

Bloodthorn, Spite

Riding the withered shadows grey
Below the night sky blind astray
Hasty led, by the four I'm brought
To the abyss of bewildered thought
A path away from all that's mortal
They guide me through the spherical portal
Riding with the horsemen
Saddleback on black neurosis

"The dust it's silent hooves thread
The marsh of sleep where all is dead
Through Palus Somnii" as spite I'm lead

As spite I followed
One by one
Till corners four
To see all gone
With death I witnessed
Your pleas for grace
With famine
We sat your crops ablaze

Your people died
Your land brought to hunger
With pestilence upon you

As spite I followed
One by one
Till corners four
To see all gone
And finally war
Awoke the lust of my spite
As all I would conquer
The world would see might

As spite I watched
with a faceless grin
Your world led to ruin
As the manifest of sin
With Palus Somnii left behind
I crave the achievements
Spun of the mind
For I possess the four
As I remain spite as the fifth

(Merciless to the core)
"I shall strike down upon you"
As I bring the four
For I know those paths
I rode with my kin
To satisfy this craving
To revel in sin