

Lord Kaos "Red Sky Of Angels Dying"

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I await the moon of death
The blackest night of the fifth moon rising
Ride closer to the heavenly gates
Warlords deep as the furthest realm
The white light blinds me

Pillars come closer, the night mist
Sounds my horn for the night eclipse
Where I will destroy the loved ones of god
Who must die

Angels to be hung from the gates of heaven
Wings slain off, red will the sky be

My pain is my knife, the moon casts a spell
All that is dark comes to me
In every thought they wait to die
As blood spills from the red sky
Death washes ashore

Smell of roses... great dark
Armed with jagged Edge, a dead sleep forever
Conquests on riding mountain shores
For these Waters red in the moonlight
I wash my body, of blood dried skin,
Impurities I wash within me
Cobble stones of death, lead from the water edge

To my thone, unchallenged by Christians (dead)
I strike my sacred sword and bleed the ground
So fertile with its new kings
For immortal I will always rule with two
Visions of the coldest on nights

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