

Abrahel "Morkath The Wrathman"

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Ride, knight of dark faith
From the ancient torture order
Your legacy of pain and blood
Has burnt the countries down

Away, in the darkness
In silence I observe
I've waited too many centuries
To find something like yours...

... by the name of anger you slay...
... wrathman of warfare...
... your anger has no truce...

All these men believe in you
They'll be there to the end
No doubts, only loyalty
To the leader who commands

Away, in the darkness
In silence I observe
I've waited too many centuries
To find something like yours...

... I feel your rage in every stab
Entering the human flesh
And cutting heads off...

The Smell of open bodies feeds your relish
And the sweet taste of hot blood over your dotted
mouth.

You will never forget and forgive your battered
childhood
The pain increases your strength
There's no end of your overcoming violence.
All these heads on the walls of your home
Hung as prizes of war regards and warns
About your power.

All the blood she'd over my ground
It's been feeding me

And finally yours, to close the circle
Am I Satan? Am I God?
I'm over all, Am I The First Evil?
Open this door and continue killing, my son

... I feel your rage in every stab
Entering the human flesh
And cutting heads off...

The Smell of open bodies feeds your relish
And the sweet taste of hot blood over your dotted
mouth... too.

Come to me, come to me, come with me along the
nightmare
Your death will be just the beginning of a new life.

... by the name of anger you slay...
... wrathman of warfare...
... your anger has no truce...

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