

None Shall Return "Pray For A Swift Death"

Visit "[Pray For A Swift Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Shackles of pain and torment:
instruments to rip the flesh.
To bend and shatter the bones,
crimson fluids are drawn.

Spat on false gods and their dogs
the holy men, cursed the worlds of beyond
and those who follow them.
Spilled their blood, spilled their wine,
left them to die like the lord that beacons them.

Now doomed to rot, on a wooden cross.
Doomed to see the nails piercing through me.
Now doomed to rot, bound to this cross.
Yet I can see their justice, their ecstasy...

They extract the life out me!

I can feel the end, and pray for a swift death!

Led thousands into war knowing well that they would
fall...
Hanged men and burned their homes, mutilating both
young
and old.
Dark servants raped the land and claimed it in my
name.
My lust for death grew, devouring defenceless men.

Hey!
Hey!

Now the dead call for their king,
from the nether their voices ring,

those who live bound me in chains,
never to see daylight again...

Plotted against my kin for the gold that it would
bring.
Stabbing brothers in the back, oh the final glimpse
they had!

Final glimpse they had.

Ashes and dust, they lie gone.
But it didn't take long as my worst fear
I came to see my new allies betraying me.

Pure agony, they were forced to taste.
Begged and begged and begged,
yet none recieved a swift death.

Shackled by pain and torment,
ripped away from their flesh.
Heard the shattering of their bones,
felt crimson fluids flow!

I can feel the end,
I can see the end,
I can hear the end and I
pray for a swift death!

Swift
death.
Swift
death.
Swift,
swift death.

Swift,
death.
Swift,
death.
Swift,
swift death!

Pray for a swift death.

Visit [None Shall Return](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.