

Horncrowned "The Adversaries"

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War is our path
Towards the deserved victory
There won't be piety
With our saints adversaries
Only war
Will immortalized our realm

I bring too much hate
In my mind, in my soul
I want to sow terror
And scatter the fire
That in darkness is borned

The decadent heavens cries
It's ruin. it's rubbles
Unchained legions take by storm
It's desolated landscape
Filled with impaled corpses

Squadrones of demons siege
The celestial fortress
That now incite
Attraction for death...
Is a beautiful view

The battlefield invites us
To a cruent and incarnated strife
Wich only purpose
Is to destroy the sacred empire

The infernal troops
Protected by the sign of the pentagram
And feeded by a giant hate and rage
Will follow the great king
Wich greatness is horncrowned

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