  
Mighty warriors come to call your doom  
This night we'll be victorious

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And as the sun is fading high above the battlefields  
Never to be seen again  
At last the fallen angel has the world within his grasp  
And none of you will ever see another dawn