

Witchfinder General

"Abandon's Horde"

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As the pit is opened up,
The smoke will fill the sky.
As the air is filled with darkness,
They shall begin to fly.

These demon locusts,
Will obey their king.

Commanded not to kill their victims,
Only to sting.

Shaped like horses,
Prepared for battle,
With the power of a scorpion.

Released to torture,
Gods opposition,
All the rejecters,
All the blasphemers.

Death shall flee.

There is no way out. (x2)

Here their victims' screams as they fill the sky,
Cursed to feel the torture,
They long to die. (x2)

These demon locusts,
Will obey their king.
Commanded not to kill their victims,
Only to sting.

Death shall flee.

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