

Hollenthon, Conspirator

Condemned to walk the earth alone
First a shadow then a sorrow
The bitter solace friend and foe
Baneful tongues and solemn lore

Strokes of death to guide the summons
Smoke in wreaths above beguiling
Brewing creeping indescence
Bursting lights and fearless thunder

Mercenaries
Forgotten slain
Lords of Bedlam

The web of wickedness devours
All that's hallowed woe will follow
Amidst the cry and lamentation
With crooked hands contrives the charm

Hence rivers of brume beckon the ancients
A troop of echoes forges forward
Mouths wide open like ghastly sores
Curse the matron, damn the whore

And the tempest rose
With the north wind
As the banshee wailed
Spewing her venom condemned

And torrents roared
Engulfed in flames
As the banshee wailed
Prophetic of death's approach