

Testament, Curse Of The Legions Of Death

Witches grow restless
The priest are impatient
My legions scream
The gates must be open
Our master repels
A message of hope
On through the gates we march
The sentinels await
With their sabers in grasp
A vast group locust attack
A vast group locust attack

Attacking with force
As we show no remorse
Obstruction our victims fate
The blood in the chalice
Saluting the fight
All virgins must die this night
Psychotic reaction from a serpents kiss
Is taking the life from your soul
And leading a train of destruction from hell
Finding our way through hells hole!

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Provoke the dead
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Provoke the dead
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