

Abaddon's Horde

With Blood Comes Cleansing

As the pit is opened up the smoke will fill the sky
As the air is filled with darkness, they shall begin to fly
These demon locusts will obey their king
Commanded not to kill their victims only to sting Shaped like horses prepared for battle
With the power of a scorpion
Released to torture God's opposition
All the rejecters all the blasphemers Death shall flee, there is no way out
Hear their victims' screams as they fill the sky
Cursed to feel the torture, they long to die
These demon locusts will obey their king
Commanded not to kill their victims, only to sting
Death shall flee

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