

# Conjuring the Cull

## Misery Index

Up from the depths  
And Through the wind  
I call for the power  
Necromancers verged and conjuring  
Lambs for the slaughter

A proposition scribed in crimson  
On a parchment made of flesh  
To behold, I am beholden  
To what is written in the blood

Working you to death  
Conjuring the cull  
As I manifest darkness  
Conjuring the cull

Emaciated for the kill  
They are manufacturing my will  
I am the prophet extracting profit  
From living corpses  
They are beholden  
To what is written in their blood

Working you to death  
Conjuring the cull  
As I manifest darkness  
The darkness of my soul

A veil forged in black  
Not of the night  
Agents of unseeing  
Drifting out of sight  
All that I can see  
Is not of this plan  
They are coming  
Coming to reclaim

I am but a vessel  
Shrouded vision  
Of mass consumption

A great concealer  
And revealer  
I hone my will

Bound to the dark  
Lower than the dust  
Power I manifest  
Authority you must entrust

Working you to death  
Conjuring the cull  
And as I manifest Darkness  
Of my soul

Tempting fate in dark introspection  
They did heed my carrion call

In a breath, a world-wide vision  
And in death, I bury you all