

The Goblins of the Black Rain

Nekrogoblikon

Stood there looking to the icy moon,
Casting silhouettes tall upon sandy dunes.
The black-clad goblins with their deadly task
In the serpentine darkness, filling their flasks

Stood there feeding on the ravaged mass
With their fabled illusions, the vain dreams that passed
Splinters of lives rushing by in the whirl
Alone, silent warriors in a human world

They cried for night, but the night could not come!
So, swept in the shroud of misanthropy they went away!

And called for their armies!
Then the goblins of the black rain,
Sank into the shadows with dry, sardonic smiles

They made the journey to another place
To rouse a sacred confrontation

Stood there carving on the human bones,
Digging through flesh, boiling brains in a pot.
As the cruisers all land and open their doors,
The goblins cheer and run inside,
Bringing meat to the horde with their hideous grins.
DIE!