

Doommaker

Old Man's Child

The night calls
as the evening light fades
cast your shadow
and cover this earth
bury the surface
and possess the nights dark
come forth, put spells on my thoughts.

I am the master of decease
I am the pain that grows within your soul
I am this worlds doom maker.

From another world
He arise from the ruins
which will be their graves
spawn of satan
gather as one
and set this world in flames.

We are the seeds of fire
spreading in the wind
Masters of your sorrow
And now, we will bring you down.
has corrupted my soul.

We are the master of decease
We are the pain that grows within your soul
We are this worlds doom maker.