

Abigail Williams

"Acolytes"

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[Music: Sorceron and Ellyllon, Lyrics: Sorceron]

The kingdom of heaven is foundering
A foulness to the race of man
Where they worship in the lands of the north
Where elder gods still lie in slumber

In the dim light behold the vengeance
Of the infinite abyss

Their seasons
Their blood
There is nothing but reservoirs of darkness
Their seasons
Their blood
There is nothing

Rise
Stricken with fear and repent
Rise
Stricken with fear
The darkest clouds form an alliance
They're pounding away at the dawn
(rise)
Where the cold waters tread fear

The kingdom of heaven is foundering

A foulness to the race of man
The blackest of tides is rising
Storming across the heavens

In the dim light behold the vengeance
Of the infinite abyss

Divine diseases
Ailments of infinity
Dwells no part of empyrean virtue
I bid you haste

Their seasons
Their blood

There is nothing but reservoirs of darkness
Their seasons
Their blood
There is nothing

Rise
Stricken with fear and repent
Rise
Stricken with fear
The darkest clouds form an alliance
They're pounding away at the dawn
(rise)
Where the cold waters tread fear

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