

Destroy Thy, Destroy He

Miss May I

We are the damned

Convinced of deception composed by generations
Crushed spirits in the remembrance
Crushed spirits in the remembrance
They say they've seen the battle
They say they've seen it all
But triumph comes with dying
Their lives are not yet worn
Our fathers fall beneath the sky

Call

Call upon the infernal angels
Call the names of the wicked
Of the wicked
Crowds of fools riot for their pleasure
The city becomes a sight of horror
Your face becomes another sight of fear
Shadows swallow what used to be our homes
As they clear, our world's deceased
Our world's deceased
Our world's deceased
Our world's deceased