

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 glutinous
Embellished idol
Nefarious
An endless fall
To dreadful depths
Whispers of angels
Are now the calls of death

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(All your demons) All your demons belong to me

All your demons belong to me
You are doomed to dwell in misery

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