

# 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]