

## Don't Feed The Heathens

Knights Of The Abyss

To the third circle of the underworld where the rains  
still fall  
Diseased and carrying filth a stench fills the air as  
vile  
As the sins that crawl within this evil realm's walls.  
Excrement falls to fuel the mud filled land in this  
level of hell.

Careful for this realm holds deplorable beings for  
which you do not wish to be stuck.  
Cerberus lurks his head holding count of his home  
The heads of this beast leave trespassers frozen in  
stone.

Past this mythical canine the bridge to the circle of  
gluttons is here  
The shadowy figure lie on the ground with similar  
sinners held near.

The rains do pound on their heads as the mud begins to  
rise  
In still motion covered in filth for eternity they must  
lie.  
Gluttony overcomes them and for their sins they will  
pay  
Until final judgements from the heavenly gates they  
will stay.

Past this mythical canine the bridge to the circle of  
gluttons is here  
The shadowy figure lie on the ground with similar  
sinners held near.

Only concerned with pleasure their earthly existence a  
waste  
Their portly bodies guiding their hunger with haste  
Priorities left undone for their lack of ambition we  
hate.  
Their indolent ways and deplorable acts unknowingly  
sealing their fate.

Guarded at it's gates the third level is uninhabitable  
Putrid and foul the lives of it's sinners berated with  
rain and hail.