

The swarming likes of the locust
Breathing down the neck of our dark lord
Beats the life of the wolfened blood

Tortured eyes stare down with a dark glare
Spin the lies with a selfish care
With no blood from the innocent spared...

Cancer roots into your saviour
Frail wings of locust fly
Burn the soul and tear the fleece
Toxic joy for the dark lord, re-joyce, re-pent

For the love of lust and power
Propagate from the heart and soul
Call the age of war and quarrel
Spill the blood of the lambs fold
Dark lord calls
Life beats with wolfened blood

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Breathing down your dark lords neck

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