

Zavorash, Return From Grace

ZAVORASH!

Wastelands Of Cold, The Deathlike Beauty
Memories Stained By The Tainted Blood
An Urge To There On The Hillside Gather
A Warmass On Our Ancestral Grounds
Then Forge Revenge On Those Who Made The Tale Come True
Cremate Them On Their Own Fires
Judge Them To Fall From This Earth
Under The Weight Of Our Steel

Let The Altar Crumble By The Winternight
And The Icon Burn By Our Hate
Let The Gate Be Crushed And Vengeance Dance
Like The Blood That Shall Cover The Earth
They Came With Words Of Light
Our Reply Sung Out By Axe
Singing Their Pestful Songs
While Life Spills Out Before Them

Ancestral Souls Among Us Gather
Those Who Watched The Lake Before The Cross
Through Mountains And Pinewoods Tales Behold
Of The Sin That Sank The North
Bringing Us Strength To Kill
And Laugh While The Sword Cuts Deep
Their Tears Will Never Quench
The Firefull Hate Beyond Their Grace

For When Sorrow Forces Its Dreadful Stake
Through The Heart Of The Spoiled Soul
The Dead Will Never Find Their Peace
And Souls Again Turn Black
Their Lies Fall From Time
In A Plague With Countless Fallen
Even If They Fear Us With Their Lives
They Sealed Their Own Death

We Rally Our Banner In The Wind
Legioneers To Bring Time To An End
May It Be That We Are The Sin
But Our Call We Shall Follow
The Darkened Blade Through The Heart Of Light
We The Faithless Tyrants
Covenants Of An Eternal War
Kings To Be Crowned By Bloodfilled Rage