

# Decimate the Ancestry of the Only God

Hour of Penance

Hex the liars, feed them to fire  
Crush them - Crush all the seeds of this race

Upon them feast never to rise again

We have decided to finally wage this war  
A trail of flesh and limbs is burning  
We have decided to bring an end to this revolting  
Creed and claim the stolen land  
With blood and fury

Dust - we're bringing down the skies  
Now - we're choosing the slaves to be ours

We have sentenced their only god to death  
The smell of ashes and iron surround us  
The seven branches are falling  
One by one as we decapitate their sons  
There's no rebirth

Raging march  
To strike at dawn  
We are sent from fate  
To dominate

Dust - we're bringing down the skies  
Torn - their writings are set ablaze  
Now we're choosing the slaves to be ours  
Now we're choosing the slaves to be burnt

Hex the liars, feed them to fire  
Crush them - Crush all the seeds of this race, and  
oppress

Decimate the ancestry  
Of the only god

Their bones exposed as trophies of our war  
Their sacred places become dust  
From miles and miles away you hear  
The cries of women raped for days  
Their wombs become ours

Raging march  
To strike at dawn  
We are sent from fate  
To dominate

Dust - we're bringing down the skies  
Torn - their writings are set ablaze  
Now we're choosing the slaves to be ours  
Now we're choosing the slaves to be burnt