

Tleilaxu (The Unborn Child)

Varathron

Nature had taken the face of fear
Terror is painted around
Whispers and screams of pain
Are hovering in the night. The high priests are prepearing
This surifice must be done
Full-moon is approaching
Red virgin-blood will be spiled. Tou are prepearing for the great moment
The unborn child is coming
With the hordes of evil
With absolute hate and obscure eyes. You're faithful servant
He's the chosen one
The silence cry drives you mad
The whispers are drilling your mind. The mystic gathering from the faithful
priest
Waiting for the secret day
It ain't going to be late
Ruins and destruction turn around Your tears are rolling the black cloak
The great celebration is beginning
(The unborn child is coming)
Look the sights of time...

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