

Fog

"In The Sorrow Of A Crimson Sea"

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Since time of old
It has been written
It shall come of darkness
The end of humanity is drawing near

Mere mortal flesh
Shall not stand the test of time
Upon mankind a horrible fury is unleashed

Wings of scale shall carry the messenger
The sickle of the ancient shall swing
Flooding the earth
Drowning all existence
In the sorrow of a crimson sea

All life shall end
When ancient blood spills upon the earth
While quenching the thirst
Of thy elder blade

Unholy serpent rides above the clouds
Severing the heads of all marked by the beast
Master of the seven spells
Cast forth from hell
And the innocent are slain

Surfacing up from the great depths below

Reaching out consuming all
Horned beast of blackend hate
No longer harbored

Dark demons of apocalyptic deliverance
Rising from this crimson sea of darkness
Baptizing in flames
Lost souls of mankind

Crusading only to conquer
Onward we sail
Quest never ending
We superior race of men
I raise my chalice ad toast to thee

Set forth unholy quest
We fee the earth the blood of our enemies
Searching all lands delivering death
Enslavement of those blessed to survive

Fall to worship thy steel

Sword and axes bloodstained red
No armor fends our steel
Crushing all with an iron fist
Onward we sail forevermore

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