

Pagan's Mind

"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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