

Storm Of Evil

Isengard

Tell me sweet ones, what would you say
if you were going to die today?
a meaningless death for others than me
the gods have spat on your destiny
the seed of rot has flowered your minds
stenching harder for each word you say
go ahead, think your last godless thoughts
- your last I'm sure as hell they'll be
yeah

(I say) you'll die freezing
in the storm of evil

(I say/yeah) the hornd proclaiming armageddon
is the sign of the storm of evil

speeches of dis-worship calls forth the divine
slice your words with the lashes of the whip
your soul bleeds bloods as it pounds on your skin
we drink from the chalice of frightened screams
armageddon wields its rusty sword
casting plague upon the weakest of souls
doom's evil eye fall exclusively upon you
- you, my dears, will be the first to fall...

only true believers will survive the storm of evil
'said only true believers will survive the storm
of evil

EXECUTE

we drink from the chalice of frightened screams