

## Tribal Furies

Exumer

Tonight they're out to feed bound by loyalty. Some will  
be erased combat the human race.  
They no longer thrive on death but who's alive? An army  
ou for war, battle demons abhonor.  
No one will be speared in this brutal infestation.  
Hordes are spreading in this sadistic implication.  
Graves, numbers and plagues none saved.

WE WANT TO BRING YOU TORMENT AN ENDLESS NIGHT  
WE WANT TO SEE YOU SUFFER WITH ALL OUR MIGHT

Tonight they're out to hate deciding you all fate. None  
shall remain alive losing every fight.  
Knuckles turn purple blue desecrating all of you. Plain  
is the look of fear., advancing from the rear.  
None are spared. Hordes and hell. Graves for plagues.  
Born to maim and kill.  
Destruct turmoil a new design, everybody suffers  
everyone dies.  
Battle scars tattered and soiled, fierce we ride to  
collect the spoils.  
Forgotten dreams lost lives we all fall side by side.  
Death will greet you every turn kill you cold in tire  
you burn.  
No one will be speared in this brutal infestation.  
Hordes are spreading in this sadistic implication.  
Graves, numbers and plagues none saved.

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