

# 3 Inches Of Blood, Demons Blade

The trumpets sound The End  
The crack of seals break  
Impending devastation brings the fall  
The sun it turns to black  
The weak will burn  
The leader comes with the evil sword  
The sun it sinks  
Into the sea  
As they last rays fade and die  
Forever  
Prophesize the fall of creation's peak  
Make the righteous suffer for all time  
Prophesize  
Make them suffer for all time  
Demons that exist only in the night  
Conjured from the Earth's decay  
The blackened wings of Hell  
Finally come unfurled  
The songs of the birds  
The glow of the dawn  
The sights  
The sounds  
Eternally gone  
Cut down by a Demon's Blade  
By strange forces it was made  
The Demon's Blade  
A masterstroke with the Devil's every swing  
The Hell you dreamed of was never so real  
Now you'll pray to the sting of the steel  
No opposition can counter the strike  
The first ranks of holy men fallen aside  
Chaotic weapon  
Only held by one  
Bloody hilt  
Demonic thrill  
Cursing God's son  
Cut down by a Demon's Blade  
By strange forces it was made  
Cut down by a Demon's Blade  
The Demon's Blade  
A crimson mist will bathe the land  
All are driven mad who inhale the wind  
Behold the eve of the end of the world