

Forlorn "Legions Of The Empire"

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Raven shadow, shine on them
Given them the strength of the ancients
Given them wings, blessed be
This undead disharmony

Dark moon, old as death
Virgins, pure as snow
Fullmoon's sweet breath
Ride the undead

Dive into battles with pride
Merge with a battery of spells
Army of apocalypse
To the end of history we ride
To the source of power
To breed legions of our own

Dark moon, old as death
Virgins, pure as snow
Fullmoon's sweet breath
Ride the undead

Arise

Behold you are the warriors
That will gather galaxies to th throne
Fulfill with dignity

Dark moon, old as death
Virgins, pure as snow
Fullmoon's sweet breath
Ride the undead

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