

Thyne Scabbard "Hordes Of The Shadow"

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Gun smoke and decay now fill the air,
Armed to the teeth we take our stand.
Decapitating the sons of darkness,
With my axe I'll leave them lifeless.

Hordes of the shadow still pressing on,
Consuming the living till the break of dawn.
Drops of blood turn into rivers,
As we trudge through the mounds of corpses.

Body's collapse like fallen empires,
I'll take their lives but they won't take mine.
When will the sun awaken from its slumber,
Or will the dark of night reign forever.

The dead will rise at midnight
Through the ashes they crawl from a midnight slumber
Then the demons will fall
And the dead will fall at midnight
Through the ashes they crawl from a midnight slumber
Then the demons will fall
And the dead will die at midnight

With a silver bullet between the eyes,
Return the dead into their graves tonight.
Beyond the grave the flesh is calling,
And down the walls the blood is crawling.

The power of Christ compels you,
The power of Christ compels you all.

In the name of the father I cast thee out

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