

Consecration

Angel Corpse

Bearing at the edges of the world
The hallowed arms of those
Whom death has struck down
Warriors from the beyond
In ranks both seen and unseen
Of this the desolation
Our enigmatic destiny

Consecration
Marching off to war
Iron, blood and blasphemy
The unvanquished storm

The war bringer unyielding
Wield the greedy weapons
Girded for battle
Under victorious banner
Ever more total
Ever more occult
Breaking the deafening silence
My voice
Consecration
Marching off to war
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Lightning hammer of gods
Uphold! Avenge! Arise!

Blessed and bold ascension
Like the firebearing star
Through thousands of ordeals
We are the sons of vengeance
Cast them down
Your cowardly impious eyes
Our gaze alone evokes
A spell of destruction

Consecration
Marching off to war
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Our storm...our war!