

Finnugor

"Lycanthropic Warmasters"

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Broadswords, battle axes
Daggers and body shields
Thousands of flaming torches
Overrun the battlefield

Constellation of black stars
Condemnation of black gods
Darkness sighs with breathing smile
Madness strikes with snapping bites

Thousands of knights and serves
Are advancing against their tyrants
The bastions of the castle are burning like timber
Lycanthropic warmasters are roaring like thunder

The smell of fear is fluttering in the breeze
All the blood in the hearts start to freeze

You will meet your fate on this fiery night
Salvation will be yours by a flesh tearing bite
Armours are suseless to get on!
This will be your Armageddon!

The Root of all evil has been growing
For neverending centuries, it's growling
Under the darkest tunnels of the castle
Hidden like a dying rabid wolf: it's useless!

Constellation of black stars
Condemnation of black gods
The Root feeds the warlords
With the vigour of werewolves

You will meet your fate on this fiery night
Salvation will be yours by a flesh tearing bite
In your fear you'll forget the stories about Heaven
This day will be your execution, your final
Armageddon!

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