

The Uncorrupted Ones

Hour of Penance

Scorch and burn, make us free
We bring inhuman greed
End of time is here
One by one, dust to dust
The doomsday dice is cast
We'll never fall from grace

All I feel, piercing winds
I will always trust the broken sphere

Be the uncorrupted ones that shall stand firm
Be the ones above the flock
Get ahead the darkest of days
Breathe the life as it flows out of them
Become the strongest king

Nihil morte certius

Raptured gods bless our kind
Upon these blossomed minds
Devoid of all impure
Show them bliss, reap their blood
We'll scream our battle cries
The dread pours the dried soil

As I feel dreadful gusts
I will always trust the broken sphere

Be the uncorrupted ones that shall stand firm
Be the ones above the flock
Get ahead the darkest of days
Sheer delight from the sight of their fall
Perceive the acrid stench

Sit upon the throne
Sink beneath the dead
Waiting for the wail

Unrestricted

Sit upon the throne
Sink beneath the dead
Waiting for the last wail

Devastated
Nihil morte certius