

Gutted

"When The Gods Are Not Creating"

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Spirits of the abyss
Gathered together
Lust for human flesh
Nothing will remain
Crawling around the sinners
Turn them inside out

Icy storm in their eyes
From the centuries they will rise
Gods of the ancient grounds
They will dominate

Hunger for blood
Blood of the weak
Hunger for flesh
Flesh of the weak

Taste the worst of us
Feel the worst of us

Humans will serve they need and lust
They'll bring doom upon us
Blood of our ground spills around
Empty bodies will roam alone

The creatures of the dark
Eating up all the light
Kings of the underworld
Wipe us out, all of us

Reach what's behind our mind
Touch what's behind our mind
Swallow what's behind our mind
Destroy what's behind our mind

At the gates of their world
Gutted souls lying around
Rotting away on the dark,
Abandoned, plundered ground

Pain and misery released

Fall of the weak is near
Slavery, enslavement
Brought by the ancient onws

Feasting - On their blood
Killing - Their breed

Endless lake of the dead
Reflects on their faces
Driving the human herd
Into the valley of pain

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