# Stormshield

## Nasum

Standing so close to the edge
Pumping more until they burst
The only thing not being done
Is getting these bridges burnedStill sowing seeds of hate
Growing nicely in the weak
While preparing for the terror
That is yet to be unleashedWith your gums oiled and greased
And your biggest smile in place
Your role is that one of a priest
To convert them all with hasteStill sowing seeds of hate
Growing nicely in the weak
While preparing for the terror
That is yet to be unleashedAnother lie to calm things down
Storming the winds of hate
Hating all that you create

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