

## Daemon (The Procreated)

Whitechapel

As the light is extinguished,  
Grounds crumble with an endless rising fiend.  
With eternal suffering now infesting,  
A rising abyss shadows what was once alive.  
Hell has ascended to the earth by mortal hands.

Daemon, hear my beckoning  
Daemon, rise and devour thy cosmos  
Daemon, I call thy name  
Daemon, Daemon, Daemon.

Bring forth your fury upon this wretched world  
Make them exalt you and build your horde  
Cast down all who oppose you  
With his thousand eyes watching his eternal reign  
He sounds the songs of the end to foretell his deed  
This is my prophecy  
And the populace will rise and fall  
It won't be rectified  
Rue the day that you hear his name  
This is the end of all life  
This is the end of the world.