

## **Agnus Dei "The Souless Fleet"**

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Stromwinds bring fourious howlings of glory and  
might,  
The dragon's breath takes the ships into dark, frozen,  
shores;  
A nightside cry of sirens leading the soulless fleet  
And swords shine with the fire of moonlight.

Far beyond the time  
Far, into the mist,  
Carrying death as flag;  
The fleet is going to war.  
Masters of demise,  
Pain prophets enthroned  
Driving men into slaves  
Of the fury of the braves

The sorrow, in our headsails, is taken to the lands  
For the victory and honor of future days,  
We are the riders of death, fear is not in our hearts;  
Ancient gods and beliefs let us rise, fallen from grace  
Of the idols of the weak.

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