

The Hour Of Wrath

Folkodia

A tell voice rides upon the wind
As it blows
Through the forest of our arrayed spears:
This fell voice is my killing command...

Ten leagues ride as the raven flies
Pounding past the fields of demise
In shame, neath crossed Samnite pikes
Lo! I have returned from my exile...

Now those who stand and face me
Shall come to know me as death!
Now those who turn and flee from me
Shall come to know me as revenge!

A sword is in my hands, a fire in my eyes -
There's hatred in my heart that burns white:
A the hour of my wrath you will all fucking die!

Called forth from the grave
By creed of ancient pride
Through your gates I bestride:
I have come for your life!

I'm coming down as a maelstrom
On the bread, black, leathery wings
Of a long prophesized armageddon
For I am the avenging hand of God!

A sword is in my hands, a fire in my eyes -
There's hatred in my heart that burns white:
At the hour of my wrath you will all fucking die!