Sodden Jackal

The Obsessed

Wet fur bares the smell of death
Sodden cur
On your heels their fetid breath
Jackal kings, guardian slavesThe child is delivered unto the earth
From the womb of a beast
With a million parents of the dark
To guide and serveFrom the blackness they emerge
Fed on diseased decay
For their master they must kill
To guard the gates of hell's conception
Running you scream in naked fear
Untold terror
A scene of evil unbelieved
Behold the fireFight relentlessly
Can't give up, we must believe
Bodies lie in smoldering piles
Bring cold lips unearthly smilesA soul captured was not won
So revealed the prophecy
Has the likeness of a man
It bears the mark of numbers
Now with the faith and sacred knives
The time is right
The beast is destroyed and the light commands
Triumphant trial
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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