

Pale Horse

Naglfar

Lychgates now wrung ope.
Dhroud the World in cerecloth.
All the filth of Man struck down.
Like the Flame snuffs out the Moth.
Repent you Fools for the Time has come to end all worthless Life.
Accept the grasp of Death so cold.
Succumb to Him and die.

Devoid of Light, all Life subsides as the Reaper wields his Scythe.
All Hope is crushed and cast aside.
As Mans Existence has been denied.
So abandon Hope and await the End for Darkness comes again.
And all thats left in the Aftermath...
... is Silence.

In great strides end comes.
Trampling the blackended Soil.
And so strides the pale Horse.
To send us all into the Void.

Speak the words unspoken.
Watch the Moon turn red and bleed.
The fourth Seal has been broken.
As the Reaper rides his skeletal steed.

In great strides end comes.
Trampling the blackended Soil.
And so strides the pale Horse.
To send us all into the Void.

An Orb once crawling full with Life.
Now barren, dead and cold.
The Human race at last erased.
Now Deaths Glory reigns in this Place.
So abandon Hope and awaits the End.
For Darkness comes again.
And all that's left in the Aftermath...
... is Silence...