

Council of Wolves

Knights of the Abyss

Weaving spiders come not here O tempora O mores behind the doors of trickery
these faceless souls practice their mind control leaving nothing to chance
they guide a world of impotence they watch us all they watch us all who re they
and why have they formed to lead mindless nations who now have no control
leaders know the coin to be made and everyday becometh closer to slaves they
will not halt they will never be satisfied insolence impotence this disease will
never cease this empire is near completion and their ideas are becoming our own
power they receive from the countless nations who have deceived rise oh ancient
one rise my bohemian son show us your will at last the days of darkness are
upon us the days are closing in leaders leading lambs to slaughter fear in
every heart and mind fro the members of this sacro-sanct sanctuary you will
face resistance a wretched sting so lethal making hairs stand one end
penetrating from the skin to bone.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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