

Misery Hymn

The Red Shore

As we rise they fall
They will fail to purify their praiseworthy land
Underneath a heretical sky
Our torn wings will cry revenge
Out of the darkness
The inception
Our darkest hour
Is behind us now
Blood shall rain upon their empire
It won't stop until the glory is ours
For we have already fallen
There is nothing to lose
And as sure as the sun will set
Their reign will meet its end
So awaken my banished brethren
It is time to reclaim what they have taken
We will not go quiet
We will not play dead
Broken wings with the anatomy of deception
We will rise from chaos to elude this damnation
Hail horror, hail infernal world
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven