

Agathocles, Bastard Breed (Intro) / Scorn of Hum

They gnaw like little maggots
On our friendship-bonds,
Demolishing everything we've built,
They smash it to the ground,
Remembering all the things,
The times we spent together,
These memories fade away,
As hatred seems to grow harder.
Jealous little creeps,
Making their frustration hide,
Jealous kids-they weep,
Like Jesus-they were blind.