

It's approaching  
600 pounds gas and flesh  
Robes in tatters  
It's approaching  
Lips and tongue abhorrent  
Flickering lexicon  
Or a stray dog pack leader

Hide hide, all good people hang out for a result  
Hide dive hide, reasonable people in silence do exult  
Realm of dusk

The Northerns  
Look at the North ones  
Their brains are unhinged by the sun

Rare stone  
Our [faecesfaces] are rare stone  
It comes to take them  
Move out the armies