

## Satan's Children

Ancient

A constant itch will remain on your face  
You must eat your own head and spit into space  
It crawls in your skin and into your spin  
You must dig in your guts and rip out the lines

One with no head he sits by your side  
Twitching his fingers and rubbing his tights  
A pool of blood you're full of blood  
The taste of blood the waste of blood

Always talking just speaking the lines  
Ignoring emotions confusing the signs  
Satan's children rise from your knees  
Believing the lies are hard to conceive

Making the ways and issuing souls  
Spit in the face of those who have tolls  
What do you see and where do you go  
What do you know and what can you show

Vengeance comes and violence goes  
Give them a piece of iron man woes  
Hail to the fury hail to below  
Hail to the horned one the goat that knows

Satan's children looks like a goat  
Satan's child fly like a dove  
Satan's children run thru the woods  
Satan's child all around me  
Satan's children looks like a wolf  
Satan's child swim in the sea  
Satan's children crawl in their web  
Satan's child is like me

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