

Crystal Waters

"Lord Of The Mourn"

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A Godlike figure
Half a man
Armed with vicious thoughts
To rule the land
The power tempts helping hands

Like flies they gather around to feast
Feeding this venomous conspiracy
War! This means war!

Worms around the crown
Empower the Might
To spread the scourge
In the village tonight
Cuts so deep, they will never heal

Pitch black darkness is their demise
Condemned to live in endless lie
War! This means war!

Lord of them all
Standing tall

Every day now:
Touch of fear is present
Days of joy are gone
Engines of death are grinding
Seeds of hate are sown

Hear the tyrant s call
Forever to the fall
Sign of a constant threat
Fatal and possessed
Hear the tyrant s call!

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