

David Shankle Group

"A Raven At Midnight"

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An ebony heart, housed in a demon well-versed in his
arts
Sins a la carte, wielding terror no sane man conceives
A righteous facade, defies social order for the sake of
his god
Hell's fusillade, his dementia has sired the grief

Crusaders of peace
Locate his lair and tighten the squeeze
Bring him down to his knees

Hell-spawned parasite
Flees the international searchlights
Like a raven at midnight

A plague for mankind, a social disease in a fanatical
mind
Equally blind, the minions who firmly believe
Wickedly sly, recruiting the lemmings who gratefully
die
An eye for an eye, for a grievance no sane man
conceives

Champions of good
Drive a stake through his black heart and his
servanthood

He's so misunderstood-ha!

Hell-spawned parasite
Flees the international searchlights
Like a raven at midnight

Woe is the curse upon us all
He's frightfully due his curtain call
How many will die before he falls?
Beware the raven:

A righteous facade, defies social order for the sake of
his god
Hell's fusillade, his dementia has sired the grief

Crusaders of peace
Locate his lair and tighten the squeeze
Bring him down to his knees

Hell-spawned parasite
Flees the international searchlights
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