

Terminus Maximus

Nasty Savage

War is a death's feast
worse then war
is the fear of war

Many times
before their death
cowards die
why turn the
other cheek
annihilate them all
or they will us
poison words
they serve
with their lies
smash into
oblivion
to anyone who
disagree
point of death
the pain
is gone

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Many have fallen
by the edge of
the sword
but not as many
as the tongue
cut them out to the
very core
is the only way to
deal with them
a man who will
not flee
will make his foes flee
honor's field
advancing
who is like unto me
so blessed are the
strong and wise

Terminus Terminus
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Maximus Maximus
Terminus Maximus

It seems strange
men fear death
it's the final blow
it will come when it will come