Lordian Guard "Battle Of The Living Dead"

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The morning has come with the dawn of the sun and the masses arise to the day.

They meet their despair in pointless travail, lost in the maze of the world where Death is the stage. For Mammon they live, to themselves they will give of treasure and gluttonous pride.

To Self they bow down, they worship their crown, alive in the eyes of the world by Death lives inside. Arise my friends, arise!
The sword is the spirit of life.
Awaken your souls, that you may never die, in the Batlte of the Living Dead.

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