

## Abysmalia

# "Wolves Among Wolves"

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Welcome the serpent tongues, those wanton fools  
Unfurling their sickness via immoral tools  
Infest, infect, invade our privacy  
VIOLATE - the abscess ready to burst

They throng in crowd to purge  
Until blood begins to surge  
Wolves among wolves

Bow down on leeches, kneel before the kings  
Sons of perdition claim their pestilent wings  
Confined in corruption, unified we stand  
BLOODBATH - ashes of our kingdom drown in sand

We throng in crowd to purge  
And the blood remains to surge

We are an obsolete creation - evolve or retreat  
Welcome to the hell of your very own - (on demand)  
we're wolves among  
Wolves

"So that is what hell is.  
I would never have believed it.  
You remember: the fire and brimstone, the torture.  
Ah! the farce. There is no need for torture: hell is other  
people."  
["No Exit" by Jean-Paul Sartre]

You betray the ones who stand right next to you  
And slit the throats (that are) devouring all your truths  
And when the judgement day is close at hand  
ANNIHILATE - your throne is on the list of demand

We throng in crowd to purge  
As the lies won't cease to merge

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