

Blood of the Legion

Urgehal

This starless night marks The Devil's sign
A catharsis of serpent blood
The impure balance of liberation
The necroshadows spreads its wings
Over the blackgrand temple of death

We march to Hell in glorious triumph
Under the sign of the rabid moon
The spears of the trident shines the night
Raise the chalice with the blood of deceivers
Here we stand, the true believers

Look into the gate of His high place
We are carriers of strength, we are goatstench
We are the weapons, we are the storm
The dirge of the underground
The flames from below that burn us down

Necroshadows
Temple of Death
Rabid Moon
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[Solo: Byron Braidwood]

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