

Unknown

"Doom Maker"

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The night calls
As the evening light fades
Cast your shadow
And cover this earth
Bury the surface
And possess the nights dark
Come forth, put spells on my thoughts

I am the master of decease
I am the pain that grows within your soul
I am this world's Doom Maker

From another world
He arises from the ruins
Which will be their graves
Spawn of Satan
Gather as one
And set this world in flames

We are the seeds of fire
Spreading in the wind
Masters of your sorrow
And now, we will bring you down

We are the masters of decease
We are the pain that grows within your soul
We are this world's Doom Maker

("The Pagan Prosperity")

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