

Evile

"Revelations From An Old Age"

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Over the hills legions joined together
Their shadows cut the night
Drums mark the time of the march
The smell of death mix with the frozen north winds

The moon shine reflects on the steel of the elm and
swords
Devils of war in silence accompany
And wait for the beginning of the end

The world burns in flames
Only destruction is see
Rivers of blood and whispers of pain
Feed the hate that constanly grows

Creatures of the night go with us
Sharing melancholy and the silence of the night
Smelling out the blood that clots
On the swords blades

Impaled bodies make up a huge corridor
That delimits the way and disappears on the horizon
Black wings cut the fog that interlaced in shadows

Their distortion shapes are mixed with reality

The return is marked by anguish
Displeasure torments my silence
Reality seems unreal to me
The bodies are mixed with the ruins

Burnt by the enemy fire
Smoke suffocates the innocent voices
I feel the presence of those who are gone
In the winds that blow from the mountains

Terror distorts visions
Of a new age
There's no more hope
Only pain and hate...

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