

Into The Crop Circle

Wednesday 13

Step inside for the ceremony
There's no return from this incantation
Watch the devil's rise in all their glory
And be the witness to this new creation

Outside the circle there is nothing sacred
And watch the fall of man it's devastation
We are the lords of your damnation
Now watch them rise in this transformation

There inside of me and you
And when the time is right
They crawl in search for light
The blackest oracle
Into the crop circle
Into the crop circle

Nomadic Gods beyond salvation
The Lords of death and life and all creation
Beyond the stars and all that's sacred
Under their complete domination
Into this violent night their reigning
So be forewarned of the new mutation
And to dispose of those remaining
And witness this mass extermination