

## To the Victor the Spoils

Morbid Angel

decide, between the ways of the weak,  
the sheep, to live a lie  
or to come to life, in victory we stand,  
above the meek  
to raise the chalice and toast the conquering  
to feast upon the spoils that we claim  
we are wakening  
we are the one you seek  
we are the merciless  
we are the all is truth  
we await, the coming of days  
the awakening of the eyes that sleep  
the dawn of light for those of us who see  
to stand above the shattered flock and their lies  
for now it is our time  
we are the conquering  
we are the one you seek  
we are the merciless  
we are the all that is truth  
victors...now hear me  
victors...come now know your name  
brothers...as it must be  
in victory we stand  
our wake, our secret is broken  
our legions now are one  
the time of the silence now ended  
in victory we stand we are the conquering  
the clearing out, the storm