

Marduk

"Dracole Wayda"

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Back in Transylvania to be met by the news
Which stuck the christian world as a blaze
Konstantinopel has fallen into the hands of the turks
And the emperor Konstantin is dead
The fear of the turks is growing but the sword of Dracul
Will show the muslims the reapers face
Vlad now took shelter in Sibiu so the coloured ones
Couldn't manage to get his head
A servant of god in league with Satan
A christian crusader who made the angels cry
A defender of moral and faith with nature bread by
hellspawn
As driven by demonforces his army the muslims and
christians defy
But four years after his departure from the town Vlad
appeared outside
town
In the forest cold haze
His wallachian army slaughtered, tortured and
plundered Sibiu
As raging demons terror they spread
Teared apart, impaled on poles now ten thousand of
his countrymen
into the afterworld gaze

Maimed and scatterd a few survivors, always to
remember this day
Out into the night fled
A servant of god...
Dracul now repair his castle which the tartars centuries
ago
Made a rampaged place
"His clothes had to work til the clothes fell from their
bodies"
An old chronicle said
From Poenari Vlad rules with an iron hand and his strife
for power
Leaves a bloodstained trace
The boyars was gathered for a meeting and soon on
poles
They dying bleed
To cherish the soulds of his subjects

In fear of divine punishment and hells embrace
Dracul raised abbeys and supported the church as a
sign
To the goodwill he god offered
But the mortals he by orgys of bloodshed and torture
Made clear that they Vlad had to praise
Eternal death to thee who had the nerv
To not the voivod and inquisitor dread
A servant of god...

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