

# The Righteous Voice

Morbid Angel

Kingdoms infamous for taking as they please  
To appease a voice of righteousness  
Infidels and heretics, enemies of our light  
Shall be dealt with in the name of God  
It is the rite of our kind to silence any tongue  
That would try to oppose the king of our land

Bring us their heads as trophies of our victories  
Praise us and align as soldiers of a destiny  
Foretold by ancient prophets  
Bring us new lands, these people too will praise us

Praise our God or meet your own  
It matters not to us, we have glory either way  
Bow down before our king  
Fear is your new faith, fear is your new doctrine  
Be docile until we say, be ready with your life  
If the king needs you to die

Bring us their head as trophies of our victories  
Praise us and align as soldiers of a destiny  
Foretold by ancient prophets  
Bring us new lands, these people too will praise us

The followers of ancient ways shall be taught to follow us  
Or be beaten to their fate  
The kingdom does not accept any praise of other lands  
It will be treated as an act of war  
You exist because we allow it, so kneel to show your God  
It is us that you fear

Prepare to learn the ways of this new kingdom  
Prepare to swear your soul and life to keep it  
Prepare to give yourself to do our bidding  
Prepare to sacrifice for our desire

Kingdoms infamous for taking as they please  
To appease a voice of righteousness  
Infidels and heretics, enemies of our light  
Shall be dealt with in the name of God  
It is the rite of our kind to silence any tongue  
That would try to oppose the king of our land