

Howling Lands

Inter Arma

Beasts high atop
Drab slag heaps
Hammer their drums
Stirring their keeps

"And they'll pray to their gods
To calm that which aches
As they dig their way
To the center of hell"

Hubris-wrought flocks
Toil under duress
Fleshed with ego
Tamed with distress

"And they'll pray to their gods
For a mercy so sweet
As they dig their way
To the center of Hell"

The flock toils, the beasts oversee
"They'll howl for their gods
Convinced they'll pay heed
As their chorus is strangled
By the pounding of the drums"

Beasts high atop
Drab slag heaps
Will hammer their drums
Into the center of hell
The center of hell
The center of hell
The center of hell
The center of hell