

Exumer

"Tribal Furies"

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Tonight they're out to feed bound by loyalty. Some will
be erased combat the human race.
They no longer thrive on death but who's alive? An
army ou for war, battle demons abhnor.
No one will be speared in this brutal infestation. Hordes
are spreading in this sadistic implication.
Graves, numbers and plagues none saved.

WE WANT TO BRING YOU TORMENT AN ENDLESS NIGHT
WE WANT TO SEE YOU SUFFER WITH ALL OUR MIGHT

Tonight they're out to hate deciding you all fate. None
shall remain alive losing every fight.
Knuckles turn purple blue desecrating all of you. Plain
is the look of fear., advancing from the rear.
None are spared. Hordes and hell. Graves for plagues.
Born to maim and kill.
Destruct turmoit a new design, everybody suffers
everyone dies.
Battle scars tattered and soiled, fierce we ride to
collect the spoils.
Forgotten dreams lost lives we all fall side by side.
Death will greet you every turn kill you cold in tire you
burn.
No one will be speared in this brutal infestation. Hordes
are spreading in this sadistic implication.
Graves, numbers and plagues none saved.

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