

Terrorkommando Eligos

Abigor

Driving deep down the lance of darkness
into the hearts of all clean and pure
Blessed souls, one by one they're confronted
with the terror troops under his command

And they fear the noble Duke's grim countenance
And they flinch his sullen face

He brings the great coldness of hearts

When epe canons of the lawful thunder
and the lightnings of the just crash down
We stand in line and hoist the flag of darkness
Only push forward the sheep into the pit

We have summoned sinister forces
Bonded with demonic aristocracy
Infernal law raised up on earth
Cursed in the seed of his enemy

Abigor rising, Eligos ascending

Our spirit crossed the desert
Ancient blood flows from our wounds
From the wet graves of chthonic slumber
we have returned

No man has ever risen
if fettered by restraint

Raise the flag for the final battle
Under the banner of Eligos
We march into the night