

Nephilim

Tendead

Bathe in the blood of the children
Earth is not their true mother
Host to the lack of forgiveness
We have given you nothing A son is what they will give
And it will get you war
WarRise Bound to a soulless existence
We are the children of nothing
Formed from the ash of rebellion
We have given a god king A son is what they will give
And it will get you war
WarRise Cleansed by the mouth of dominion
A seed from the womb of the mother
Devoured by a power thats unseen
The future will give us another A son is what they will give
And it will get you war
WarRise

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