

Bathory

"Day Of Wrath"

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Finally the purifying storm
First we die then be reborn
So flock the banner of The Return now fight and die
Many head serpent is here at our side

Wagnerian end the grand finale is here
Awash with red blood rebirth is near
Feel wind of Mayhem against your face
Bugle divine can be heard throughout space

If in the heat of battle you will have doubt
Just kill them all and let their God sort them out
The tales of this day will replace tomorrows weep
For when thou wind doth saw then storm thou shall
reap

On the final day
The angel heart lies cold Under The Sign
And crimson still the frozen Blood On Ice
Drawn on walls in blood of goats the Octagon
The vagrant souls will chant the Requiem until the
Twilight is long gone

Suck the leaves of otherness and lie down with the
facces goddes
Eat from her rotten flesh there is no life before death
Now the sky is crimson with blood of angels
Kneel before the voice face the anger of God

Day Of wrath

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