

# Keep Of Kalessin, Many Are We

This is our path to order  
Pure bloodline to perfection  
Father after father  
Never to see a drawing sun

Not alone  
Never alone  
All above are enemies  
A means to perfection  
Unholy demons of the mind

Clench the fist to signal  
To initiate the final  
The end - The killing begins  
Rapid torrent leather wings

Pulling swords from the sheathe  
Hack down the hinderance  
Create your own path  
There shall be no remembrance

Unearthy  
Unholy

Many are we  
Who gather at the smell of blood  
Many are we  
Who gather at the sound of war

Corroded ruined wrecked  
The dead sky shines through smoke and fog  
Scorched black empty  
Life not wanted  
Blood brown smell of muck

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