

Conjuring the Cull

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Up from the depths
And Through the wind
I call for the power
Necromancers verged and conjuring
Lambs for the slaughter

A proposition scribed in crimson
On a parchment made of flesh
To behold, I am beholden
To what is written in the blood

Working you to death
Conjuring the cull
As I manifest darkness
Conjuring the cull

Emaciated for the kill
They are manufacturing my will
I am the prophet extracting profit
From living corpses
They are beholden
To what is written in their blood

Working you to death
Conjuring the cull
As I manifest darkness
The darkness of my soul

A veil forged in black
Not of the night
Agents of unseeing
Drifting out of sight
All that I can see
Is not of this plan
They are coming
Coming to reclaim

I am but a vessel
Shrouded vision
Of mass consumption

A great concealer
And revealer
I hone my will

Bound to the dark
Lower than the dust
Power I manifest
Authority you must entrust

Working you to death
Conjuring the cull
And as I manifest Darkness
Of my soul

Tempting fate in dark introspection
They did heed my carrion call

In a breath, a world-wide vision
And in death, I bury you all