

Funker Vogt "Evil's Birth"

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Wounds of self-mutilation
Caused by religious fervor
A sacrifice of a child
To summoning the Gods

A fortress in the dense woods
Called the temple of destruction
Just finished the preparations
To face the final day

Thousand shadows, threats and noises
In the primal womb of earth
Hear the screams of thousand voices
It's the day of evils birth

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Colored rays of setting sun
Are covering everything
Like an oppressive blanket
Taking your breath away

See the eyes of the predators
Flickering with reflected gleams
Like an apocalyptic flood wave
They are coming over mankind

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