

Morphing into Real

DemonLord

Always, always behind us
Comes up, comes from the darkness
No shape, evil and timeless
Crawls out to chase us like animals

From where the rivers have no source
From where the hours run back to yesterdays
Beyond the known side of the world
It will arise when we'll forget its names

May you call it the king without a face
It's glass breaking voice will erase our memories
No trace, no sound- rest in peace

It's morphing into real
By pain, by greed
Its nature will reveal
When the ending is near

Go get your gun and bang the drums
March on the fields, your sweat will feed its might
Just drop the bombs and shake the earth
Open your eyes and watch it burning bright