

Ophthalamia, Time for War

(words: It ; tunes: It, Night, Bone)

Yah

Ride in the dust cut in the flesh lift your banners and hold 'em high
Head for the kill crush with your fist let us attack

Shrouded is the morning in the thickest of mists and cloudfilled is
the sky The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal doom of mine
enemies Fill me from the crown to toe top full of direst cruelty stop the passage to remorse At a wo
and not shake my fell purpose

A darkened shadow sweeps down over Ophthalamian world
With thundering hooves and blood raged stare I've turned the tides of
war Time for war time to die time to see That this might be your lonely
death time to leave In this world of hate no flames will burn all hope is
lost No more tears and no more fears just close your eyes

Yah

Ride in the dust cut in the flesh lift your banners and hold 'em high
Head for the kill crush with your fist let us attack
I wield my sword and reap the bitter winds of greatest pain
Triumphantly we raise our fists knowing we have won the war
Dead were the trees and barren the ground as the battle came to end
I am the warlord of the battle the majestic lord of total death