

Venke Knutson

"Black Legions"

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High on a ridge where the darklord stands sending
black legions to crush the lands
Captures of hades transporting the crown into the pit of
this unholy row
Do it all alone down into Belial's home live then die
Satan calls his evil child
Strengthens his force as the darkness falls laughs at
the angels their feeble calls
High on their fortress that crumbles before all that in
touch with the dark evil law
Do it all alone down into Belial's home strike the final
chord hail unto the overlord
High on a ridge where the darklord stands sending
black legions to crush the lands
Captures of hades transporting the crown ever further
ever down into the pits of hell
Now in the bleakness the elders recant thinking of
histories the ancients relent
Gathered in circles before their host there's no one
soul he desires most.
Do it all alone way down into Belial's home strike a
chord hail unto the overlord

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