

## Barbaric Proclivity

Skinless

WAR!

The faint sound of doom creeps closer  
Mist over the mountains, death  
We'll push them, into their graves  
Cavernous ground smash a window to hell

Your race has withered, your spirit crushed  
No love left, no emotion, barely anything  
Beaten  
Pain is welcome, to feel anything at all  
A landscape of utter despair

We'll push them, into their graves  
We hear your helpless cries  
We hope your race dies

Only hope  
Quick demise  
Silent flash  
Obliteration