

Proxima Centauri

Ancient

[Music: Aphazel - Lyrics: GroM]by foreign shores we tread our way
no clue of what's beyond
a lurking threat unknown to man
an ancient force of preythrough time and space we travel on
our curious natures grow
an evil dark and frightening place
where no man should dare to goave aquevale for the neptune towers subsidewe unlock doors unprepared
to face the horrors far beyond
as feeble speaks of dust
we boldly linger on and onour souls will burn with flames so high
and vanquished we will be
for we are merely strangers
in this void of miserycruched and butchered drained and slayed
our souls forever scream
engulfed and severed, tortured and maimed
with no hope to be freeanghuishly crying no able of dying
a curse no one can tell
forever standed and abandoned
our souls will burn in hellliberate tute meex inferniswe hear our cries we know our lies
the punishment is duebeware and fear that which is near
and face the world's demise demiseso far yet close this hidden evil
a scythe reaping souls
a breading unportrayable death
will swallow all mankindwe have not seen the face of death
and hell is just a word
the truth is far much worse and vile
our existence too absurdthe fatal verge of no return
now breached beyond restrainthow many times must our souls cry
before we finally learn
we face what power is out of reach
until we crash and burna warning's given us
remain on our home soil
for furious proxima centauri
will shred this mortal coilshred this coilshred this coil

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