

Lorde Of All Desires "The Vision Of Death"

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Visio venit ut dormiebam
Satis doctrinae postremo expleta rerum
Futurarumque gestarum
Portavit haec mihi visio
Came on the wings of a storm
to seal the fate of mankind
Each shall bring a gift of horrors
'til this world is no more
Dark army marching
cup of life runneth dry
As the sobbing winds of death
seep from a tortured grip
from the bowels of life
thou shalt slip
Clouds churn amidst the horizon as
thunder growls through the hills
Now, worldwide mayhem and
devastation, eternal war has begun
Dark army marching
born now to this world
Leave no stone unturned
leave in their wake
the river of blood
to cleanse the earth of its plague
A time of chaos begins
the day of reckoning for us all
and although foreseen nothing
could have prevented its horrors.
Famine, Pollution, War and Death...
our four gifts grow to earthly proportions
The ones sworn to protect have turned on us all
sweeping through every nation
Decide now where your soul shall keep eternal slumber
for no man shall escape death's suffocating embrace
Awake to a world as black as night
the devastated earth lit by sacrificial pyres

The pungent scent of death burns my eyes, slowly
I walk towards my fate
Dark army marching
cup of life runneth dry
As the sobbing winds of death

seep from a tortured grip
from the bowels of life
thou shalt slip
Trapped in our earthly tomb we wait
as the sun fights to break through
but ashen snow from burning corpses
chokes out the light,
evoked eternal night
Dark army marching
born now to this world
Leave no stone unturned,
leave in their wake
the river of blood
to cleanse the earth of its plague
Came on the wings of a storm
and sealed the fate of mankind
Each brought their gift of horror
and this world is no more
Dark army marching
the cup of life has run dry
As the sobbing winds of death
seep from a tortured grip
from the bowels of life thou hath slipped
Clouds churn amidst the horizon
thunder did growl through the hills
darkness now reigns on this earth
your blood has fueled the rebirth
Dark army marching
born now the new world
Left no stone unturned
left in their wake
the river of blood
has cleansed the earth of its plague.

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