

To ashes We fall  
paralyzed and demoralized  
from unhallowed voices upon the wind  
breathing in Our damnation  
Unleashing the hordes to immolate  
and the darkened angels to decimate  
the burning within Our chests  
all Our futures laid to rest

Necropolis  
these hearts of decay  
a crown, buried on the heads of the damning Necropolis these h  
earts of  
decay a crown, buried on the heads of the damning

The shadows frenzy around the weak  
a light from the blur is dimming bleak  
where We face our battles won  
wings to ride in the blistered sun  
Where the voices are drowning  
into a sea of despair  
until They rise above  
with bloodied fists in the air

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A march upon perdition  
while We storm the gates from hell to heaven This march upon p  
erdition  
while We storm the gates from hell to heaven

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