

The Advent

The Black Dahlia Murder

The dawn has broken crimson, this day of defloration
Ironclad reclamation, across the frozen dale
Fearlessly cold dominion, our soldiers take formation
The tundras desolation, some call it hell but its our home
We have to fight, there is no turning back
Our legions storm ice covered fields

Our blood runs cold, endure our winter thirty fold
With vorpal blades imperial into the white abyss we go

The advent is here, dawn of the antichrist
They tread our world on borrowed time
Pushed back amongst the shadows
Disguised for centuries
The time is now to rise and crush our christian enemies

Its time to strike, there is no second chance
Our brethren swarm with sword and shield

Its time to die, for our christian enemy
To now law of mercy shall we yield god fearing blood stains red the field

The conquest grows near, dawn of the end of christ
Poisoned our young for the last time

Oh to slay their lord divine

Empire laden on frost, ivory towers dipped in crystalline gloss
My frozen kingdom we are cold in the heart of glaives of ice
We wield white wolves of victory march

Resistance to books of fictions
Insistence upon beheading jesus
Pestilence for all believers
Defenseless against the great deceiver

The advent is here, dawn of the antichrist
They tread our world on borrowed time
The end of christiankind

Empire laden in frost, ivory towers dipped in crystalline gloss
My frozen kingdom we are cold in the glaives of live
We wield white wolves of victory march

The dawn has broken crimson
This day of defloration
Ironclad reclamation
Across the frozen dale

Fearlessly cold dominion
Our soldiers take formation
The tundras desolation
Some call it hell but its our home hell