

Different breeds

Morta Skuld

Entombed within their fear
Hidden from the persecution
Empathy conceived out of pity
Disguised the crawl inside our race
In fear to show their faces
As the prophecy draws near
Eyes distraught with horror
Infest their every thought
A different breed or scared creation
Conceived out of pity or God's insanity
There shall be no life without God it is written
Nothing is sacred in battle
Their sorrow will never pass
A different breed
Wither and fade away
Hidden persecution
They crawl inside our race