

Lordes Werre "Grendel"

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Herot Hall, that cursed music and happiness
Shall forever by his fiendish oath be dissolved

Who's domain is deep in the haunted moors
At the base of a murky serpent filled lagoon
Who's devoted to always break God's law
Feasting Hrothgar's helpless dormant subjects

As daylight fades, arising from obscure slumber
Trampling out of the misty hills and marshes

Conceived of She-wolf, spawned in foul slime
His eyes glow angrily bright through darkness
Making repasts of Hero's warriors who sleep
Tyranny of this hall is now totally achieved

Bloodlust drives his only motive, evil wrath
Glorification and nourishment lie in his slaughters

No blade can harm this unholy flesh
Enlongened claws with such razor precision
Jaws of strength with no mortal contention
Soul and mind always in a constant rage

Sworn to a creed of eternal sin and greed
The shepard of evil and the guardian of crime

As dark as the air, as black as the rain
That the Heaven's weep
Grendel !

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