

The Abyssal Spectre

Cryptic Wintermoon

The magic seal is broken, to the gates of darkness
With a mighty burst they open, a way down to the abyss
A black horse with blazing eyes, waiting for the time to die
Bound by paralizing cries,.....

Segmentising bodies
Cutting through your flesh
Ripping out your heart
Leave a path of death

A cold sting of fear - blows like a spear right through your heart
A rider darker than hell - through the distant shadows dark
Bodies snap like straw - armies fall like autumn leaves
A heart black into the core - the abyssal spectre

Where he rides, the death will follow
The chaos rules, with its screams so hollow

All the live destroyed, and all the ground is burnt
Now the gates are shut, until it will return
Leaving burning ruins, the plains burst in a roaring sound

Breaking through the surface, back into the underground
Back into the underground