

# The God of Pain's Displeasure

By Richard Paul

Come stand by me upon this rock, my friend,

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

And watch a while the traitors as they fly.

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_

These are the fools who fought for all life's end,

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_

Now listen to them shriek as they pass by.

\*\_ \_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_

In battles 'gainst our armies they were taken,

\_\_\*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_

Their flesh or souls were dragged back here in chains,

\_\_\*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

Then truly did they know themselves forsaken

\*\_ \_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

As they fell before the outraged God of Pain

\*\_ \_ \_\_\*\_ \_\_\*\_

## CHORUS

*Now here they'll stay forever*

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_

*Within the grasp of Galvagaith,*

\*\_ \_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

*They should have chosen better,*

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

*Instead they served the Feasting King.*

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

*So here they'll linger, screaming,*

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

*In the Chorus of the Wraiths.*

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

## CHORUS END

Don't be tempted to the slightest pity,

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_

Never forget they strived for omnicide,

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

To serve the king of the all-consuming sea,

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

To destroy all things, is what they did decide.

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

That castle there overflowing with blood

\*\_ \_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

Is monument to those these curs betrayed,

\_\_\*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

The more we pinion, the greater the flood

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

And the greater is Galvagaith's rage.

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \*\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

## CHORUS

Now let us be off, the hour is late,

\*\_ \_ \*\_ \_ \*\_ \_ \*\_ \_

Let's leave Creation's traitors to their fate.

\_\_\*\_\_\_ \* \_\_\*\_\_\_ \_\_\*\_\_\_

CHORUS

\*\_ = Stressed Syllables

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