

# Eriphion Epistates

Tsjuder

Come morbid death  
May the shadow forever be  
Scorched in the face of  
The desolate earth

Lightning races across the sky  
Fire rains from above  
We feast upon the decay  
Of the lords creation

Eriphion epistates

Dark clouds approach  
The green forest withers  
As the black wind  
Hurls towards its goal

Lightning races across the sky  
Fire rains from above  
We feast upon the decay  
Of the lords creation

Awaken all men  
Hold your eyes open  
And behold the eyes  
Of the daemon lord  
As the wind of death  
Destroys you all

Lightning races across the sky  
Fire rains from above  
We feast upon the decay  
Of the lords creation

Thousands of soulless men  
Upon the dying grass  
No life shall ever exist  
Merely the shadows of fallen men: