

The Vampyre

Tribulation

Hear them calling the children of the night
The curse will last until the end of time
Enduring it for centuries through darkness and pale death
Time is an abyss prodound as a thousand nights

Mysteries from a long forgotten era
Enough in chills of rancid death
Sweeping his way like a shadow
Reaping his harvest plague

The black death
The black death
From the seed of Belial he rises
Spreading his sickening breath

From landscaves of grey
In the land of the phantoms
With a touch as cold as the night
He's reaping his harvest plague

The black death
The black death
From the seed of Belial he rises
Spreading his sickening breath

The glowing moon
The march of rancid rats
The love to the darkness
The mysteries of the bat
Blood is the lifestream
Blood is why he kills
For he is eternal
Blood will forever still

As one with the darkness
As one with death
Devouring your flesh