

# Marduk, The Hangman Of Prague

In the gothic splendor of the chapel of St. Wenceslas  
Golden door with seven locks  
Seven keys within your hand  
Ancient crown of Bohemia placed upon your head  
Sharpening your spears  
The hangman's disciple, vomiting forth death  
Murderous power, radiate hate, harbinger of suffering  
The malignance of maledomance rises beyond benevolence  
Smite your foes that they may die  
Splattering blood across the sky  
Architect of genocide, by death taking pride  
The shape of things to come  
The shape of things to come  
The shape of things to come  
The shape of things to come  
Thousand-eyed angel of death, armed with flaming sword  
Spread your wings, let the killing begin  
The hunter becomes the hunted, hangmen also die  
Morning red, morning red shines us to soon be dead  
Retaliating from beyond, killing, blood spilling  
Wade through carnage  
Seas of blood  
Seas of blood  
Morning red  
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