

Nembrionic Hammerdeath "Towards The Unholy"

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And the roaring is the thought of fear, and this
patience marks the only master.
The claws, with grip on every hope. Sealing the fate in
the hereafter.
Towards, we fly, a victorious journey, allied in death,
the common portrait through suicide.
Unholy, oath of the noble blood, the well of bones,
bastards son, a thousand souls for the fallen one.

[Lead Marco]

[Lead Dennis]

And so the industry of death is here, his dynasty
beholds the throne supreme.
Thus predicted, lasting through time.
'So be it', whispers the cold, as I die.
Towards, we fly, a victorious journey, allied in death,
the common portrait through suicide.
Unholy, oath of the noble blood, the well of bones,
bastards son, a thousand souls for the fallen one.

[Lead Dennis]

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