

## **3 Inches Of Blood "Black Spire"**

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In the reaches of the old haunted trees  
A place where legend speaks of terrible things  
I've heard the rumors of the evil in the hills  
Spire of the tower a beacon for the damned  
Its force of will grips you like an unseen hand  
A blacked spire rises high against the sky  
Casting shadows on the land  
You cannot turn away your mind has been possessed  
Another victim to fulfill the darkened quest  
Hollowed eyes of all the fools who came too near  
Set upon the unsuspecting world below  
Forged long ago in ancient forests  
Now, alone it stands

Against this desolate earth  
Since long before our time  
These walls have unleashed plagues of war  
These fools have unleashed plagues of war  
Into the land  
Long ago an ancient malice left its mark  
Awoken by the curiosity of men  
Black spire looms above the edifice of pain  
Calling all its allies to rise up from the pit  
Drawn towards seduction and the power of the curse  
The thunder of chaos boils in the sky  
For on this infernal night the human race dies  
Force of will, cold and cruel, can't resist, power of the  
curse

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