

Programmed to Serve

Spellblast

A tall man that was made of steel
Without a heart but not in search of it
Storyteller that's loved by kids
Guardians of a rich harvest

A gold chest and long thin limbs
Sinister sounds come from its brain
Two blue eyes that scarily glow
A scornful laugh, in the silence

Nineteen, the directive that hides its lies
Old prophet of blood and death
Messenger robot many other functions
Nineteen, the directive that hides its lies
Old prophet of blood and death
Programmed to serve the crimson king
And the grey wolves

Plague for twins, from the age of ten
Kidnapped by wolves with iron fangs
Divided while the world moves on
To rejoin like empty shells
Armed with snitches and light sticks
Thunderclap is where they come from
Dressed in grey with a green hood
Used to hide their irony beast's face

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