

## March of Insurrection

Eucharist

A disciple of ancient rites  
A time when reality  
was my only shelter  
from the weak and wicked

But now  
As time has changed  
I sit here on my exalted throne  
and king I have now become

Foremost in our march of insurrection  
I am the creation and destruction  
A purpose of all sacrifices  
I am all what was ment to be

I spread the seed of evil  
Among the lost I punish  
Death I will cause  
Generations are entombed in pain

As I have my sword  
Slaying, twisting  
Plunging through their souls  
Come fallen angels, follow me now  
On through the path of insurrection