Red Skies

Jungle Rot

I know a thousand ways to kill a weak man's heart And I know a thousand more to tear your life apart I'll take your child, your home, and everything you know All lives I touch are mine, the lowest of the low I light a thousand fires, black death at my command I challenge all that hail this god forsaken land Those who oppose me, now in my control Red skies and hollowed eyes, everyone will know There is no chance for you to run I'll leave you nude in the desert sun I form a river of human blood Like pigs you'll lie in the deep red mud You are now my army, like mummies cast in sand Rise up, cracked and bleeding, do as I command Creatures born of bloody mud, copulating stone All hail these hideous forms, wrought by my hand Cities built of human bone Tarps of skin and human flesh Harboring disease and waste Salty, bloody taste.