

Maelstrom

"Thrall Of The One"

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From forgotten mountains,
Corrupted souls enthralled
By darkness,
Unleash themselves to strike with grief.
Dark spirits with dark intent,
Armed with ungodly fear,
Set out on an unholy mission.
They shall never meet death.

Riding as one.
Hungering the one.
Wretched calls striking fear into the hearts of men.
Everlasting presence casting a dark shroud over vast
skies.

Through battles they ride, hunting the ultimate prize.
They remain flawless.
Like hounds out for blood - they shall never meet life.

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