

C.O.T.L.O.D.

Testament

Come on and fight!

Witches grow restless, the priests are impatient
My legions scream, "The doors must be open!
Our Master repels a message of hope
On through the gates we march
The sentinels await with their sabers in grasp
A vast group, a locust attack!
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Attacking with force as we show no remorse
Obstructing our victims fate
The blood in the chalice saluting the fight
All virgins must die on this night
Psychotic reaction from a serpents kiss
Is taking the life from your soul
And leading a train of destruction from Hell
Finding our way through Hell's Hole!

Curse of the Legions of Death!
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Provoke the Dead!
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