

## Cataract "Hallow Horns"

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A poetic rhythm brought by the storm  
No grace, no glory - pure pleasure in Pain  
Two horned master is on the rise  
Deaths riding in by the storm  
they are driven Cant you hear  
the screams - we are the damned  
We are the feast for the unholy priest  
Master and Servant, the puppets are on  
Man has to retreat for the masters brigade  
Listen ! Listen ! Listen !  
to the hallow horn Listen to hallow horn  
A new race will be born Listen to hallow  
horn A new race will be born  
The undefeatable legion Will kill the great pigeon  
This is one of many futuristic and symbolic looks  
at how the world will once come to an end.  
Looking at the wars that are been fought  
all over the world. We are nothing else than heading  
straight into our decline. As we are raising hell  
everyday, we have woken up the two horned master.  
He is awake for the free blood. Soon there will be a big death storm  
raging around the earth with his legions leading it.  
They will come to take our lost souls and bring back purity with fire.  
He will be marching in with glory horns and will be leaving a bloody soil.  
And we give support day by day.

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