

# Stormshield

## Nasum

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

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