

## Sorrowstorm

# "The Arduous Warpath"

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The frame of mind of the wicked is filled with evil intentions  
Some are subtle and hide their acts with peaceful words  
Yet others hate with fury and bring the sword on the innocent  
The spear of pain, the sword of hatred, the axe of tyranny and despair  
The enemy will not rest, destruction becomes intense, where is our escape?  
Filling the cities with hatred

He who possesses ears, let him hear  
The one who sent me sees our grief; destroyer of those who oppose  
You see, the victory belongs to us  
Spiritual extacy overcomes  
We face the armies of despair  
Annihilate the Hordes of Hell

Raise the banners of the cross  
And the weapons of war  
We will fight to the death  
Until our war is won  
The wisdom behind us is eternal  
The ways of the wicked will perish  
Indescribable anger is seen throughout their lives  
How can they triumph if God is on our side  
Time to die, clash of warfare, many are slaughtered  
Of two opposing sides

With armies of angels at my side  
I conquer the earth with the sword  
The wretched men shall suffer, the fools shall fall  
The unholy judged by the one who saves souls  
The Arduous Warpath; The Arduous Warpath!

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