

The Duskfall "The Destroyer"

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Skulls piled on concrete, executions made with ease.
Tombs filled with sickness, an invader who won't take
heed.
Evolving with a shotgun, launching killing spree.
Unleashing death on mankind, excluding not a soul
free.

He won't be satisfied

A gallery of death art, primitive actions to be seen.
Ceiling dripping from their blood, loves to watch them
creep.
Opened the gates of torture, he has found his way.
Generations screaming for more, ripping trough the
gateways.

The destroyer...
Skulls piled...

The destroyer...

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