

Necromancer

Skelator

The time has come it's twelve a clock
She rises from her tomb
Now's the time, the time to strike
The key is in her womb

Her soul is on fire, she's your desire
She can make you her slave

Villainous she seems, a heroine she'll be
Her army of dead she will rule
She will always stand, she will always fight
Those who serve Narashgul

Her spear is in flight, it pierces the night
Confront her if you dare

Necromancer
Harlot of the damned
Necromancer
Destroyer of all man

In the morning I see her shadow
Looming over me controlling all
Waking up in fright, there's no tomorrow
She has a bounty for my soul

In the night shining bright
Her medallion starts to glow with pride
You will die, sacrificed
As you're consumed by the dead

Her soul is on fire, she's your desire
She can make you her slave
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