

Twilight Guardians "Hellward"

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Haggard cries our holy land
Wasted without a king
I found you from that withered stand
You told me it's time to kill

I know you, you're not a holy man
Like wasted, you're nothing
I curse you, you and your withered plan
You will cry just like me

Here's hell, savage, fierce and black
Young blood turned to bad
Strong heart, love, that's all we lack
Hells here, we can't go back

Here's hell, savage, fierce and black
Young blood turned to bad
Strong heart, love, that's all we lack
Hells here, we can't go back

There's no turning back, no...

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