

## Raiders

## Imperial Triumphant

Pray!

The gods cannot hear you  
They pity you not  
So frayed and weak  
My fleshbiter sings  
Through the hearts of these

Worthless sheep  
Who blindly bow  
Before a Jew or golden cow  
The convent cunts quiver from  
Our Skaldic Nocturne

Hail the ancients  
Northern Pantheon  
A suit of mail and  
Immortal Iron Glory

Figures of the sun  
Crushed into dust  
Stain the ascetic halls  
With holy menstrual blood

Raid, raid...

Apocalyptic tales tell of our  
Arrival fortify your faith  
For it shall be tested  
The eight legged steeds  
Thunder forth  
Born among gods  
We trample ye worms