

Death Has Been Swallowed Up In Victory

A Plea for Purging

They came from the hills
By the hundreds of thousands they swarmed
They marched in the shroud of the eve
Their flags raised high
Leaving nothing but tears in their wake
Mauling the weak, no mercy shown
Not a life was spared.
Blood to earth, blade to bone
Declaring a world of ruin upon me
Overthrow his majesty
Echoed through the trees
With the sound of war
Still i killed them all
My God I watched them die
It became so hard to scream
through their silence
I fought back against this evil wave
i watched as white flags raised
With his strength i march this crusade
With their last bleeding breath they paid
Victims made, Victims laid
Victory, Cry Victory