

## Evemaster "Humanimals"

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Darkness descends and the prowlers come out  
They roam through the night  
Looking for weak souls to join them  
Looking for strength to gain

There're always rotten limbs to be cut off  
But no possibility to do so  
So there are voices to be heard  
When agitators gather their herbs

Like humanimals, labouring  
Gathering their herds  
The powerless and the voiceless of the mass  
The ones that have nothing

Once again they revert to their holes  
Once again the dawn is their foe  
Once again humanimals will gather in the night  
Once again their numbers numbers multiplied  
Once again they roam from their holes  
And they will gather more lost souls  
Their army is growing silently, the word echoes on the  
streets

Humanimals  
Labouring  
Gathering their herds  
Spreading through society

Darkness descends and the prowlers come out  
They roam through the night  
Looking for weak souls to join them  
Looking for strength to gain

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