

## Arm Aim Kill

Nightrage

In the ashes of all things we have forsaken  
There lays a truth greater than us all  
In the shambles of our past and our present  
Crawls the seven serpents of fire to form in to one

Arm, Aim, Kill  
The seven serpents arise to be one  
Harm, maim, The thrill  
The feathered snake god awakens, soon we're gone

In the ruins of a world we used to rule  
The echoes of our past will soon die out  
In the ashes of all we've forsaken  
Lays a deep routed truth  
As the ancients once foresaw  
The beginning of our end

The feathered snake god awakens  
The serpents arise to be one

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