

Malk De Koijn

"My Last Touching Battlefield"

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I raise my sword of steel
A steel that sparkles in the sun of the noon

I make them to bleed until the death
I bleed on behalf of the Seven Oceans

Your horror screams are my pleasure
And my howls are for my victory

To the hill sigh for the dead
In that dreadful view survey lies my crown of Kether

I arise to Tiphereth heading for the pagan sadness
Pagan sadness that frees me of the malkuthian chains

In my last touching battlefield
All die and I just resurrect infinitely
In my last touching battlefield
Because Toth wants like this

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