

# Old Mans Child, Doommaker

The night calls  
as the evening light fades  
cast your shadow  
and cover this earth  
bury the surface  
and possess the nights dark  
come forth, put spells on my thoughts.

I am the master of de cease  
I am the pain that grows within your soul  
I am this worlds doom maker.

From another world  
He arise from the ruins  
which will be their graves  
spawn of satan  
gather as one  
and set this world in flames.

We are the seeds of fire  
spreading in the wind  
Masters of your sorrow  
And now, we will bring you down.  
has corrupted my soul.

We are the master of de cease  
We are the pain that grows within your soul  
We are this worlds doom maker.