

Galba

Ex Deo

Tyrant by nature
Blood Thirsty rebel
The march for Rome
Awaited as a savior
But known for his greed and cruelty

You will feel my wrath ascending
Time will favor me as a God

Give me your lands to savor
Bow to me you peasant
Fill my jug with wine (fill my jug with wine)
Feed me your riches
Mortal

Executions of noble men
Trial by fire for nothing

Desecration of the winds of time
Empires fall
By men of greed
This is forever
The walls are closing in
The four corners of Rome
Long live the revolution
Bring me the head of Galba

Blood will flow on the steps of the throne
Praetorian for the eagle of Rome
Sit on the bowels of your sins
Bleed to death on the roads of light
Otho, I bring you the head of Galba
Chosen by the sword
Rise Emperor!

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A solis ortu usque ad occasum
Ave Roma