Keep Of Kalessin, Many Are We

This is our path to order
Pure bloodline to perfection
Father after father
Never to see a drawning 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 rememberance

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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