

Sic Semper Tyrannis

Elvenking

Sound the horns, grand is their call
Blessing the triumph of the battle
Nourished in blood, the pain of us all
The outcry of our final rattles

Rising in power, the glory of our kings
Soaked in their moral, shame and filth
Sold for a penny and sold for their means
We're bound to be choking on all their sins

Thus always to tyrants, inglorious ride
Sic semper tyrannis, the devil and his bride

A gush of blood, settled our tales
Written by hands of a monster
The branches now rooted and grown on our trails
Bloomed from the hurt of our fathers

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Soaked in their moral, shame and filth
Sold for a penny and sold for their means
We're bound to be choking on all their sins

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"They will hang from the oldest oak on morrow
And a pale moon'll light the sky
Their necks will crack - no one'll feel any sorrow
And a crooked cross will stand there wry"

Nightfall - this will be their last nightfall
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