we'll ride their corpses into the sun billowing smoke from the newly killed our blood oath has been undone we all must die, vengeance will be fulfilled we come with axes, we come with fire a mind of metal becomes the woodland sire harnessing their flesh to be enslaved manipulating veneers tortured into concave

we've gone too far! the human race
our self action are a disgrace
strangled by branches crushed under trees
ancient lords of the forest bring mankind to it's knees

we honor the soul of the mighty pine bonded with your six brother's to become divine now there's a stirring as the forest groans and heaves the bark grows thick and brahenes shed their leaves under the redwood they prepare for war while we go on each day no knowing what's in store this isn't a dream, we must form a resistance before we're killed by our own ecosystem

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in the constant battle of nature vs. man i've found my calling and hatched a plan cause we're plotting too, and we'll strike first we'll go charging with saws into the forest a clash of god's creation in never ending battle chop'em down, hack'em like slottering cattle chop'em down and stick'em with glue slap on some grip and put on your shoes

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