

We Came To Conquer

Lich King

Hey guess what, bitch, we're back
Let's get down to business
Beard, short hair, and I'm fat
Yet I'm killing this shit
Patch your vest, grow your hair
It won't make a difference
You're an ass if you care
that we look like this

But if you feel it
Get up and bang
No frills, no costumes,
no ads in Kerrang
Get in formation
Join the throng

We came to conquer
We came to conquer

Labels don't give a damn
We're not using keyboards
Eye makeup on all their bands
Opportunist whores
Cashing in on a trend
Play safe to the middle
Are we sour, in the end?
Yeah maybe a little

But if you feel it
You're frustrated too
Riffs are what matter
You know it if you're true
Hairstyles and cellos
How dare you

We came to conquer (all of you)
We came to conquer

Rob!

Hey, Gama Bomb
You didn't write this riff
so hey, Warbringer
Eat our Lich King dicks
Hey, Havok
We just put you to shame
and hey, everyone,
if you're not us you're lame

Cause we've got the fire
And we've got the force
The Waste was a starter,
But we're the main course
Maybe other bands play
and maybe Manowar kills
But none of that shit matters
Lich King rules

We came to conquer
We came to conquer
Conquer them