Liedge Lord "Rage Of Angels"

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Foretell us of the secret hosts of evil's game Their names may not be spoke aloud Lest they profane mortal lips and take the blame From unholy darkness their attacking the heavens

Chorus:

A rage of angels descending from the skies A rage of angels seen through your eyes And though you've wandered from life to save you one lone angel flies

Defending all that's sacred hither hath we go
The devils pawns are on the rise
Foreseeking vengeance from the lives that they have
known
Injecting thorns for peril or a snare for sin

Chorus

The smoke is swept away as this encounter slows The prince of darkness overthrown The angel's rage has proved victorious as known The evil underground shall threaten nevermore

Chorus

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