

Himsa, They Speak In Swarms

A calm sought out
So raid the guild
Through faint alarm

Forging static
To the horde
Amiss the thrall

The rule at helm
To countdown
And hell's
Collecting heads

Omens awoke
In fiends of need
To remain forlorn

Residual horror
Begs for life
To no avail

Flesh is fortune
The flight is fortunate
A threat to severe
For satire and fault
Tapping the vein
From fear and fang
Detained in darkness
Stalking droves of aid

No new tale to tell
So strike for survival
Before the now comes crashing down

Appetites or indecisions
Will devour benediction
The last tick of a life long

Faith and disease
Has buried this town
In exhuming doom

Biding time
Assailants expound
In a birth of ruin

Bloodshed resumes
Unforgiving hunger sated
As hunters take their hits
A faction arose
The curse is granted
One to be the savior
Enforcing martyrdom

Now prey

No new tale to tell
So strike for survival
Before the now comes crashing down

Appetites or indecisions
Will devour benediction
The last tick of a life long lost

To cast down
And no way out

Are they as safe as they think they are?
They are not when they speak in swarms

Flesh is fortune
The flight is fortunate
A threat to severe
For satire and fault
Tapping the vein
From fear and fang
Detained in darkness
Stalking droves of aid

Perseverance
In persecution
Looms unforeseen
Avenge for exile
The gist to grave
At zero hours end

Stunned in sound

But they'll be back