

Gloc-9

"Children Of The Underworld"

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I call you, my Master,
King of the Ghouls,
Bringer of Pain,
Wreakerof Sorrow

[chorus :]
Those are the
Children of The Underworld
Bitter Venom of gods
The Great Storms from Below,
Those are THEY

I spill the red Water of Life
To the stone struck with a sword,
That hath slain eleven men
And hath spreaded Misery and Blood

[chorus]

Know that our years are The Years of WAR
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from
The outside of the Sweet World of Sorrow

[chorus]

Know that our years are The Years of WAR
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from
The outside where every lie is true

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