

Servant Of An Unholy Plague

Drowning the Light

In an empire of mutilated silhouettes
Where shadows tell tales of nocturnal dark enigmas

Who curse the very ground they walk on
Who cause the feeble to tremble

A lonesome soul watches from a far
Poisoning the light with his gaze
A black templar of unearthly power
A rotten being of foul intentions

He curses the very ground he walks on
He causes the feeble to tremble
He reeks of dead angels tears
He lives with the rats of no fear

The servant of an unholy plague
The bringer of cruel intent
He wanders a path of sorrow
Torture to reinvent
He is the bite of this world
Thrown aside by the cross
The one who rapes the hymen of earth
Who spreads the black crust
He laughs at the folly of man
He is part of our dark clan
With spite he loughs
His story will be told
For years to come
He will always return
A fire that forever burns