

There's No Wine Like the Blood's Crimson

Aeternus

Bloodred sky
Bloodred fields
The sun in it's last breath
Providing the shadows of the trees
A moment to dance before death
Still - Their makers dance
In the cold breeze
That gives to me the stench

Of blood not yet cold
And torn dead flesh

I raise my hammer of war
To call my vulture
Up high it flues from the fields
From it's kingdom it sees
The most wonderful sights
Dead men - Wounded worms
The remains of a conquered land
My slaughtery and victory

My hammer shall not yet rest
From the north I hear
Hordes of young men
How unaware they are of their peoples
Angel of death
Their blood shall paint my armour
As I slay them all brutally

Down the hill they ride
I greet them with my warcry
As I slam my hammer into the grown
Come to me mortals

My wary hatred engraves
Fear in their faces as they see their death
I am war, I am death
My hammer crushes skulls and bones
Screams of fear
My swords thirst driwbs in blood
Tears and begging for mercy
I laugh and kill
I am the god of war
I am Ares