Blood Vortex

Bloodbath

Speaking by the name of Seti
The effigy speaks through
A mask made of human skin
Godless fallen soul impaled
A name must be upon you
Before we will let you in

Bloodshed in the name of sorrow
Stone is cast for the enemy to walk in harms way
We will make him burn and burn again
Lost in the vortex he is gone no blessing underway

Coming of flood
Sickening god
Bring him to me
Torrent of blood

Rid us the disease of mankind
Unseen is he who will
Ultimately control the gift
Blocking out the sun
Our chains eroded
We are finally set adrift

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