

# Ethereal Scourge, Warcry

as needles of ice  
are the ill winds' talons  
the coldest of shadows  
they seep unto the bone

with hackles raised on my neck i feel  
the rancid breath of the betrayer  
i heed you not and i give no ground  
with words of power the holy unbound  
christ majestic  
the shadows retreat  
ruler saviour  
no quarter asked and none to receive

with words of power the holy unbound  
defilers cast out shivering at the sound  
christ arisen vacant gaping tomb  
come divine wrath the slayer of doom

all praise to the lion  
king of all tribes  
you reach across time  
with the warcry

the wicked exist in forgotten exile  
and the saint has refuge in his end