

Nocturnal Rites, The Watcher

Inside the earth, they scheme for the slaughter
A part of the masterplan
Forbidden to be, for no one to see
Onnocence for pain, they twist in pleasure
Spawn from a life of gods
The watcher is all, destruction befall

The final embrace
A silent scream
Eternal debase, deceive or prevail

We rot to the core, the final ambition
The hunger begins to grow
Oblivious one, the fall has begun

The final embrace
A silent scream
The presence evolves, the colony grows

Fates are falling, names in stone
Final calling, the watcher of the fall
Fates are falling, rise or fall
Final calling, the watcher in us all