

Old Mans Child, The Underworld Domains

The season to harvest the unborn and pue
Reunite the children of war
Take command of spirits at birth
Put your spells on the already cursed

Walk on through the entrance
To life's poor existence
Come on in to my world
Engage the world your battle

In times of the weak diversity
We shall unite and become like one

Something comes creeping out
From the underworld domains
I'm touched by the devil
Or am I losing my mind
The voices inspire me to suffocate
I am the one, the unborn child