

# Galt Areus, You Don't Want To Find Out Too Late

My den of wolves has circled you,  
seems you call my name...  
You've roused my hate- now I'll explain.  
You don't want to find out too late,  
I'm not a God fools slay.  
You don't want to find out too late,  
a sway of my arm leaves you erased.  
so make haste to be scarce,  
your blood's mine to waste.  
You don't want to find out too late,  
you've got Hell to pay.  
I offer a lavish courtesy,  
I'll blanket you in ash,  
and sand, the only shroud worth wasting on your kind.  
and you'll awake to the bitter taste of earth.  
I offer a lavish courtesy,  
I'll blanket you in ash:  
your last shroud.