

Burning Shadows "Force Of Fire"

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Blood of the wretchÃ“d one, cursed are their souls
Drunk with their own fallacies, a mental parole
Slaves to these the errored flesh, another mind to rape
The force that paves the way, a deepened dusk relates

I have regained the throne, nighted is your lorde
I embrace that which I am, remnants of the dark sword
Preposterous few, impaled mass, the thinkers are
braindead
Pretense that foresaw the end, or those who wept
instead

Force of Fire

The Hand will slowly, faint of heart, descend to the
black gate
So a nebulous creation, dims it's pale lore of fate
The hooded elder ones will tell the sickening rasp of
old
The wizardry of ancient times, a decadence so cold
Weapon wielding, demon yielding murderous
machines
Who set ablaze a mortal fire for casualties unseen
The enemy released his minions and his darkest
knights
Consuming total phantom faith, for endless sinful strife

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They had crossed a godless time with Angel
Symphonies
Healing harps of Seraphim gave way to your decease
Whitest Hand of Western hills set out for the conquest
To kill the Eye in the name of Good the wound upon it's
breast

Equestrians into the hills prepare to deem your death
The Hand, misled by pious blood saw that nothing was
left
Livid was the demon beast ascending from the sea
When shadows fell about the horrid, catatonic plea

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