

## The Sword

### "Postmortem Tales"

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Metal shores and seas of bronze, magic spirit heart of  
doom  
Electric rain and rotting flesh, chiming bells of solid  
bone

Welcome to the festival - raising Cain  
Sarcasm and scorn as the serpent uncoils  
You've come to taste death and the sentence of stone

Iron chains and colossal chaos - enslaving for the  
power of death  
Evoke the evolution - now draped in sharp thorns of  
metal

Welcome to the festival - raising Cain  
Sarcasm and scorn as the serpent uncoils  
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Unleash a will  
To bring that venomous wind a heart of ist own  
And to end  
The dream spared from a haunting forse  
Rip what's lionized  
Speak with the tongue of pure abomination  
Raise the fists  
Nail the centre of the enemy's eye, O yeah!

You face the face of punishment - of fears unveiled by  
the end  
We taste the wind by chaos cursed and watch the  
blades still their thirst

Sodomized and victimized  
Postmortem tales - speak for the dead

Sodomized and victimized  
Postmortem tales - speak for the dead  
Living Cain - everreign  
Postmortem place - blood's got to be shed

