

Sorrowseed "Golden Plague"

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It is a merciful blight to bring about their end
For even vermin would not envy the world they have
designed
A Golden Age where men have become as herd beasts
Festering meat bound in madness, side by side.

Ignorance prevails, and they breed like insects
A virus infecting the world
Civilization spawned species of glutton
Alone and weak, they pray...

The Golden Plague of mankind

Has stood firm for too long
Their gods have fallen,
And Oblivion shall swallow them whole in time...
(The time is now
and the astral storm hungers for flesh...)

Wasteland...scavenging souls
We bring the cleansing pestilence
They cower in terror beneath darkened skies
As we converge upon our prey...

I AM NO LONGER ONE OF YOU!

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