Reavers

Lich King

Citizens are falling down
And you are standing tall
So grab yourself a hammer
Or a shovel or a maul

Breathing deep we scream
And begin to feel the change
A tenth of a percent of
Everyone has gone insane

Tear the flesh!

Regressing to a primal mindset
Of when fighting was tribal and fierce
Uncivilized, unwashed, unruly
The terror of the frontier

Tear the flesh!

Repulsors of the human instinct
And the urge to live and let live
Aggrieved of the burden of kinship
Forget what compassion is

Hunting down the wounded
And the weak and all the rest
Those that die the quickest
Are the luckiest, the blessed

Boarding parties foaming
At the mouth and at the mind
Out here in the black
We've left our sanity behind

We're screaming for death and vengeance
We're fighting an unprovoked war
We mount a siege beyond the outer rim
Space madmen exulting in gore

Tear the flesh!

Raving and reaving and clawing your eyes
Sew your skin into all of our clothes
Chewing your cheeks out as you wail and cry
You are older and light, we oppose

Tear the flesh!

Warmonging at the edge of the verse
Infected with peace and reborn
Ships christened with the blood of the dead
Flesh mutilated, mangled and torn

Go!

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