

Holy Terror, Guardians of the Netherworld

protectors of forbidden places keepers of the watch
seeing those enslaved faces withered souls forgotten lives
atop the perch a silent throne the vindicating eyes
saints of hell of desperate cries

Chorus:

Guardians of the netherworld captors of the damned
pinnacle of your disaster the watcher on the stand
exiled on a lifeless steeple appointed from above
a veil was placed across our brow
annointed one and all to die
for lust of life

A war is raging on inside us guarded by the horde
with lesser gods of higher rank prodding them to war
no father son or holy spirit
nor defenses from the foe
all are battered tortured shattered
allegiance without death is woe

-Chorus-

A maelstrom of impending evil futile fight to win
tides of blackness pull you toward it
consuming within it's doors
BOTH LIFE AND DEATH