

# 3 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 underbrush  
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  
Rise up  
Feed off the dead  
Towering giants fill you with dread  
Avenge the axe  
Avenge the blade  
Payment's coming  
For every cut that you've made  
Feed off the dead  
Fill you with dread  
Payment's coming  
Above their heads shine the stars of the night  
Rising up through the dark to 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 King 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  
Rise up  
Feed off the dead  
Towering giants fill you with dread  
Avenge the axe  
Avenge the blade  
Feed off the dead  
Fill you with dread  
Payment's coming