

Raging Speedhorn

"The Ancient Crown Of Glory"

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Sick senses and the arms straight out in the dark
His silence, screaming without a sound
Bowing his head setting the crown on the right, slowly
turning
The eyes of glory, the old one you never knew, the
eyes you never knew

Gazing from the shadow, crippled hands towards your
skin
Moving in for the slashing, rushing through the light
The man is silent, yet the chaos overwhelming, serving
the greater
The man you knew so well

Forcing your eyes to open, where lies remains of the
harvesting of the damned
Madman serving hellish winds, the old man drooling,
on his once own blood

The eyes you never knew

Ripping your wounds, who is the tailor of these,
macabre, senses of death
Rattling your bones, from what raises the spells setting
fire to the flesh

The eyes you never knew

Forcing your eyes to open, no remains beyond the
harvest
Madman serves the hellish winds, old man's ancient
crown of glory, glory Sathanas

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