Old Man's Child, The Spawn Of Lost Creation

Memories from a dark, cold age
Where life was bound to suffer
Blessed with power and blessed with sin
Hunting down the ones that infest the wind
Arise from hell
And join the crusade
Come forth and rise
The banner of hate
Remnants from a distant past is all that remains
The glory is lost, but the seed still grows
When the sun fades below the trees
We come on command
As the moon rises upon the hills
Follow us far into the past
In a time when the dark is killed
The light
And the sword ruled all
When man was filled with hate
Warriors of the night
Death is your fate