

## The Faceless

### "Horizons Of Chaos I: Oracle Of The Onslaught"

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From dusk till dawn , the poison siren sings her son  
Rage bleeds through her skin, walls of patience caving  
in  
Cowards caged by sword, still sheathed at the brink of  
war  
One flick of the wrist, his army shall cease to exist  
The horizons of chaos  
Cast down a plague, pestilent, vile dismay  
The horizons of chaos  
Whores of war, on their knees, begging for mercy  
High noon above the dunes, corpses caress these ruins  
Drifting across the wastelands, the siren starts to chant  
Fire in her eyes, bringing blackened skies  
A redemption for the restless, decimation of the  
fearless  
The horizons of chaos  
The fallen grip the sand, last breath, last stand  
The horizons of chaos  
Content with dying, the hopeless keep trying  
Warriors to walk the paths of the dead  
All is lost, kiss your cross

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