

The Righteous Voice

Morbid Angel

Kingdoms infamous for taking as they please
To appease a voice of righteousness
Infidels and heretics, enemies of our light
Shall be dealt with in the name of God
It is the rite of our kind to silence any tongue
That would try to oppose the king of our land

Bring us their heads as trophies of our victories
Praise us and align as soldiers of a destiny
Foretold by ancient prophets
Bring us new lands, these people too will praise us

Praise our God or meet your own
It matters not to us, we have glory either way
Bow down before our king
Fear is your new faith, fear is your new doctrine
Be docile until we say, be ready with your life
If the king needs you to die

Bring us their head as trophies of our victories
Praise us and align as soldiers of a destiny
Foretold by ancient prophets
Bring us new lands, these people too will praise us

The followers of ancient ways shall be taught to follow us
Or be beaten to their fate
The kingdom does not accept any praise of other lands
It will be treated as an act of war
You exist because we allow it, so kneel to show your God
It is us that you fear

Prepare to learn the ways of this new kingdom
Prepare to swear your soul and life to keep it
Prepare to give yourself to do our bidding
Prepare to sacrifice for our desire

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