

Mystirium

"Scenes Of The Hemic"

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Inside my fortress
We aliment blood
The dark inside us
The Precious crowd

Our ancient forms
From thousands years
To create our power
From lifeless tears

There's more
Dark inside
And septic bodies

We armed with
Bloody strong
Spikes shields

Ready to call
Of bloody lust
From them necks

Virgins need
Our blood
To reach them creed

Its will be
Our creed
To create
Our base

Between the trees
The land of fear
There's more dead

Immortal bleed
Of Naked witches
With lusty years
Source my blood
For my immortal
With Magical hands

For our immortal

We will kill
Every outsider
No one live
Inside our citadel

Every dead
Inside the hall
Of circle of hell
Burning them remodel

Here the secret power
Of my darkness dragons

Inside the land of endless fear
The Source of my Army blood
By our swords and bloody tusks
Scenes of the hemic of the septic dead

Inside the land of endless fear
The Source of my Army blood
By our swords and bloody tusks
Scenes of the hemic of the septic dead

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