

The Coming Fire

Shadow Of Intent

The coming fire, ignited in an instant
A purging flame, the swarm engulfs
With a lust for war increasing in their appetite
Crossing the insects' blood
At the pace of lightning propaganda
Fuels the massacre, granting who oppose abysmal death
They gather at dawn

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail

They march through the vast verdant steppes
Leaving naught but ruin behind
Their forefathers' words keep them present
Absorbed with mephitic pride

Burn for your leaders
Mourn for your futures
Burn for your leaders
Yearn for a savior
Burn for your leaders
Mourn, everlasting mourning for

The boundless sacrifice
We honor those who died
We do not know the price
Paid by those who were left behind

This tragedy consumes
So many wasted lives
Those to the left and right
Know all too well

In a series of failed counteroffensives along the front
Encircled in a labyrinth of enemies to die abysmal death

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