

## **Dawn Of Relic**

### **"Bowels Of Murder"**

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Moon of Mons  
Can you hear the screams  
feeble, weak and asphyxiated  
Lurid blade keeps grinding bones

In the grimy darkness  
Near the River Hate  
and the Path of Worry

Stream of sadness  
As the haunted soul  
Unearth the madness  
Bowels of murder  
Sweep the River Hate  
And the Path of Worry

Stream of sadness  
Obsessed, He will kill again

Butcher of Mons  
Butcher of Mons  
Savage mad lures the whores  
To cut away with pain  
Repetition, Past bears the same

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