

# The Purging Fires Of War

Arghoslent

Father, raise your sons  
Not to prosper  
But to be devoured in flame  
For by the purging fires of war  
They shall be judged in your place

Burn, the fires burn  
Purge, the depth of our land  
Burn, the fires burn  
Purge, the depth of our land

Covenant sacred records  
In the pages of our genes  
The legacy of our kind  
Unto our sons is given  
When the purging fires meet  
The last one on earth shall divine  
Carry my son this vision  
Bear the swords and keep the faith  
Till the seed of our lives alight

Hearth fires burn in the  
Depth of our land  
Buried within our genes  
Hatred of their kind

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In the pages of our genes  
The legacy of our kind  
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Hearth fires burn in the  
Depth of our land  
Buried within our genes  
Hatred of their kind

So cast up an ensign  
From depths of moldering graves  
And show forth to the world  
That this vision we share  
Shall remain

Were it not for these records  
Would our feats be denied?  
We shall drink their blood  
We shall war without end  
To gain our fathers' rightful  
Place of honor  
Were it for these records  
Would our feats be denied?

In our hearts the fire still it burns

Deep within our brow in our minds  
Buried within our genes hatred of their kind  
Hatred of their kind is the law