

Scythe "Passing The Scythe"

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Here He Stands Before Me The Only Feared
Angel Fierce And Strong
Been Expecting You For Centuries It Seems
But Now The Truth Will Finally Be Shown To Me
All Goes Black But I'm Not Alone
As He Gazes At Me With Pride From His Lifeless Throne
Where's My Walk Through The Streets Of Gold
Where The Voices Of The Angels Sing And Welcome My
Soul
To What Do I Owe The Oh Dark Enchanted Entity
Collector Of All Souls
Why Have You Not Graced Me With Your Cold Touch Of
Death
Or Brought Me To The Gates Of Heaven Or The Depths
Of Hell
Behold The New Life I Give To Thee
Come Forward And Claim Your Throne To Be
Kneel Down And Drink From The Lakes Of Flames
And Conjure The Keys To My Domain
As He Fades Away My Flesh Crawls To The Ground
The Reaper Of Life Reborn In Robes Of Black I Wear His
Crown
Kneel Down And Drink From The Lakes Of Flames
And Conjure The Keys To My Domain
The Grimaced Images Flash Before My Eyes
As I Witness Millions Of Humans Die
Why Have You Chosen Me To Fulfill Your Conquest Of
The Meek
Now Feel The Wings Protude Out My Back
Death Now Puts The Scythe Into My Hands

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