

Gloomy Grim, Children of the Underworld

I call you, my Master,
King of the Ghouls,
Bringer of Pain,
Wreakerof Sorrow

(chorus :)
Those are the
Children of The Underworld
Bitter Venom of gods
The Great Storms from Below,
Those are THEY

I spill the red Water of Life
To the stone struck with a sword,
That hath slain eleven men
And hath spreaded Misery and Blood

(chorus)

Know that our years are The Years of WAR
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from
The outside of the Sweet World of Sorrow

(chorus)

Know that our years are The Years of WAR
And our days measured as Battles

And every hour is a life lost from
The outside where every lie is true