

# Head of the Demon

Evile

Ancient deceiver  
Creeping forward through the land  
Age old curse of centuries  
Moving silently across the sand  
Once seen as immortal  
Evidently as it stalks  
Far too long the people wait  
For the blood red sun  
As thousands warned

Bring me the head  
The scriptures say it will be so  
Bring me the head of the demon

Daylight a memory  
Only whispered to return  
Shades of death  
Have come to life  
To remind us power must be earned  
Faithful the keepers  
And the ritual they believed  
By the dawn the demon comes

And they see the child for which they grieve

Bring me the head  
The scriptures say it will be so  
Bring me the head of the demon  
Bring me the head  
We pray beneath the blood red sun  
Bring me the head of the demon

Feeding on faith of the helpless  
Leaving them more than the hand of fate

Bring me the head  
The scriptures say it will be so  
Bring me the head of the demon  
Bring me the head  
We pray beneath the blood red sun  
Bring me the head of the demon  
Bring me the head  
The head of the demon