

Liar Of Golgotha

"Forthcoming Bloodstorm"

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With his curse, the exhumed Lord made us of his breed
and destined us to dwell the streets at night.
And within the future decade our race will be supreme.
With this Royal blood, given by the King,
Flowing though our veins, we increase our numbers to
restart the bloodstorm.
"Hear me, breed of the Nosferatu Lord, gather and
organise.
And then I give the sign, the start of war will be in the in
the past"

On the hill in the black and dying forest the thousands
of our race will come together and feast for the
newborn age, the age of extermination.
On the bed of stones the King looked upon his crowd
and smiled a grim deep face of pleasure.
"Tomorrownight, when the clocks strike twelve in the
mighty Carpathian mountains,
We rise from our tombs and start off the assault.
Prepare to conquer!"

And a mighty battle will take over.
Forcing down the justified law to be replaced by the
laws of elder times.
A rage of blood and flesh to feast upon by warriors of
death.
And they will blessed by nature, which will fight along
it's sides.

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