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.

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