

Death Cult Era

Lord Belial

I gaze towards the wide horizon amidst the distant
mountains
Frozen winds from the north whip my parched and dying
skin
A passing glance over these scorched plains, a sinister
vision
The Death Cult Era is rising from the ashes on this
unhallowed ground

The frozen winds chant in sorrow
Fallen souls sweep the skies
The scorched plains lie dead
Dust of angels gently sweep the air

Once here was a place of worship, where angels sung
their praises of god
A marble altar in a ruined temple broken down by the
teeth of time
A cross in the soil once pointed towards the sky now
broken into pieces
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Filth and remnants of angels - fragments of a kingdom
forever lost
Scavenger from within infernal obscurity feasting on
angelic remains
Burden of lost faith reek as the temple vanish further
and more yet again
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