Count The Dead

Abbath

Grimshard Lord of northern Reach
Heed the dread Hel can teach
Despair in halls of burning keep
Taste the tears kinfolk weep
See the twilight realm you rule
Land aflame, flesh our fuel

Inspire men at arms, the brave who have not fled
Lead ire on final charge, until no soul is left
To count the dead

Greybeard swing your broken sword
In killing arcs' terminal stroke
Let battle-cry rip from throat
As lungs fill with acrid smoke
Swallow bile of livid fear
On which you choke so cavalier

Inspire men at arms, the brave who have not fled
Lead ire on final charge, until no soul is left
To count the dead

Cataracts cloud your streaming eyes
Glory fades in dying light
Banners bright drained of colour
Grey in dusk of deadly night

Old Lion maimed draw your knife
End your worthless life
Kneel before the Raven Hordes
Of Ice, Fire and Strife

Lord Warden where's your flock?
Sons lie slain at your feet
Daughters shamed by reaver's cock
Your champions butchered meat

Grimshard Lord of northern Reach
Heed the dread Hel can teach
Despair in halls of burning keep
Taste the tears kinfolk weep
See the twilight realm you rule
Land aflame, flesh our fuel
Upon the carcass of the world
Cenotaph for the scourged

Inspire men at arms - the brave who have not fled
Lead ire on final charge - until no soul is left
To count the dead

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