

Time of the Dark

Brocas Helm

There's a shadow on the land
Werewolves in high places
Speak satin words with empty faces

Children kneel to the lords of insanity
Choosing a god devoid of humanity
There's a darkness on the land

There used to be a softness
in another place and time
You called upon the wind and it answered with a rhyme

Butterflies and unicorns are from a different age
So fuck the signs of peace and love,
all hail the battle rage

Their assholes full of razor blades,
mirrors in their minds
Can't see what's in front of them,
can't feel what's left behind

That's alright it's ok that quality,
it's us who are the fools
They live on blood and dollar bills,
the nineteen nighties ghools

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It's the Time of the Dark 'till the rider arrives
Let him come, let him come

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