

The Goatrider's Horde

3 Inches of Blood

Feeling the march of the fury unleashed
Impaling the soldiers of God
Smell of sulphur hot on the wind
Left by the goatrider's horde
The thundering roar of the cloven hoof
The goatrider's horse descends with the storm
I am eternal I walk the night
I am the reaper of souls
Cold iron blades they cannot stop me
Where I am from no one knows
I am in command
Impervious to fire
Impervious to steel
Merciless vengeance
Dealt by their strike
Treachery stalking evil command
Cloven hoofed steed I ride
Armies of horns descend on the gates
Hatred burns their eyes
Walls of stone cannot stop them
Too weak are the spells of old
At the sound of their banshee cry
The hearts of all grow cold
Fueled by the fears of man
To slake the unquenchable thirst
I'm in command
The goatrider's horde