

Swordmaster

"The Serpent Season"

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Raw metallic hours
Hard blaze of gold from the twilight vault
Catastrophe, yeah it'll come you'll see
We'll bring you the serpents time to be
Inebriant pythonic pulsation
The spawn of one great massive frustration
Prostrated by the stream of dread
Aggressive expressions as the ground turns red

And the burning coal
And the voice of the wind
Blends with the screams of rapture
Soul exile
Encounter the day cast in terrors so strong
Violation
The strategy will be revealed
As it conquer its cause
Exploring the pleasures of flesh
The structures all clad in black

Ruins metal rust
Blood mixed dust
Ruins metal rust
Black rampancy and wild wings of lust
Voices of the pagans
Screaming for the reason
Of the raw serpent season

Twisted sickle
Complete repercussion to a perfect impression
Mass obsession
Of the madness in possession
Hagridden by the haunting
Centre of the festival
The fields are overshadowed
By the coming of the wave
Sign of a new season
And the beating of its heart
See your visions torn apart

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