

Swordmaster

"Postmortem Tales"

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Metal shores and seas of bronze, magic spirit heart of
doom

Electric rain and rotting flesh, chiming bells of solid
bone

Welcome to the festival - raising Cain
Sarcasm and scorn as the serpent uncoils
You've come to taste death and the sentence of stone

Iron chains and colossal chaos - enslaving for the
power of death
Evoke the evolution - now draped in sharp thorns of
metal

Welcome to the festival - raising Cain
Sarcasm and scorn as the serpent uncoils
You've come to taste death and the sentence of stone

Unleash a will
To bring that venomous wind a heart of ist own

And to end
The dream spared from a haunting forse
Rip what's lionized
Speak with the tongue of pure abomination
Raise the fists
Nail the centre of the enemy's eye, O yeah!

You face the face of punishment - of fears unveiled by
the end
We taste the wind by chaos cursed and watch the
blades still their thirst

Sodomized and victimized
Postmortem tales - speak for the dead

Sodomized and victimized
Postmortem tales - speak for the dead
Living Cain - everreign
Postmortem place - blood's got to be shed

