

Funeral Dark, The Arrival Of Satans Empire

The unholy war, when Satan's demons are smeared in blood.
Feathers fall from angel wings, from the sky.
Father Satan gather your legions, it is time to claim your throne.
The arrival of your dominion, so long been gone.
So gather now my legions, it is time to fight for our lord.
Hail Satan, scream the masses, smeared in angel's blood.

Lords of war, the wings of twelve, open all the gates.
Fly high into the canopy; bring to me the head of god.
Hell lord, unholy father.
Your wish is my command.
I will cut the liar throat; Christian blood will fall to the ground.

Demon legions, fly through the gates.
Into the darkened sky.
Held up high, the spears of evil.
As they run, through angels flesh.
They scream out in pain, as they see their kingdom fall.
Angel tears fall to the ground, as Satan again will reign.

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