

## Naraka

# "Soldiers Of Demise"

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Time to reap the faces of denial  
Final words to say  
Cultivate their spirits of the ancient  
Warring on your way  
Crying to save their own gods  
Biding their time again  
Disowning their weak and their lords  
Guilty til the end

Now, call me to stay  
I am the way  
Tell me to run  
I am the one  
Ask me to wait  
I am the wraith  
Tell me to go  
I am the whole

Riding on through amidst the mindless  
Forcing the failing ghosts with  
The tower of our pious fathers  
The tower of their lies  
Tearing apart their silence golden  
Breaking their heathen ways  
Their shoulders will burden the blades  
Of the Soldiers Of Demise

Tiring of impiety they follow  
The writings of their faith  
Ignorance is weaponized immortal  
Heâ€™s waiting. The pearly gates  
Tearing the right of religion  
Their bodies â€™fore decay  
Crusaders of the holiest order  
Cower! They come your way

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