

Outworld "Grey Tide"

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Out of a twisted womb I crawl
The child of stone and tainted blood
And I

I am the chosen... I'm the one
Ordained to right the hand of God
The meek will drench the Altar

Suffer... Like me

Run, Run, Run... All will drown beneath the Grey Tide

As flesh is torn in the steel hail
Souls left to howl in the dark wind
And so the end

The many gods drawn to my side
Weave mighty spells... and for all time
I dwell within the ether

Suffer... Like me

Run, Run, Run... All will drown beneath the Grey Tide

Smoking ashes drifting through the sky, a thousand
voices asking why
"Ana-I nathrakh, u-rth va-s bethud, dokhje-I djenvo"

Rise, Rise, Rise, Rise

Suffer... Like me

Run, Run, Run... All will drown beneath the Grey Tide

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