

## Morphing into Real

DemonLord

Always, always behind us  
Comes up, comes from the darkness  
No shape, evil and timeless  
Crawls out to chase us like animals

From where the rivers have no source  
From where the hours run back to yesterdays  
Beyond the known side of the world  
It will arise when we'll forget its names

May you call it the king without a face  
It's glass breaking voice will erase our memories  
No trace, no sound- rest in peace

It's morphing into real  
By pain, by greed  
Its nature will reveal  
When the ending is near

Go get your gun and bang the drums  
March on the fields, your sweat will feed its might  
Just drop the bombs and shake the earth  
Open your eyes and watch it burning bright