

Violent Constellations

Inter Arma

Those men who wish to exalt themselves
As Gods believe they will
Dwell amid the heavens forever
Those men who wish to exalt themselves
As Gods will meet an ardent demise
As cruel as any end they've overseen

"We violent ones, we last longer"

Our barbarism knows no bounds
Our blades know not of remorse

We will tear them from their strongholds
And baptize them with our savagery
We will tear them from their strongholds
And judge them with eyes enlightened by death

"We violent ones, we last longer"

"We violent ones, we last longer"

Our barbarism knows no bounds
Our blades know not of remorse

Those men who wish to exalt themselves
As Gods will beg for a taste of mercy
Our ears will fall deaf to their cries
Those men who wish to exalt themselves
As Gods will cede to our rage
Their constellations clouded with the dust of their decay

A fist for the visage
Of tyranny
A blade for the throats
Of tyrants