

Red Skies

Jungle Rot

I know a thousand ways to kill a weak man's heart
And I know a thousand more to tear your life apart
I'll take your child, your home, and everything you know
All lives I touch are mine, the lowest of the low
I light a thousand fires, black death at my command
I challenge all that hail this god forsaken land
Those who oppose me, now in my control
Red skies and hollowed eyes, everyone will know
There is no chance for you to run
I'll leave you nude in the desert sun
I form a river of human blood
Like pigs you'll lie in the deep red mud
You are now my army, like mummies cast in sand
Rise up, cracked and bleeding, do as I command
Creatures born of bloody mud, copulating stone
All hail these hideous forms, wrought by my hand
Cities built of human bone
Tarps of skin and human flesh
Harboring disease and waste
Salty, bloody taste.