

The Hangman of Prague

Marduk

In the gothic splendor of the chapel of St. Menceslaus
Golden door with seven locks
Seven keys within your hand
Ancient crown of Behemia placed upon your head
Sharpening your spears
The hangman's disciple, vomiting forth death
Murderous power, radiate hate, harbinger of suffering
The malignance of maledomance rises beyond benevolence
Smite your foes that they may die
Splattering blood across the sky
Architect of genocide, by death taking pride
The shape of things to come
The shape of things to come
The shape of things to come
The shape of things to come
Thousand-eyed angel of death, armed with flaming sword
Spread your wings, let the killing begin
The hunter becomes the hunted, hangmen also die
Morning red, morning red shines us to soon be dead
Retaliating from beyond, killing, blood spilling
Wade through carnage
Seas of blood
Seas of blood
Morning red
Seas of blood
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