

The Underworld Domains

Old Man's Child

The season to harvest the unborn and pue
Reunite the children of war
Take command of spirits at birth
Put your spells on the already cursed
Walk on through the entrance
To life's poor existence
Come on in to my world
Engage the world your battle
In times of the weak diversity
We shall unite and become like one
Something comes creeping out
From the underworld domains
I'm touched by the devil
Or am I losing my mind
The voices inspire me to suffocate
I am the one, the unborn child