

War of the Priests

Metal Inquisitor

Nevermore is too late, there's no reason of fate
Now it's time to die, though war passed by
It's a feeling to kill, it's a permanent thrill
When soldiers cry, when the bullets fly

Down - deep - dark/Waiting fear
Brown- creep - sharp/Let us listen to the warrior

Royal, life - as chosen by the chapter
Loyal, rise - as expected from the setter

An ancient man, from a violent clan
They rip the frontier, his mastery's near
Coming under the deep, here - in one sweep!
When you're feeling alone, come to the master control

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Rising, storm - who cut the angel wings
Dying, worm - attraction for the kings