

Darkmoon

"Writhing Glory"

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Attack the enemy
Main all in your path
Cast the curse of contorting pain
Dominate with your blade
The lines we penetrate
Conquer their mighty realm
Bring them all to their knees
Leave all the remains behind
Path of bloodshed, strike down upon
Strangle their lords, hail the conquering
Royal life is laid to waste, hang them high
Let them witness their agony
Win the battle, ignite the town
Angry warriors of the night, light their resin
Mighty kings of the wicked realms
Victory is present when no life is spared

Reign in black ruin
Cauldrons boiling hot
Molten wax drips
Flames arise, wicked cinders

Ashes, burn the flesh
Chants of black fill the air!

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