

## Keres

### Thy Art Is Murder

The swarm of greater ills  
Frothing at the fang  
The horde, it lusts  
To devour the prey  
Violent Keres  
Eater of the slain  
Adept in carnage  
Relentless rage

Cruel and unusual punishment  
For the ones they detest  
The knife shall twist forever  
In the wound undressed  
A serpent's tongue  
Hidden under barren breath  
Whispers of angels  
Are now the calls of death

Heads (Heads) severed in the slaughter  
(Blood) Blood in the water  
(All the evil) All the evil is upon thee  
Hell (Hell) is on the horizon  
(March) The march of the dying  
(All your demons) All your demons belong to me  
All your demons belong to me

The golden calf  
So gluttonous  
Embellished idol  
Nefarious  
An endless fall  
To dreadful depths  
Whispers of angels  
Are now the calls of death

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You are doomed to dwell in misery

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