

The Gates Of Slumber "The Bringer Of War"

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A rage forged in wrathful fires
Flame plagued skies: funeral pyres
The heavy hand to silence liars
The wolf is off the chain
Suffer no guilt no crippling fears
Their blood will wash the pain of years
Still the voices one does hear
Deep inside the brain

On vultures wings now ride
Deaths black doves stalk the sky
On the wind the carrion cry
Fly forever; never to die
Magic are the beams they ride
Through the eons death on high
Lost souls ere beg, why
Doomed forever they cannot die
Let slip the dogs of war
Boundless hunger they cannot ignore
Jaws flecked with gore
Wrack your very core
Hunger evermore
Fear the bringer of war

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