Different breeds

Morta Skuld

Entombed within their fear Hidden from the persecution Empathy conceived out of pity Disguised the crawl inside our race In fear to show their faces As the prophecy draws near Eyes distraught with horror Infest their every thought A different breed or scared creation Conceived out of pity or God's insanity There shall be no life without God it is written Nothing is sacred in battle Their sorrow will never pass A different breed Wither and fade away Hidden persecution They crawl inside our race