

# Wrath of the Sorcerer

Skullview

Long ago in a distant land  
There lived a sorcerer, a mystical man  
He wore a cloak of gold and a wand  
Which glowed from his fist  
His eyes were bloodshot red  
With an evil wrath in his mind  
No one man could hold him back  
For it's the wrath of the sorcerer's time

All fear the wrath of the sorcerer  
All heed the wrath of the sorcerer  
Can you feel the wrath of the sorcerer  
The magic from his wand

Many came from across the hills to see  
This mysterious god  
They praised him and begged for mercy  
To spare their pathetic lives

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The magic from his wand

The magic will guide us  
To his mystical throne  
Let us free the enslaved child

The sorcerer is the master  
A beggar for the leader of hate  
Cast out by the demon Urunser  
Destroyed by an angel of fate  
Beheaded tortured and slaughtered  
Burned and tied to a stake  
Persecuted bastard wizard  
Gaze into the eye of the snake

Hear the screams, mystic dreams  
Hold him back, feel his wrath, of the sorcerer

Wizardry is an awesome power  
Partake from the fruit of the tree  
Open eyes of wonder  
A trip too far to see  
If you dare to ignite the candle  
And roam to the Valley Of Gull  
You shall find the magic  
And chant the words"  
"Alantera Malatera Lantar"

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