

## From Nothing

Demonical

Underneath the northern land  
Under the sea a mile deep  
Deceased a thousand years ago  
Between stone and soil

A sacrifice to calm the gods  
A sacrifice to empower the magic sphere

Initiate the ritual  
Let the wind of the old sing its song

They came from nothing  
They will be everything  
They came from nothing  
Grow old, time will stand still

Like taken out, our sacrificial lamb  
Washed and brushed like a priced pig

Forever death will forever stay young  
Let their spirit lead us to victory

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Let the wind of the old sing its song

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