

Children Of Satan

The Gates of Slumber

The blood dawn begins.
Vermin must all die.
We need this land cleansed.
Before the sun quits the sky.

Our home is barren.
Christ's lands are ripe.
Oh they joy of the plunder.
On lambs blood we dine.

Ride and kill. Guns and steel.

Rape them and slay them. In the name of Allah.
Glorious sons of Ishamael. We heed Khartoum's call.
So we burn them and maim them. In the name of Allah.
Bastard sons of Abraham. We heed our father's call.

Tens of thousands are dead.
One hundred thousand more.
The brotherhood all rides.
Slashing and raping evermore.

Submit to Allah.
Else your women: our whores.
Soon to cry in the blood.
On the sands of Darfur.

On bleeding knees they scream and cry.
Vultures circle as they die.
The horde rides in; blood bath begins.

And the eyes of the world they are dimmed.
The lambs all die; in the blood they cry.
Wasted; forgotten in the sands of Darfur.