

Graveland, Tyrants Of Cruelty

Death has sent it's angels
Heralds of war pain and fear
In sunlight or darkness of night
Sinister tyrants of cruelty
On their black horses travel all over the world

Scepters of fear and banners of chaos
And cry of the beast breaking the empty space
When fright and terror start to rule
Demons of war, tyrants of cruelty
Cry through abyss
Bad day for those who heard this cry

Shadow in valleys
Rumble and roll and wild laugh of horses
Soon thirsty they will drink from rivers of blood
In flames of fire and bloody glow
Among dead corpses in deadly fight

Damned day when thousand swords
With rumble will sing their song of death
In blood and corpses of the enemy
Cruel triumph and gloomy fame
March of victory tyrants

Lords of war with ghostly laugh
Will reward the bravest warriors
Because where death rules
And angles of death
Only few will survive

Damned day, gloomy day
When rage of beast of fear as gray shadow
Falls on your lands talking to you
As magic call pulls you
Where many have gone
But no one returned alive

In fire of battle, in the ravages of war
Cruel lords' wild laugh
On hatred fields in tumult of battle
In trap of mighty and cruel gloomy will
The wind will steal our names

Damned day when crow on the sky
Flutter it's black wings
Where war track leads
We will go following destiny
For eternal struggle, leading by voice of mighty will
Where wind will mix our names with ashes