Old Mans Child "The Underworld Domains"

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[Lyrics by Galder]

The season to harvest the unborn and pue Reunite the children of war Take command of spirits at birth Put your spells on the already cursed Walk on through the entrance To life's poor existence Come on in to my world Engage the world your battle In times of the weak diversity We shall unite and become like one Something comes creeping out From the underworld domains I'm touched by the devil Or am I losing my mind The voices inspire me to suffocate I am the one, the unborn child

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