

Plague Rider

Witchery

Swarming cross the nations, he reeks of Death,
Of suffering and pain
The underpected visitor, the unfortold,
The uninvited guest

A swarming lethal mass, sickening and...
Indifferent to his rampage,
He feels no guilt - he feels no shame at all
He's struck down civilizations,
But millions are yet to fall..

A stench of putrid flesh, a dealer of death

Wone he spreads the seeds
... of vile and foul disease
Bathe the world in plague

A trail of dead - in his way
A path of death - there's no escape
A companion of a man - a timeless faith
A festering evil - we all shall face

Burning, Melting, Freezing, Dying...!

Wone he spreads the seeds
... of vile and foul disease
Bathe the world in plague

The seeds are alone he spreads
Disease of vile and fould
But in plague the world shall fall
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