Paganizer "Cold Seed Burning The World"

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Bitter butchery
Drawing down the moon
A sacrifice to the gods
To bring forth debauchery

They came in thousands
As an answer to the prayer
Doombringers to spew forth the filth

Massive tanks of flesh and bone Cannons made from corpses The legions of the damned They sure bring some power

Channelled from the void To spew and annihilate Answering to none Yet obeying death

Masters of controlling the flesh Twisting the shapes into form Pissing and spitting hell Into the open wounds of humanity

Cold seed burning the world Sickness spreading to cleanse it Cold seed burning out To eat this world

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