

Lord of Flies

Gehenna

Above the earth swarm thousands
On the ground they run by the sign of the sun
In the wastes summons a voice
A voice of destruction, the calls for stavation
Abomination towards the sun
Now there is nowhere to run Foul and cursed
A home of ugliness, torture and pain Take me there The horror that hides behinds this supernatural being
Foul and cursed The stench of this desert
What have I done? He is Lord of Flies

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