

Warhammer

"The Winter Of Our Discontent"

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A whispering wind blows mournful over the scorched
plains
Unnoticed by the ignorant masses the end has begun
Will the praised new leader be as foolish as his
precursor
And will he gather total mischief around him to spread
out?

Let this winter of our discontent be over
Finish the cruelty and embrace another day
Will we stay or are we condemned to fall?

A long awaited decision is about to be pronounced
Fate has been stressed for an awful long time
The judge of dusk stays back in preposterous rapture
He nourishes himself from solitude he likes to share
The whispering wind swells to a grinding roar
For the final battle they start to prepare
All hopes are torn apart by grim morbidity
The path to "hell" is paved with so many bad intentions

The winter of our discontent will never be over
Embrace the cruelty, let this be the last day
I want to fall, and you will too...
("The Winter Of Our Discontent")

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