

Justinian Code

Byzantine

Violence it's the only way for me justify
An aggression that bears no face even exposed to the light
A veiled disease planting IED's under the crescent moon
My Enemy, You are not the conqueror this time
We open pits again

As we pile up the bodies so high
Our sense of humanity is tossed away

As soon as we attain solid visual
Decapitate no matter the age or the tribe
Your cavity of freedom is filled with passivity
In the shadows of human tyranny you undermine
We open up pits again

As we pile up the bodies so high
Our sense of direction is lost

Martyrs, assassins
We mourn and move on as the sun disappears
To dig trenches four Caliphs
Our laws are null you abide to no one
Extremists, no leaders
This genocide will destroy your identity
But it has to be
As you dance on the corpses and wail to the almighty above

In this time of war
Let the moon heal the body, sore
We are forever more
Until the ashes sweep under the door, then you'll know

In this time of war
Let the moon heal the body, sore
We are forever more
Until the ashes sweep under the door
Then you know we're gone

Go forth in the night
You're a compass for us all
Follow what is right
And your stories will be told

Some by force and some by choice
In time you all shall leave me
I do not fear to be alone
Solitary, I will atone

Graves of sand we all are damned
A body count so accurate
We are surgical in our trade
Enslaved you will be trained
Never strive for life unstrifed
We fight out of necessity
This canvas will always be
Chaotic and painted with blood

As we pile up the bodies so high
Our sense of direction is lost