

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