

# The Storm Unholy

Fog

Dark and endless stare of sister moon  
Looking down from upon her throne  
Ablaze in full and majestic bloom  
Burning cold

Weeping tears of blood wrath and vengeance  
Seething destructive embrace of fury  
Elders of silent knowledge awaken  
Lusting for war craving destruction

Unholy hordes will rise to destroy  
Within the bitterness of freezing winds  
Sister moon her halo ablaze  
Looks upon the frozen wasteland

Winterspirits breath drives the snows of the storm  
The darkness spreads her wings

Greezing flames  
Scorch and consume  
Marching armies  
Of cold demonic hate

Mirrored image  
Frozen celestial gaze  
Astral constellation  
Of darkness and doom

Unlocked are the gates of time and space  
Sister moon rides upon her warthrone

Warm serene embrace of death  
Calm the eye of the storm  
Swirling vortex of infinite souls  
Tormented forever now set free

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