

Barbaric Proclivity

Skinless

WAR!

The faint sound of doom creeps closer
Mist over the mountains, death
We'll push them, into their graves
Cavernous ground smash a window to hell

Your race has withered, your spirit crushed
No love left, no emotion, barely anything
Beaten
Pain is welcome, to feel anything at all
A landscape of utter despair

We'll push them, into their graves
We hear your helpless cries
We hope your race dies

Only hope
Quick demise
Silent flash
Obliteration