

Dark Towers

Bison B.C.

Dark towers, grave robbers
Dark powers, die slower
Gears turning, souls burning
Hearts breaking

Dark towers, grave diggers
Sick fuckers, kill lovers
Blood running, flames rising
Death swarming

In the belly of the beast
Bastards bloated form the feast
Walking through this land of death
Are we wasting our last breath

We hear the prophets call
When the profits fall

All will soon be gone