

Coldworker, The Interloper

His face is dead
Rotten soul within
Monolithic
Inhuman
Your fear will be his fuel

With his iron fist
He'll crush the weak with wrath
Raised to demolish man
Misanthropic mastermind

He'll interlope and dominate
Attack the world with hate
The mission is to devastate
Annihilate the human race

He is a plague
Ridden with disease
Putrefactive
Infected
Slowly spreading sickness

He'll come for you
When hunger strikes
Interloper
Consumer
Lust for the devourment

Lurking in the shallow darkness
Waiting for the weaker ones
Ready to inject his venom
Evil is as evil does

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