Bloodthorn, Spite

Riding the withered shadows grey
Below the nightsky 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 pleads 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
Avoke 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