

# 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