

Destro

"The Return Of The Geishmal Undead"

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Do you hear it, creaks of the oars?
Do you fear them, rowing in the skies?
Undead warriors that are blessed to fight for eternal
spoils of terror and war
How do you kill a spectre with a sword?

They come to rage
They fight with blades
Cold as ice but shears flesh just the same
They soar the night in haunted skies
In their ship of doom
The Geishmal undead

Cursed are the streets
That run red with the blood of children
And the guts of war

The Geishmal undead

They come to rage
They fight with blades
Cold as ice but shears flesh just the same
They soar the night in haunted skies
In their ship of doom
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They come to rage
They fight with blades
Cold as ice, shears flesh just the same
They soar the night in haunted skies
Their ship of doom
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No spoils were taken
For their own
Pleasure is in the cold-blooded
Slip between flesh and bone

They come to rage
They fight with blades
Cold as ice but shears flesh just the same

They soar the night in haunted skies
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