

Conqueror

Aversions Crown

From the moment of my reanimation
Before the dawn of time itself
Ripped from the stasis crypts
The betrayer of faith

Forged in the darkness of vengeance
Shadow of a dead world crafted from obsidian
Called on to be the conqueror
Wearer of the blackest crown
A lucid mind infused with hatred for life
A seething repulsion for humans, without a physical form
Earth's cataclysm, waiting to be born
This is the only outcome for a world so lost
To be consumed by a vengeful creator
The limitless design, wasted potential

This world will be a burial ground
This world will be a burial ground
A fucking burial ground

As the tempest approaches, damnation is near
The grand designer's vessel has been exhumed
The falling bodies, the first to be destroyed
Fallen corruption to never be recovered
A kingdom so cold (a kingdom so cold)

The obsidian king breathes
Into the eye of the machine
Even the nightmare fears me [2x]