

## War of the Priests

Metal Inquisitor

Nevermore is too late, there's no reason of fate  
Now it's time to die, though war passed by  
It's a feeling to kill, it's a permanent thrill  
When soldiers cry, when the bullets fly

Down - deep - dark/Waiting fear  
Brown- creep - sharp/Let us listen to the warrior

Royal, life - as chosen by the chapter  
Loyal, rise - as expected from the setter

An ancient man, from a violent clan  
They rip the frontier, his mastery's near  
Coming under the deep, here - in one sweep!  
When you're feeling alone, come to the master control

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Rising, storm - who cut the angel wings  
Dying, worm - attraction for the kings