

# Funker Vogt, Evil's Birth

Wounds of self-mutilation  
Caused by religious fervor  
A sacrifice of a child  
To summoning the gods

A fortress in the dense woods  
Called the temple of destruction  
Just finished the preparations  
To face the final day

Coloured rays of setting sun  
Are covering everything  
Like an oppressive blanket  
Taking your breath away

See the eyes of the predators  
Flickering with reflected gleams  
Like an apocalyptic floodwave  
They are coming over mankind

Thousand shadows threats and noises  
In the primal womb of earth  
Hear the screams of thousand voices  
It's the day of evils birth