

Mammothpolis

The Ruins of Beverast

Beyond the bluster of my kingdom's trumpets
I have reached the gates of the city of Mammoths
Where my fatal children are hanged from trees
For they came at my fatal behest

I am the roistering death
That ye will surely die

I'm without fear deep inside Mammothpolis
I'm decaying... but I stamp down the buried
I'm without fear deep inside Mammothpolis