

## **Cirith Ungol**

# **"Master Of The Pit"**

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Pray you never kneel,  
To the Master of the Pit.  
Violently stirring their brew of corruption,  
Lords of the dark summon certain destruction,

Pray you never kneel,  
To the one who calls you slave.  
With the hearts and tongues of the Gods in their  
hands,  
The Legions of Hell bellow forth their commands.

Bow down and kneel,  
To the Master of the Pit.  
Though the powers of Chaos are those you abide,

You raise your sword to cast him aside.

You know there's no escape,  
When you see your world in flames.  
As the hellrains pound the darkening land,  
Man and sword begin their last stand.

You know you'll never kneel.  
To the Master of the Pit.  
- Feverish prayers of life everafter,  
As your doom driven blade drinks the soul of the  
Master.

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