

# Children Of The Underworld

Gloomy Grim

I call you, my Master,  
King of the Ghouls,  
Bringer of Pain,  
Wreaker of Sorrow

[chorus :]  
Those are the  
Children of The Underworld  
Bitter Venom of gods  
The Great Storms from Below,  
Those are THEY

I spill the red Water of Life  
To the stone struck with a sword,  
That hath slain eleven men  
And hath spreaded Misery and Blood

[chorus]

Know that our years are The Years of WAR  
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from  
The outside of the Sweet World of Sorrow

[chorus]

Know that our years are The Years of WAR  
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from  
The outside where every lie is true