

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!