

## **Sorrowseed "Eldritch Hunger"**

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Born from the ancient void  
Spiritual Dementia  
Called by congregation  
Blinded by faith.

Reverence and destruction  
Strife and mass production  
Bred for mass consumption  
The perfect race...

We are the ones to whom you have pledged yourselves  
Devotion to satiate an Eldritch Hunger!  
Prophecies foretell of the poison in the wishing well  
We manifest to rend the future asunder...  
(Born into flesh at last - The feast is at hand!)

Oh...and still they come  
Seeking answers to their fate  
At the mercy of the Circle...  
Hopeless...and still they come  
Laying down their lives  
Willing to fight for nothing!

Incursion... this world shall tremble and fall  
Just as all of the others before...  
I speak for the myriad maws and the flesh of the gods.

Behold! Oblivion unfolds  
The howling throat of the vortex  
Brings the end to this ignorant age  
This is your fate.

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