

Knights Of The Abyss

"Don't Feed The Heathens"

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To the third circle of the underworld where the rains
still fall
Diseased and carrying filth
A stench fills the air as vile as the sins that crawl within
this evil realm's walls
Excrement falls to fuel the mud filled land in this level
of hell
Careful for this realm holds deplorable beings for
which you do not wish to be stuck

Cerberus lurks his head holding count of his home
The heads of this beast leave trespassers frozen in
stone
Past this mythical canine the bridge to the circle of
gluttons is here
The shadowy figure lie on the ground with similar
sinners held near

The rains do pound on their heads as the mud begins
to rise
In still motion covered in filth for eternity they must lie
Gluttony overcomes them and for their sins they will
pay
Until final judgements from the heavenly gates they
will stay

Only concerned with pleasure their earthly existence a
waste
Their portly bodies guiding their hunger with haste
Priorities left undone for their lack of ambition we hate
Their indolent ways and deplorable acts unknowingly
sealing their fate

Guarded at it's gates the third level is uninhabitable
Putrid and foul the lives of it's sinners berated with rain
and hail.

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