Septic Flesh, Nephilim Sons

Many years ago when none could count the time,
spheres of light fell down, a rain of mystic fire from the skies.
Thirsty angels smelled the warmth of life into this earth.
Bathed with stardust, in greatness They descended.

The Nephilim Gods.

New resources formed the blood of Their machines.
Creatures and devices were the products of Their will.
To prevail in this world of virgin wilderness,
They made some hands to carry Their sacred tasks.

Soon They felt an urge to taste forbidden pleasures.
Their flowers were erected for the daughters of Their beasts.
With awe and lust these young mutations drunk Their potions.
As bees they took Their seed in places, far and wide.

The Nephilim Sons.
Nephilim sons. Spheres of light fell down

Many years ago when none could count the time,
spheres of light fell down, a rain

The Nephilim Sons.
Nephilim sons. Spheres of light fell down