

Elvenking, The Scythe

On this night of Nights, She's coming my way
Under this rain, dirty with agony and pain
Mistress of Doom, winner of all fights
My glance is reflected in the blade of the Scythe
A sparkling golden sickle
Mows down souls whistling in the air
Reddens little by little
The seas of life and mankind's lairs
A fall into the abyss
Deep into agony and pain
Spiral down to the anguish
It had been all in vain
Welcome, please join the fair of failures
Enter into the hall of pleasures
Righteous the act to kill
Wasn't it one of Gods wills?
Leave behind all the trails of winter
The time had come for me to go
The fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door
Another name to be carved
For every slash of my blade
Until the day you find
The one reflected is your face
Come, taste blood, rust and terror
Come to the show with no restraint
-It's your time!
Mother of desperation
Death of thunder and rain
Sighs and tears are all in vain
Clad in a cloak of despair
She'll take you away
Welcome, please join the fair of failures
Enter into the hall of pleasures
Righteous the act to kill
Wasn't it one of Gods wills?
Leave behind all the trails of winter
The time as come for me to go
The fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door
Hold your ground and watch your back
With the aim of remaining the last
I asked this night for a piece of advice
This time the Scythe won't fall, keep still!