

# Sodden Jackal

## The Obsessed

Wet fur bares the smell of death  
Sodden cur  
On your heels their fetid breath  
Jackal kings, guardian slaves  
The child is delivered unto the earth  
From the womb of a beast  
With a million parents of the dark  
To guide and serve  
From 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 fire  
Fight relentlessly  
Can't give up, we must believe  
Bodies lie in smoldering piles  
Bring cold lips unearthly smiles  
A 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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