

Maelstrom

"At Dawn They Die"

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As the sunlight infests their minds,
I lust for the demise of the race of the mortal kind.
Sound the horn. Now we engage.
We are unleashed.
Fuelled with hatred.
Come night we march.

Read the chapters of a thousand years.
Glorify the death of kings.
Praise be to our tyrant lord.
Open the gates. Strike all with death.

We are unleashed. Fuelled with hatred.
Come night we march.
At dawn they die.

This dark illusion is deceiving the eyes.
The light is fading and the dusk draws nigh.
My love, I thought I'd never see you again.
And now this path before us stretches on as far as I can see.

We hate the race of men!
I hate the race of men!
At night we march!
At dawn they die!
As the sunlight infests their minds,
They lust for the demise
Of the race of the mortal kind.
Sound the horn. Now they engage

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