

Serpents

Cave In

Savage

Low, lonely hearts
Some were rewarded with love
Most were just crushed
Searchers
Lose ways in the dusk
Horns and the claw emerge
Surface with a rush
Black turns all eyes
In southern skies
Her blood is warm
She's bound to die

Serpents

Breathe different air
Silent and motionless
Down in evil deep
Saviors
Coveted by right
They climbed with cloven hoof
But killed with knives