

# Ophthalmia

## "Time For War"

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[words: It ; tunes: It, Night, Bone]

Yah

Ride in the dust cut in the flesh lift your banners and  
hold 'em high

Head for the kill crush with your fist let us attack

Shrouded is the morning in the thickest of mists and  
cloudfilled is

The sky The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the  
fatal doom of mine

Enemies Fill me from the crown to toe top full of direst  
cruelty stop the passage to remorse At a womans

breast I will take the milk for gall

And not shake my fell purpose

A darkened shadow sweeps down over Ophthalmian  
world

With thundering hooves and blood raged stare I've  
turned the tides of

War Time for war time to die time to see That this  
might be your lonely

Death time to leave In this world of hate no flames will  
burn all hope is

Lost No more tears and no more fears just close your  
eyes

Yah

Ride in the dust cut in the flesh lift your banners and  
hold 'em high

Head for the kill crush with your fist let us attack

I wield my sword and reap the bitter winds of greatest  
pain

Triumphantly we raise our fists knowing we have won  
the war

Dead were the trees and barren the ground as the  
battle came to end

I am the warlord of the battle the majestic lord of total  
death

