Crown of Locusts

Orange Goblin

There's a method in the tyrant's madness Cold blood on the hands of time A dark plague on your tainted wisdom Abhorraton of your hearts and minds

Usurpation of the rights of mankind Genesis or a new dark age Clouds form like a crown of locusts Heavens open with the burning rain

New dawn, new day New crown, new way New blood, new breath New life, new death

Annhilation of those who stand defiant is found Where scores of carrion rise from under burial grounds

Rise from the mist Clenched iron fist Born to the steel In for the kill

The domination of man will bring the world to its knees And leave the rule of the crown to spread malicious disease

Rise from the mist Clenched iron fist Born to the steel In for the kill