

The Curse

Becoming the Archetype

Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men
Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men

A thousand years had passed
After the water turned black
The curse spread quickly through the masses
Internal attack
The angel of death
Kept us alive
We crumbled in his hands
Beneath his watchful eye

There was no way to escape
Prognosis terminal

Inevitable ruin our fate
'Til the arrival

He descended like fire from the heavens
Like a bolt of lightning from the sky
We crossed an ocean of death to reclaim him
Bringer of hope, giver of life

Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men
Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men

The water of life
He carried with him
We dashed it to the ground
Careless and desperate

A parade of corpses moving
Closer to extinction

Inexorable extirpation
Is there another way

He descended like fire from the heavens
Like a bolt of lightning from the sky
We crossed an ocean of death to reclaim him
Bringer of hope, giver of life

Bring us back there
To the source
Bring us back there
To the source
Bring us back there
To the source
Bring us back there
To the source

Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men

Welcome to the world of dead men
Dead men