

Of A Stormgrey Vision

Alghazanth

Let Thy sword fall upon the necks of the feeble and the foolish
Raise thy fist in glory, smash the crosses to thousand little pieces
Give your commands unto the firestorms, may the flames caress the sky
Lead the whirlwinds towards the masses and as harvested they shall fall

Agony and fear arise in black shapes, both are here to torment the weak
Listen how they cry for their "god" that never existed the way they thought
He is not a saviour nor is he a king, never was and never shall be
Only a coward without any reason to be a ruler

This world shall be given to those who roam the paths of the dark Unseen
This world shall be reborn to greet its true owners
This world shall be laid in the shade of lightless day, dawnless morning

Just give us Thy sword, it'll be our scythe
Just give us Thy sign, and we will be the Damnation

All the honour is Yours
I feel Thy unclean powers run through me
A river of blood, all shed with our hands
Faithfully we follow Thy commands