## The Spawn of Lost Creation

**Old Man's Child** 

Memories from a dark, cold age where life was bound to suffer blessed with power and blessed with sin hunting down the ones that infest the wind arise from hell and join the crusade come forth and rise the banner of hate remnants from a distant past is all that remains the glory is lost, but the seed still grows when the sun fades below the trees we come on command as the moon rises upon the hills follow us far into the past in a time when the dark is killed the light and the sword ruled all when man was filled with hate warriors of the night death is your fate