

Crepuscular Battle Hymn

Inquisition

Claws carving deep into wounds of war
Blood dripping slow from my axe of steel
Crushed from the blow of my hammer strike
Thrones made of gold crumble from the blast

War, lord of mine bring me holy blood
Knife in my fist aiming to the gods
Black is the fire burning from the throne
Ash, falling down as the heavens burn

Black spell calls... death!
Black spell calls... war gods strike!