

Locust (Demo 2011)

Machine Head

Sweet caress grazes my skin
It's loveless, these hooks sink in
Behind an angel's disguise, an insect preys
Mandibles cut like a knife, the reckoning
Forming clouds, their shadow shrouds
Louder the tattered wings they sound
Descending down
Down they come, the swarm of locusts
Skies above converge to choke us
Feast of souls consume the harvest
Young and old, suffer unto the locust
Surrender, these veins are bled
Devoured, nothing sacred
Strings pull the marionettes
See how they dance upon the winds that beget our pestilence
Forming clouds, their shadow shrouds
Louder the tattered wings they sound
Descending down
Down they come, the swarm of locusts
Skies above converge to choke us
Feast of souls consume the harvest
Young and old, suffer unto the locust
Bleeding from my eyes, this plague is sent to erase us
Bleeding from inside, these vermin can't infiltrate us
Faith appears, and holds a candle
Hark, the angels sing
Forming clouds, their shadow shrouds
Louder the tattered wings they sound
Tear the veil, the lies derail
Purity ever will prevail
Trumpets sound the shattered crown
Halos of truth now they surround
The charade comes down
Down they come, the swarm of locusts
Skies above converge to choke us
Feast of souls consume the harvest
Young and old, (suffer unto the locust)
Down they come, the swarm of locusts
Skies above converge to choke us
Feast of souls consume the harvest
Young and old, suffer unto the locust

Songwriters

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Published by

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