

I Am Disease

Toxic Holocaust

Wind brings famine
Your lungs fill with dust
Serpent scales etch the ground
The phase it shifts
Leaves you all alone
The moon is burning
The city sleeps Will his blood here take you down?
Through the dirt below
Deceiving eyes can erase your mind
Erase your soul Born of lightning
Thunder and the rain
Once forgotten I release
My touch is sickness
For which there is no cure
My legions growing
The serpent reaps On past the gates of sin
My legion brings the plagues
We raise our fists and arise...Hail Satan!
The sleeping city withers and depletes
Slow poison trickles down your throat Arise!!!! Storms are coming
Black clouds bring the curse
The virus seeps into your mind
Seething evil tells you to proceed We are the left hand
We've bound the right

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