

Lord Belial "Trumpets Of Doom"

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Hear the call for war; let the trumpets of doom sound
Choose your weapon, march towards the battleground

Majestic hordes of boundless fury
Striving for survival and prosperity
Walking tall with pride and weapon in hand
Among the enemy bodies on the ground

Sound the trumpets of doom

Never fall, never surrender
No compassion shall be given
Nor shall any sympathy be displayed
Hold the heart of those succumbed by might
Wreak havoc within the soul and mind of the enemies

Chaos and fury, blooded ground and screams in the
air
This cold night has claimed the life of countless men
Trample the earth, crushing the opposition with no pity
Tedious opponent lacking both courage and spirit

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