

# Druid Lord, Thirteen Days of Death

Footsteps approach from the shadows of night  
Whispers echo from the woods  
Campfire flames grow hotter and higher  
Chills from the stories being told  
Tales of death, murder and superstition  
A lifeless body in the lake  
His lust for blood was born on this night  
The most feared day of all

With all the anger and all the rage  
The butchers back to dominate  
They try to run but it's too late  
All the natives fear his name

A man who lives for the pleasure of vengeance  
Without guilt or remorse  
Get on your knees and pray for mercy  
He has come for your soul

The counselors gather at night  
Enthralled with fornication  
Bloodstains on the floor, the sign of their annihilation

In the dead of night comes a bringer of death and destruction  
Dripping from his knife the blood is flowing like oceans  
You can't run and hide, he's perfected killing in motion  
Their eyes are open wide, they cannot believe his repulsion

Transcending life and death to redefine their pain  
He's resurrected again and again and again

Frozen statue of death,  
Too scared to even breath  
Will it be flee or fight?  
It's all the same in the end

Behind psychotic eyes, a Lunatic resides  
Prepare yourself to die  
His knife will open you wide!