

Black Spire

3 Inches of Blood

In the reaches of the old haunted trees
A place where legend speaks of terrible things
I've heard the rumors of the evil in the hills
Spire of the tower a beacon for the damned
Its force of will grips you like an unseen hand
A blacked spire rises high against the sky
Casting shadows on the land
You cannot turn away your mind has been possessed
Another victim to fulfill the darkened quest
Hollowed eyes of all the fools who came too near
Set upon the unsuspecting world below
Forged long ago in ancient forests
Now, alone it stands
Against this desolate earth
Since long before our time
These walls have unleashed plagues of war
These fools have unleashed plagues of war
Into the land
Long ago an ancient malice left its mark
Awoken by the curiosity of men
Black spire looms above the edifice of pain
Calling all its allies to rise up from the pit
Drawn towards seduction and the power of the curse
The thunder of chaos boils in the sky
For on this infernal night the human race dies
Force of will, cold and cruel, can't resist, power of the curse