

Funeral Dark

"The Arrival Of Satans Empire"

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The unholy war, when Satan's demons are smeared
in blood.

Feathers fall from angel wings, from the sky.

Father Satan gather your legions, it is time to claim
your throne.

The arrival of your dominion, so long been gone.

So gather now my legions, it is time to fight for our
lord.

Hail Satan, scream the masses, smeared in angel's
blood.

Lords of war, the wings of twelve, open all the gates.

Fly high into the canopy; bring to me the head of god.

Hell lord, unholy father.

Your wish is my command.

I will cut the liar throat; Christian blood will fall to the
ground.

Demon legions, fly through the gates.

Into the darkened sky.

Held up high, the spears of evil.

As they run, through angels flesh.

They scream out in pain, as they see their kingdom fall.

Angel tears fall to the ground, as Satan again will
reign.

Lords of war, the wings of twelve, open all the gates.

Fly high into the canopy; bring to me the head of god.

Hell lord, unholy father.

Your wish is my command.

I will cut the liar throat; Christian blood will fall to the
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