

Stormtroopers Of Death

"The Returne"

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Heede the chante of the foreste, I feele his breathe in
the wistful wynde
"Threefolde-three nights on the tree...", I seek his gaze
in the well of
Wyrd

Don't query the signes, don't question thy sanity
But knowe what thou wielde, compassion or steele,
you'll threefolde
Receive...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One
We have awaken the Lorde of the Slaine
We will returne to the culte of the One-ey'd One
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne

They tamper'd with places of powere, Usurper's shrine
in our sacred hills
Unbroken we stande like the will of the lande, oh
beware thy reckoninge...

Oh followe the trothe, the weave of our destiny
But knowe what thou wielde, compassion or steele,
you'll threefolde
Recieve...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One
We have awaken the Lorde of the Slaine
There will be a seconde cominge of the elder waye
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne

"Once more we shalle awaken his voice
And knowe it more truly than e'er before
Conqure the worlde from inside thyselve
And his whisper becometh a thunderinge roar"
Threefolde-three worldes of the tree
Three for the Norns weaving thy Wyrd
Threefold-three nights on the tree
Knowe what thou wielde, you threefolde receive...

We will returne to the culte of the Anciente One

We have awoken the Lorde of the Slaine
We will returne to the culte of the One-ey'd One
And our queste hath only just begun... We will returne

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