

Disinter

"Woven With Pestilence And War"

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The black army, impaling all who stand
no mercy, strike hard with sword in hand

Charging hard, leading the advance
Run them down, opposition has no chance

Hold high our flag, the flag of hate
Woven with pestilence and war
Carried to all lands on our hate campaign
we black the sky, the power so immense

Charging hard, leading the advance

Run them down, opposition has no chance

Village left in ruins, smoldering decay
Bodies lie in mud as the stench begins to rise
Victory is ours with war gods by our side
Our sights upon the next, to the north we ride.

Charging hard, leading the advance
Run them down, opposition has no chance

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