

## 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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