

## Infinite Legions

3 Inches of Blood

Dark meteors, pale demons aside,  
Hurlled relentlessly across the night sky  
Zealots of creation to a theory  
Chained, they'd kill for their faith or die,  
Never to kneel; they slaughter all lords,  
On the souls of the faithful, faithless demons gorge  
A curse upon you, all you deserve,  
All seem to think they are on  
The truth path, a plague so vile, none shall survive  
The righteous will tighten its grip on the free  
Claiming their god is the one to believe  
The beast is emerging a danger untold  
Trying to suppress what can't be  
Controller, a curse upon you  
All you deserve, can you explain  
How it is the lord's will  
A plague so vile, none shall survive,  
Infinite legions of conquering hordes,  
A curse on their blades,  
A hex on their swords  
Unholy minions,  
Their mark heaven's domain  
Caressing the leather that  
Binds up the tome  
They'll die on their knees  
When the lies have been shown  
Fire and brimstone are  
Eden's demise,  
The great opposition  
It's time to arise, slayers  
Of angels, haters of god  
Infinite legions victorious  
And strong  
Heathen armies  
Ceaseless advance