

Torches

Satanic Warmaster

in the fire of a hundred burning churches
we've risen a sign to call the hordes into battle
flames from the wrathful eye of satan
burn to ashes those
tho still believe in thorn crown's salvation

...and when their corpses lie crushed on the fields of war
nothing remains of their faith but their mortal remains
now feeding the ravens,
our black arrows of death from the nightsky
in their dismal eyes a hunger
to gnaw christian flesh and return to the forest

end of life - death of light
our dawn embraces the sky
war from darkness - ritual of triumph
and god, onto your dead flesh
we carve the sign of satan