

Bloodthorn

"Death To A King"

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As the dying sun sets behind the mistveiled mountains
and the shadows grow deep amidst the Aeidolon
Fangs
The snowclad peaks almost hid by the cold evening fog
gleams with hellish fire under the deep blue northern
sky

Hidden in the shadows thousand red eyes gleam in the
fading light
As the army starts it's decent the mountainsides come
a live
Crawling darkness bringing death through cold black
shining metal
Reaping lives of mortal men in a bloodcrazed madness

As the hordes of evil tear apart the ranks of the mortal
army
A black steed brings it's master swiftly 'cross the
battlefield
Morthion attacks in spiteful malice his warhammer
sheading blood
A shape so twisted by magic and evil his mere
presence bringing death

The tortured screams of a thousand dying men haunt
the midnight sun
A black mass of destruction brought slaughter clad in
fear
The moon's grim face laughs in scorn upon the total
death
The shapeless twisted darkness spread pestilence with
it's breath

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