The Destroyer

The Duskfall

Skulls piled on concrete, executions made with ease.
Tombs filled with sickness, an invader who won't take heed.
Evolving with a shotgun, launching killing spree.
Unleashing death on mankind, excluding not a soul free.He won't be satisfiedA gallery of death art, primitive actions to be seen.
Ceiling dripping from their blood, loves to watch them creep.
Opened the gates of torture, he has found his way.
Generations screaming for more, ripping trough the gateways.The destroyer...Skulls piled...The destroyer...

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