

Tleilaxu (The Unborn Child)

Varathron

Nature had taken the face of fear
Terror is painted around
Whispers and screams of pain
Are hovering in the night

The high priests are preparing
This sacrifice must be done
Full moon is approaching
Red virgin blood will be spilled

You are preparing for the great moment
The unborn child is coming
With the hordes of evil
With absolute hate and obscure eyes

You're a faithful servant
He's the chosen one
The silence cry drives you mad
The whispers are drilling your mind

The mystic gathering from the faithful priests
Waiting for the secret day
It aint going to be late
Ruins and destruction turn around

Your tears are rolling on the black cloak
The great celebration is beginning
Look the skies and the clouds
(the unborn child is coming)
Look the signs of times...