

Number Inches Of Blood, Forest King

Knee deep in the dead of their kind
They carry on without seeming to mind
Feed off their flesh, larger they grow
Persevere through ice, wind and snow
When metal beasts come crashing through the under brush
Through old majestic growth
To defend itself the forest will come to life
Encroachment against humanity, running root breaking stone
Rise up feed off the dead
Towering giants fill you with dread
Avenge the axe, avenge the blade
Cleansing all the parasites
A green shadow cast upon the world
Pushed to the brink the trees reclaim what is theirs
Collapse tall buildings for the survival of their kind
Payments coming for every cut that you've made
Feed off the dead, fill you with dread
Payments coming
Above their heads shine the stars of the night
Rising up to the dark through the light
Mighty giants, standing arm to arm
Warriors march forward, sound the alarm
Rise up
Born of the earth, more armies advance
The forest kind will reign
Overtaking cities with branches they ensnare
Pushing the human race back a million years
The earth grows quiet all plant life will dominate again
When every structure falls you'll know the forest is king