

Plaguethrone

Deathchain

Sanctities shall crumble
And no man shall rule
In a timeless slumber
Lie the leeches and the fools
As certain as the coming of death
Gradually it's rotting away
The roots of all living and breathing
Infected by this black plague
As certain as the coming of death

A throne not worthy of a mortal man
But a bearer of plagues
He who has suffered for ages
Shall inherit these lands
This is the plague upon the chosen
Watch them slither and crawl
Like a misguiding sign from above
The star of the wicked

Upon the plague throne
Divides and destroys
Upon this black throne
Adapts and conquers
Upon the plague throne
It reaches out to punish
Upon this black throne
Spreads the sickness all around

This ashen domain in which we dwell
Shall be brushed away

Lost in the valleys
Trapped in eternity
This ruler wanders onward
Hate so furious it infects all
A godless creature seeks its revenge

Upon the plague throne
Divides and destroys
Upon this black throne
Adapts and conquers
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Spreads the sickness all around

A world without death
Is a world without life
Hell above and underneath
Heaven gone
Slaves on their knees

From the dark this throne arises
Arriving to drain all their power
This is the birth of a coming storm
To make man sink even lower

This ashen domain in which we dwell
Shall be brushed away
These pale faces wating for light
Shall be nothing but slaves

Upon the plague throne
Divides and destroys
Upon this black throne
Adapts and conquers
Upon the plague throne
It reaches out to punish
Upon this black throne
Spreads the sickness all around

A world without death
Is a world without life