

Locksley

"Through Rotting Stench"

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They seize the spectre of Cimonar,
And set up against the vastness of unforeseeable.
Nothing else remains except
To let self-destruction run
It's unstoppable course.

Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp
Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp
Riding through rotting stench in blood swamp

Lurid bolts tearing above the great vast battlefields,
Dragging through space like a fervently inferno.

Suffusing their Tersareth with

Fear,
Coldness,
Mercilessness,
Tulwod!

Calamities blistering above the great vast battlefield,
Implacable, immovable.
They will revert to the very source of existence,
To the source where they'll be governed by the great
void

Riding through rotting stench in bloody swamp!

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