

## Deadline

### "The Year Of The Crow"

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Into the sky, into the blood drenched skies...his soul  
flew away to rally the death-hordes up in heaven....  
And wherever his soul may go his words shall bring  
blood and honor...

Hunt down the unworthy and the traitors soon it will  
come the year of the crow... who will save you now,  
from the sins of your fathers, while the death-hordes  
prepare

For the final battle....hail.....to the battlesky.....hail.....the  
year of the crow...and while cold winds of death  
penetrate the enemies hordesglorious are they  
Who ride these winds... for they truly are the rulers of  
the battlefields....demonic crow will be unleashed and  
will spread her wings like a plague.... it's the blood sent  
From the heavens and you still make the sign of the  
cross, you devils... hunt down the unworthy and the  
traitors.... soon it will come

The year of the crow... for they truly are the rulers of  
the battlefields... or did they really expect to reap love,  
while the seed is torture

And pain.... hail, to the battleskies; hail, mankind  
condemned to die in the year of the crow...

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