

# What Fresh Hell

## Leviathan

Take wings at Midnight,  
Under glimpses of a uncertain Moon  
Her thoughts become scarcely human,  
They infest and cloud her mind  
And she longs for this rotting ill,  
And the grim bolt of her king  
She waits in bestial desire to meet her master's last words  
"Do you think I would except just any soul willing to give itself to mine power...  
I torture and chastise you to ripen you for mine embrace...  
Taking wings at midnight"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>