

Darkness

"Warsaw"

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Warsaw
Comes forth
Blood shed
Tides turn
Grinding
Ripping
Turning
Corpse burn
Hate lost
Hate gain
Hateful
Hate slain
Bodies
Slaughtered
Turning
Captive

It's too
Late to revert your ways
Wings with scales
Now wings of fate
Raining thorns
Pain becomes your only pleasure
All that's left
It's sharpened fury

Unholy steel
Grinding waves of flesh
Pride
Victory dance of those unknown
Fear
Spread out throughout the masses
Storm
Thunder clap signifies the end

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