

Old Man's Child, What Malice Embrace

Beyond the black of the netherworld
lies a kingdom untouched
created by the sins of man...
and the evil that man do.

Walls painted
with the color of blood,
walls that surround all
that malice embrace.

Out of the dark and toward the shadows
The mice feast on their flesh,
Nameless souls are trapped in the twilight
Trapped in a time that newers end's.

Demons that hunt in the night
soldiers of the nocturnal light,
evil spawn the masters creation
seeds of hate, the cast of damnation.

Pain is all where nothing is,
Is nothing where pain is all.

Walls painted
with the color of blood,
walls that surround all
that malice embrace.

Out of the dark and toward the shadows
The mice feast on their flesh,
Nameless souls are trapped in the twilight
Trapped in a time that newers end's...
...and never will.