

The Meads Of Asphodel "Sword Of The East"

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Lost in the gleaming hue of timeless war where the
twilight slain glisten in the shimmering waves of blood.
The spirits of murder are clothed in ash awaiting the
wind of evermore to disperse their hollow form.

I see the voices of peace wailing amongst an all-
consuming hatred,
I hear the images of skinless shadows lamenting from
the embers of reeking human remains.

Behold the withering delirium of harrowing slaughter
burning in an eastern blaze.
Nightmares arise from stillborn dreams to decay in a
pestilential tempest of Mesopotamian graves.
God live forever
But we do not

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