

# Gloomy Grim, Children of the Underworld

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