

Exmortus

"Black Xiii"

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Call forth the wizard
My patience has run low
Youve failed me once more, bastard demon
With your alchemy and crows

Summon the black
Black thirteen
Crafted by the King
Summon the black
Black thirteen

The glass shows the way
He must perish by the gun
Yet still he rides towards the tower?
His quest can not be won!
Black thirteen
Crafted by the King
Summon the black
Black thirteen

I know I must destroy thee
So time can surely fall

Black thirteen

Burn
Scorn
Hell never reach End-Worlds gates
The last will be un-mourned

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