

Watch Them Die "Belial's Path"

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He's marching into battle, behold the sign. Listen for
the shatter of bones meeting time.
Ride on the wings of death, make you accord. You must
die to leave this life behind and be reborn.
Strong is his vision still fading to chrome.
Watch for the enemy and burn what is known. Knife in
your back again, just to make you fall.
It's a massacre of angels, wingless they all fall.
Glistening blood on skin. Wounds baked by the sun. His
sword is held high.
So bring your fucking guts. Drown in bloody tears.
Nefarious existence. Defiled by your fears.
Forsaken on this day of battle, he curses the blackened
skies. With an iron fist of terror he will rise again.
Raid you mind and steal your dreams, detached from
fates control. Cut away from Armageddon,
Pushing steel from through souls.
Fight for the surfaces, a struggle for a breath. Your
pleas are denied. Welcomed home by death.
Glistening blood on skin. Wounds baked by the sun. His
sword is held high.
The army of the dead gathers and waits in the
darkness.
Fight is just and just is fire. Now it's time to commit.
Fight for power fueled by anger, on your grave he
spits.
Soldier serving none. Fighting, massacre is done.
Fight is just and just is fire. Now it's time to repent.
Fight for power fueled by anger, on your grave he
spits.
Soldier serving none. Fighting, massacre is done.
So while you scream to him, goddamn your soul, the
damning has already been done.
So while you scream to him, goddamn your soul, the
damning has already been done.
Not an assassin, he is a murderer, motivated by your
pain.

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