Deathammer

Deathchain

The world was young on a Walpurgis Night
The moon was full and bright
All the witches danced, united for a chant
Creating an evil spell
Possessed by orders, driven by demons
Malice and sins combined
Sky turned red as the blood was shed
For the Horned One

Made from the spear that once impaled the one on cross
Forged in the pits of Hell, baptised in blood and sin
Sealed with the serpents awaiting the fall of man
Deathammer strikes with fire and the heaven shall burn

Fallen in a trance, invocations said
Facing the western sky
Four princes they call, four elements they need
To feed the forges of Hell

Choir of fallen angels sing and dance around Baphomet
Around the burning crosses they joined for ritual
They drink from black cauldron to answer their master's call
Goblets filled with blood of infants, feast for Azazel

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Blacksmiths of Hell forging the hammer of death
Dark arts they use to bind the spirits
All holy shall vanish in the dawn of evil
Fire winged demons will bring the darkest flame

From the north came the earth
From the south the fire
From the east arrived the air
From the west the water
Now they have all they need
Black wisdom and secret of steel

Religions will burn like the witches of old
Hypocrites and idols cremated to ashes
Foundations of earth crushed to pieces
Deathammer turns the world into burning pile

They drink from black cauldron to answer their master's call
Goblets filled with blood of infants, feast for Azazel
Feast for Azazel...

All saints turned to sinners, all angels demonised
All virtues turned to sins, all faiths blasphemed

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And the heaven shall burn