

Feed on the Fallen

Defleshed

We lurch over sprawling dead
Pain them not, but crush their heads

Front's no longer far
Explosions ceaseless are

You're going down

Following order
to bring disorder
once we have crossed the border

It has cost a thousand men
yet we form and strike again

We feed on the fallen
We weed out the weak
We prosper on the fallen
and the feebles we do seek

We practise proxy warfare

Rapidly the warriors decrease
Soon alone and living is a breeze

Following order
to bring disorder

It has cost a thousand men
yet we form and strike again
Blood is easily sold
for the price of solid gold

We've killed them all then
empowered by the fallen