

Mine Molten Armor

Leviathan

Winds whip past the hull
Screaming through
Straight to your heart
The scent of your weakness
Excites this metal
I will meet you with war
Igneous links hiss
As the winds arise
Searing fear into your heart
The scent of your weakness
Ignites this metal
Charred remnants of
Foes past
Bitter taste of ash
Your whimpers feed the flame
The scent of fear
And searing flesh
I will meet you with war.