## Ashmolean "The Black Tormentor Of Doom"

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I'm running trough the dark forrest because they are looking for me Everywhere I go, I hear my name I can't face it anymore, because my death is near

I feel the breath of the hunters in my neck it is like the dying season has come I look at the black sky and close my eyes I cry for help

And the black tormentor of doom comes down

he has no mercy and kills them one by one then he takes my soul and flys far away

The greathorn of victory was made
I can live in peace now
because the lords are at my side
remember the following words
to go forth and be strong
because the black tormentor of doom is near

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